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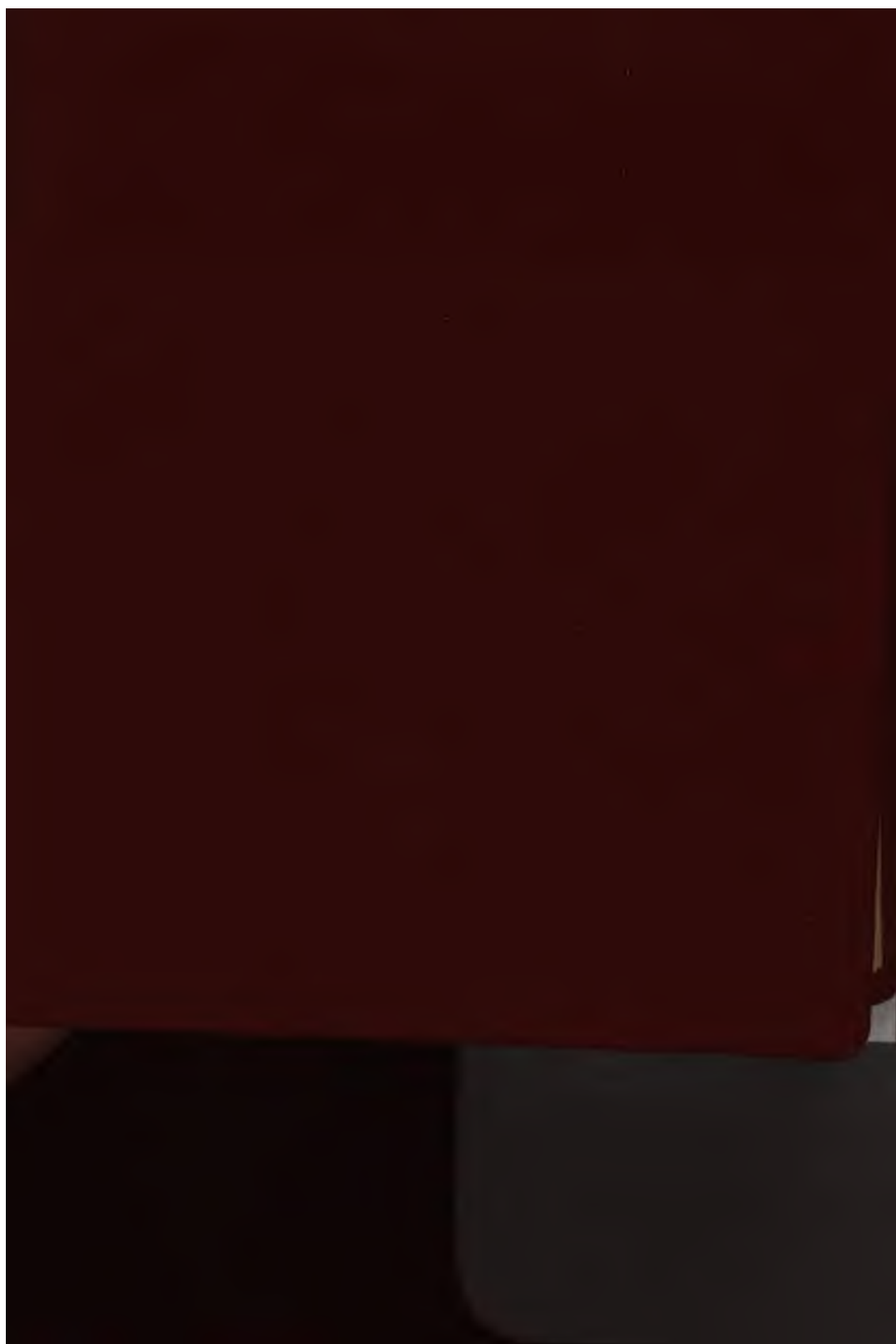
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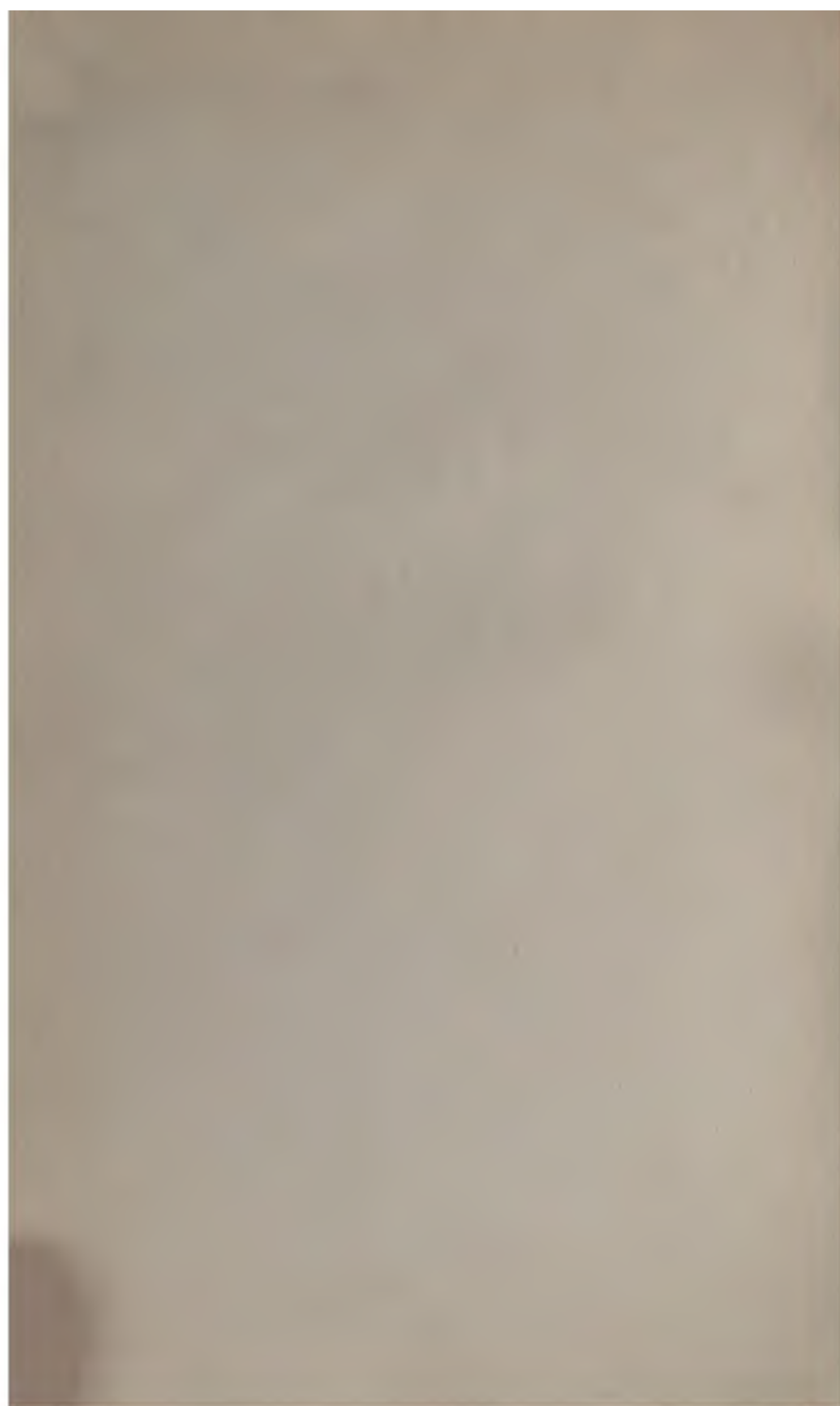
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Army Reform . . . . .	496
Attic Orators. By H. NETTLESHIP . . . . .	40
Barre, Colonel, and his Times. By the Hon. HUGH F. ELLIOT . . . . .	109
Beyond Reach : A Sonnet. By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON . . . . .	495
British and Foreign Ships of War. By G. SHAW LEFEVRE, M.P. . . . .	257
Brontë, Charlotte. A Monograph. By T. WEMYSS REID. ( <i>Conclusion.</i> ) . . . . .	1
Charity, A More Excellent Way of. By MISS OCTAVIA HILL . . . . .	126
Constantinople : A Sketch during the Conference . . . . .	397
Cradle Songs, German. By A. SCHWARTZ . . . . .	153
Dog Di, Our . . . . .	318
Dove of Holy Saturday, The. By JANET ROSS . . . . .	492
Dramatic Art : The Meiningen Theatre. By the Rev. C. HALFORD HAWKINS . . . . .	482
Eastern Question, The, from the Point of View of the Eastern Christians. By A SERVIAN :—	
Part I. . . . .	84
Part II. . . . .	158
Education, Compulsory. By WILLIAM JACK . . . . .	73
Education, National, A New Problem in . . . . .	467
Education, National. By H. CROSSKEY . . . . .	139
Education, National. By THOMAS HUGHES . . . . .	30
Faust, Dr., How he became a Dancer. By H. S. EDWARDS . . . . .	403
French Novels and French Life. By H. DE LAGARDIE . . . . .	386
Friends, To my. By GEORGE MACDONALD . . . . .	360
Gotto's Gospel of Labour. By PROFESSOR SIDNEY COLVIN . . . . .	448
Greek War Song, A Modern. By PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL . . . . .	239
Hamony : A Poem. By MISS ELLICE HOPKINS . . . . .	325
Herrick, Robert. By F. T. PALGRAVE . . . . .	475
Historic Phrases. By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS . . . . .	48
Kingsley, Charles . . . . .	337
Liebie Stephen's History of English Thought. By JAMES COTTER MORISON . . . . .	326
Lilly's Globe : A Sonnet. By the Rev. CHARLES TENNISON TURNER . . . . .	157, 256
Liberal Association, The—the "600"—of Birmingham. By the Rev. W. CROSSKEY . . . . .	299
Madcap Violet. By WILLIAM BLACK :—	
Chapters XL—XLIII . . . . .	19
" XLIV.—XLVII. ( <i>Conclusion.</i> ) . . . . .	97
Man, The Ascent of. By GOLDWIN SMITH . . . . .	194
Marko Kralievitch, the Hero of Serbia. By JOHN OXENFORD . . . . .	222
Marbegno. By F. M. OWEN . . . . .	212
Mother's Heart, A . . . . .	406
Note to Sir Charles Dilke's "English Influence in China." By SIR T. DOUGLAS FORSEYTH . . . . .	95
Oera Linda Book, The. By the Rev. W. BARNES . . . . .	461
Owens College and Mr. Lowe. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN . . . . .	407

	PAGE
Oxford University Bill, The. By GOLDWIN SMITH . . . . .	281
Painting, Early Mediæval, in Southern Italy. By MRS. BALL . . . . .	147
Polar Basin, The Eastern. By AUGUSTUS PETERMANN . . . . .	215
Presidency, Election for the. By AN AMERICAN REPUBLICAN . . . . .	244
Presidential Election, A Word more about the. By GOLDWIN SMITH . . . . .	375
Religion, Natural :—	
Part IX. . . . .	417
Romanticism. By WALTER H. PATER . . . . .	64
Silent Pool, The. By K. S. M. . . . .	71
Sirens, The New : A Palinode. By MATTHEW ARNOLD . . . . .	132
Sonnets, Two, by Two Sisters . . . . .	204
Spencer, Lord. By T. E. KEBBEL . . . . .	291
Swift's Love-Story in German Literature. By PROFESSOR A. WARD . . . . .	308
Universities and Universities. By the RIGHT HON. LYON PLAYFAIR . . . . .	205
Wagner Festival, The, at Bayreuth. By the REV. C. HALFORD HAWKINS . . . . .	55
West Indian Memories. By W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE . . . . .	361
Young Musgrave. By MRS. OLIPHANT :—	
Chapters I.—III. . . . .	177
" IV.—VI. . . . .	266
" VII.—IX. . . . .	343
" X.—XII. . . . .	430

## Contributors to this Volume.

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**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.**

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

## CHARLOTTE BRONTË. A MONOGRAPH.

### X.

In the autumn of 1851 another chapter in the life of Charlotte Brontë was opened. She began to write *Villette*. Nothing has already been said of the character of that marvellous book, in which her own deepest experiences and her wisdom are given to the world. Of the manner in which it was written her friends know nothing. Yet this, the best child of her genius, was brought forth with a travail so bitter that more than once she was tempted to lay aside her pen and hush her voice for ever. Every sentence was wrung from her as though it had been a drop of blood, and the book was built up bit by bit, amid ecstasies of positive anguish, occasioned partly by her own physical weakness and suffering, but still more by the torture through which her mind passed as she depicted scene after scene from the darkest corner in her own life, for the benefit of those for whom she wrote. It is from her works that at this time also we get the indications of what she was passing through. Few, perhaps, reading these works would suppose that their writer was at very times engaged in the production of a great masterpiece, destined to live its own among the ripest and finest of English genius. But no one can read them without seeing how true the man's soul was, how deep her sympathy for those she loved, how keen her criticism of even the dull and commonplace characters around her, how vivid and singular her interest in everything which was

No. 205.—VOL. XXXV.

passing either in the great world which lay afar off, or in the little world the drama of which was being enacted under her own eyes. Even the ordinary incidents mentioned in her letters, the chance expressions which drop from her pen, have an interest when we remember who it is that speaks, and at what hour in her life this speech falls from her.

"September, 1851.

"I have mislaid your last letter, and so cannot look it over to see what there is in it to answer; but it is time it was answered in some fashion, whether I have anything to say or not. Miss —'s note is very like her. All that talk about 'friendship,' 'mutual friends,' 'auld lang syne,' &c., sounds very like palaver. Mrs. — wrote to me a week or a fortnight since—a well-meaning, amiable note, dwelling a good deal, excusably perhaps, on the good time that is coming. I mean, to speak plain English, on her expectation of soon becoming a mother. No doubt it is very natural in her to feel as if no woman had ever been a mother before; but I could not help inditing an answer calculated to shake her up a bit. A day or two since I had another note from her, quite as good as usual, but I think a trifle nonplussed by the rather unceremonious fashion in which her terrors and the expected personage were handled. . . . It is useless to tell you how I live. I endure life; but whether I enjoy it or not is another question. However, I get on. The weather, I think, has not been very good lately; or else the beneficial effects of change of air and scene are evaporating. In spite of regular exercise the old headaches and starting, wakeful nights are coming upon me again. But I do get on, and have neither wish nor right to complain."

"October, 1851.

"I am not at all intending to go from home at present. I have just refused successively Miss Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell, and Mrs. Forster. I could not go if I would. One

person after another in the house has been ailing for the last month and more. First Tabby had the influenza, then Martha took it and is ill in bed now, and I grieve to say Papa too has taken cold. So far I keep pretty well, and am thankful for it, for who else would nurse them all? Some painful mental worry I have gone through this autumn; but there is no use in dwelling on all that. At present I seem to have some respite. I feel more disinclined than ever for letter-writing. . . . Life is a struggle."

"November, 1851.

"Papa, Tabby, and Martha are at present all better, but yet none of them well. Martha especially looks feeble. I wish she had a better constitution. As it is, one is always afraid of giving her too much to do; and yet there are many things I cannot undertake myself; and we do not like to change when we have had her so long. The other day I received the inclosed letter from Australia. I had had one before from the same quarter, which is still unanswered. I told you I did not expect to hear thence—nor did I. The letter is long, but it will be worth your while to read it. In its way it has merit—that cannot be denied—abundance of information, talent of a certain kind, alloyed (I think) here and there with errors of taste. This little man with all his long letters remains as much a conundrum to me as ever. Your account of the H—'domestic joys' amused me much. The good folks seem very happy; long may they continue so! It somewhat cheers me to know that such happiness *does* exist on earth."

"November, 1851.

"All here is pretty much as usual. . . . The only events of my life consist in that little change occasional letters bring. I have had two from Miss W— since she left Haworth, which touched me much. She seems to think so much of a little congenial company, a little attention and kindness. She says she has not for many days known such enjoyment as she experienced during the ten days she stayed here. Yet you know what Haworth is—dull enough. Before answering X—'s letter from Australia I got up my courage to write to — and beg him to give me an impartial account of X—'s character and disposition, owning that I was very much in the dark on these points and did not like to continue correspondence without further information. I got the answer which I inclose. Since receiving it I have replied to X— in a calm, civil manner. At the earliest I cannot hear from him again before the spring."

"December, 1851.

"I hope you have got on this last week well. It has been very trying here. Papa so far has borne it unhurt; but these winds and changes have given me a bad cold; however, I am better now than I was. Poor old Keeper

(Emily's dog) died last Monday morning after being ill one night. He went gently to sleep; we laid his old faithful head in the garden. Flossy is dull, and misses him. There was something very sad in losing the old dog; yet I am glad he met a natural fate. People kept hinting that he ought to be put away, which neither Papa nor I liked to think of. If I were near a town and could get cod-liver oil fresh and sweet, I really would most gladly take your advice and try it; but how I could possibly procure it at Haworth I do not see. . . You ask about the *Lily and the Bee*. If you have read it you have effected an exploit beyond me. I glanced at a few pages and laid it down hopeless, nor can I now find courage to resume it. But, then, I never liked Warren's writings. *Margaret Maitland* is a good book, I doubt not."

At this point the illness of which she makes light in these letters increased to such an extent as to alarm her father, and at last she consented to lay aside her work and allow herself the pleasure and comfort of a visit from her friend. The visit was a source of happiness whilst it lasted; but when it was over the depression returned, and there was a serious relapse. Something of her sufferings at this time—whilst *Villette* was still upon the stocks—will be gathered from the following letter, dated January, 1852:—

"I wish you could have seen the coolness with which I captured your letter on its way to Papa, and at once conjecturing its tenor, made the contents my own. Be quiet. Be tranquil. It is, dear Nell, my decided intention to come to B— for a few days when I *can* come; but of this last I must positively judge for myself, and I must take my time. I am better to-day—much better; but you can have little idea of the sort of condition into which mercury throws people to ask me to go from home anywhere in close or open carriage. And as to talking—four days ago I could not well have articulated three sentences. Yet I did not need nursing, and I kept out of bed. It was enough to burden myself; it would have been misery to me to have annoyed another."

"March, 1852.

"The news of E. T.'s death came to me last week in a letter from M—, a long letter, which wrung my heart so in its simple, strong, truthful emotion, I have only ventured to read it once. It ripped up half-scarred wounds with terrible force—the death-bed was just the same—breath failing, &c. She fears she will now in her dreary solitude become 'a stern, harsh, selfish woman.' This fear struck home. Again and again I have felt it for myself, and what is *my* position to M—'s? I should break



out in energetic wishes that she would return to England, if reason would permit me to believe that prosperity and happiness would there await her. But I see no such prospect. May God help her as God only can help!"

To another friend she writes as follows, in reply to an invitation to leave Haworth for a short visit:—

"March 12th, 1852.

"Your kind note holds out a strong temptation, but one that *must be resisted*. From home I must not go unless health or some cause equally imperative render a change necessary. For nearly four months now (i.e. since I first became ill) I have not put pen to paper; my work has been lying untouched and my faculties have been rusting for want of exercise; further relaxation is out of the question, and I will not permit myself to think of it. My publisher groans over my long delays; I am sometimes provoked to check the expression of his impatience with short and crusty answers. Yet the pleasure I now deny myself I would fain regard as only deferred. I heard something about your purposing to visit Scarborough in the course of the summer, and could I by the close of July or August bring my task to a certain point, how glad should I be to join you there for a while! . . . However, I dare not lay plans at this distance of time; for me so much must depend, first, on Papa's health (which throughout the winter has been, I am thankful to say, really excellent); and, second, on the progress of work—a matter not wholly contingent on wish or will, but lying in a great measure beyond the reach of effort, or out of the pale of calculation."

As the summer advanced her sufferings were scarcely abated, and at last, in search of some relief, she made a sudden visit by herself to Filey, inspired in part by her desire to see the memorial stone erected above her sister's grave at Scarborough.

"FILEY BAY, June, 1852.

"MY DEAR MISS —,

"Your kind and welcome note reached me at this place, where I have been staying three weeks *quite alone*. Change and sea-air had become necessary. Distance and other considerations forbade my accompanying Ellen to the south, much as I should have liked it had I felt quite free and unfettered. Ellen told me sometime ago that you were not likely to visit Scarborough till the autumn, so I forthwith packed my trunk and betook myself here. The first week or ten days I greatly feared the seaside would not suit me, for I suffered almost incessantly from headache and other harassing ailments; the weather, too, was dark, stormy, and excessively—*bitterly*—cold; my solitude under such circumstances partook

of the character of desolation; I had some dreary evening hours and night vigils. However, that passed. I think I am now better and stronger for the change, and in a day or two hope to return home. Ellen told me that Mr. W—— said people with my tendency to congestion of the liver should walk three or four hours every day; accordingly I have walked as much as I could since I came here, and look almost as sun-burnt and weather-beaten as a fisherman or a bathing-woman, with being out in the open air. As to my work, it has stood obstinately still for a long while: certainly a torpid liver makes a torpid brain. No spirit moves me. If this state of things does not entirely change my chance of a holiday in the autumn is not worth much; yet I should be very sorry not to meet you for a little while at Scarborough. The duty to be discharged at Scarborough was the chief motive that drew me to the east coast. I have been there, visited the churchyard, and seen the stone. There were five errors, consequently I had to give directions for its being refaced and relettered."

The sea-air did her good; but she was still unable to carry her great work forward, in spite of the urgent pressure put upon her by those who in this respect merely expressed the impatience of the public.

"HAWORTH, July, 1852.

"I am again at home, where (thank God) I found all well. I certainly feel much better than I did, and would fain trust that the improvement may prove permanent. . . . The first fortnight I was at Filey I had constantly recurring pain in the right side, and sick headache into the bargain. My spirits at the same time were cruelly depressed—prostrated some times. I feared the miseries and the suffering of last winter were all returning; consequently I am now indeed thankful to find myself so much better. . . . You ask about Australia. Let us dismiss the subject in a few words, and not recur to it. All is silent as the grave. Cornhill is silent too: there has been bitter disappointment there at my having no work ready for this season. Ellen, we must not rely upon our fellow-creatures—only on ourselves, and on Him who is above both us and them. My labours, as you call them, stand in abeyance and I cannot hurry them. I must take my own time, however long that time may be."

"August, 1852.

"I am thankful to say that papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes, and his general health progresses satisfactorily. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head. Martha has been very willing and helpful

during Papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present with English cholera; which complaint, together with influenza, has lately been almost universally prevalent in this district. Of the last I have myself had a touch; but it went off very gently on the whole, affecting my chest and liver less than any cold has done for the last three years. . . . I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark; for your letters, dear Nell, are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints which tie my tongue a good deal. What, for instance, can I say to your last post-script? It is quite sibylline. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. Perhaps you think that as I generally write with some reserve, you ought to do the same. My reserve, however, has its origin not in design, but in necessity. I am silent because I have literally *nothing to say*. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the future sometimes appals me; but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in my position—not that I am a *single* woman and likely to remain a *single* woman; but because I am a lonely woman and likely to be *lonely*. But it cannot be helped, and therefore *imperatively must be borne*, and borne too with as few words about it as may be. I write this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely *say* to me, you may just as freely write. Understand that I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you, till I have done my work. After labour, pleasure; but while work was lying at the wall undone, I never yet could enjoy recreation."

Slowly page after page of *Villette* was now being written. The reader sees from these letters that the book was composed in no happy mood. Writing to her publisher a few weeks after the date of the last letter printed above, she says, "I can hardly tell you how I hunger to hear some opinions beside my own, and how I have sometimes desponded and almost despaired, because there was no one to whom to read a line, or of whom to ask a counsel. *Jane Eyre* was not written under such circumstances, nor were two-thirds of *Shirley*. I got so miserable about it I could bear no allusion to the book. It is not finished yet; but now I hope." But though her work pressed so incessantly upon her, and her feverish anxiety to have it done weighed so heavily upon her health and spirits, she could still find time to answer her friend's

letters in a way which showed that her interest in the outer world was as keen as ever:—

"September, 1852.

"Thank you for A—'s notes. I like to read them, they are so full of news, but they are illegible. A great many words I really cannot make out. It is pleasing to hear that M— is doing so well, and the tidings about — seem also good. I get a note from — every now and then, but I fear my last reply has not given much satisfaction. It contained a taste of that unpalatable commodity called *advice*—such advice, too, as might be and I dare say was, construed into faint reproof. I can scarcely tell what there is about —, that, in spite of one's conviction of her amiability, in spite of one's sincere wish for her welfare, palls upon one, satiates, stirs impatience. She *will* complacently put forth opinions and tastes as her own which are *not* her own, nor in any sense natural to her. My patience can really hardly sustain the test of such a jay in borrowed plumes. She prated so much about the fine wilful spirit of her child, whom she describes as a hard, brown little thing, who will do nothing but what pleases himself, that I hit out at last—not very hard, but enough to make her think herself ill-used, I doubt not. Can't help it. She often says she is not 'absorbed in self,' but the fact is I have seldom seen anyone more unconsciously, thoroughly, and often weakly egotistic. Then, too, she is inconsistent. In the same breath she boasts her matrimonial happiness and whines for sympathy. Don't understand it. With a paragon of a husband and child, why that whining, craving note? Either her lot is not all she professes it to be, or she is hard to content."

In October the resolute determination to allow herself no relaxation until *Villette* was finished broke down. She was compelled to call for help, and to acknowledge herself beaten in her attempt to crush out the yearning for company:—

"October, 1852.

"Papa expresses so strong a wish that I should ask you to come, and I feel some little refreshment so absolutely necessary myself, that I really must beg you to come to Haworth for one single week. I thought I would persist in denying myself till I had done my work, but I find it won't do. The matter refuses to progress, and this excessive solitude presses too heavily. So let me see your dear face, Nell, just for one reviving week. Could you come on Wednesday? Write to-morrow and let me know by what train you would reach Keighley, that I may send for you."

The visit was a pleasant one in spite of the weariness of body and mind which



troubled Charlotte. She laid aside her task for that "one little week," went out upon the moors with her friend, talked as of old, and at last, when she was left alone once more, declared that the change had done her "inexpressible good." Her pen now began to move more quickly, and the closing chapters of *Villette* were written with comparative ease, so that at last she writes thus on November 22nd:—

"Monday Morning.

"Truly thankful am I to be able to tell you that I finished my long task on Saturday, packed and sent off the parcel to Cornhill. I said my prayers when I had done it. Whether it is well or ill done I don't know. D.V., I will now try to wait the issue quietly. The book, I think, will not be considered pretentious, nor is it of a character to excite hostility. As Papa is pretty well, I may, I trust, dear Nell, do as you wish me and come for a few days to B—. Miss Martineau has also urgently asked me to go and see her. I promised if all were well to do so at the close of November or the commencement of December, so that I could go on from B—to Westmoreland. Would Wednesday suit you? *Esmond* shall come with me, i.e., Thackeray's novel."

Every reader knows in what fashion *Villette* ends, and most persons also know from Mrs. Gaskell that the reason why the actual issue is left in some uncertainty was the author's filial desire to gratify her father. Charlotte herself was firmly resolved that she would *not* make Lucy Snowe the happy wife of Paul Emanuel. She never meant to "appoint her lot in pleasant places." Lucy was to bear the storm and stress of life in the same manner as that in which her creator had been compelled to bear it; and she was to be left in the end alone, robbed for ever of the hope of spending the happy afternoon of her existence in the sunshine of love and congenial society. But Mr. Brontë, altogether unconscious of that tragedy of heart-sickness and soul-weariness which was being enacted under his own roof, and which furnished so striking a parallel to the story which ran through *Villette*, would not brook a gloomy ending to the tale, and by protestations and entreaties induced his daughter at least so far to alter her plan as to leave the issue in doubt.

So *Villette* went its way as *Jane Eyre* and *Shirley* had done before it, from the

secluded parsonage at Haworth up to the busy publishing-house in Cornhill, and thence out into the world. There was some fear on Charlotte's part when the MS. had been despatched. She herself was gradually forming that which remained the fixed conviction of her life—the conviction that in *Villette* she had done her best, and that, for good or for ill, by it her reputation must stand or fall. But she was intensely anxious, as we have seen, to have the opinions of others upon the story. Nor was it only a general verdict on its merits for which she called. She was uneasy upon some minor points. According to her wont, she had taken most of her characters from life, and it was not during her stay at Brussels alone that she had studied the models which she employed when writing the book. Naturally, she was curious to know whether she had painted her portraits too literally. So *Villette* was allowed to pass, whilst still in MS., into the hands of the original of "Dr. John." When that gentleman had read the story, and criticised all the characters with the freedom of unconsciousness, her mind was set at rest, and she knew that she had not transgressed the bounds which divide the storyteller from the biographer.

In the meantime, her work done, she hurried away from Haworth to spend a well-earned holiday at B— with her friend. *Esmond* accompanied her, and the quiet afternoons were spent in reading it aloud. On December 9th she writes from Haworth announcing her safe return to her own home:—

"I got home safely at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, and, I am most thankful to say, found Papa and all the rest quite well. I did my business satisfactorily in Leeds, getting the head-dress rearranged as I wished. It is now a very different matter to the bushy, tasteless thing it was before. On my arrival I found no proof-sheets, but a letter from Mr. S—, which I would have inclosed, but so many words are scarce legible you would have no pleasure in reading it. He continues to make a mystery of his 'reason'; something in the third volume sticks confoundedly in his throat, and as to the 'female character' about which I asked, he responds that 'she is an odd, fascinating little puss,' but affirms that 'he is not in love with her.' He tells me also that he will answer no more questions about *Villette*. This morning I have a brief

note from Mr. Williams, intimating that he has not yet been permitted to read the third volume. Also there is a note from Mrs. —, very kind. I almost wish I could still look on that kindness just as I used to do: it was very pleasant to me once. Write *immediately*, dear Nell, and tell me how your mother is. Give my kindest regards to her and all others at B—. Everybody seemed very good to me this last visit. I remember it with corresponding pleasure."

The private reception of *Villette* was not altogether that for which its author had hoped. Her publisher had objections to urge against certain features of the story, and those who saw the book in manuscript were not slow to express their own disapproval. It was evident that there was disappointment at Cornhill; and the proud spirit of Miss Brontë was keenly troubled. The letters in which she dwells on what was passing at that time need not be reproduced here; for their purport is sufficiently indicated by that which has just been given. But it is worth while to notice the scrupulous modesty with which she listened to all that was said by those who found fault; her careful anxiety to understand their objections, such as they were, and her perfect readiness to discuss every point raised with them. Of irritability under this criticism there is no trace, only a certain sadness and sorrow at the discovery that she had not succeeded in impressing others as she had hoped. Yet she is scarcely surprised at first that it is so. Had she not written years before, when *Shirley* was first produced, these words?—

"No matter, whether known or unknown, misjudged or the contrary, I am resolved not to write otherwise. I shall bend as my powers tend. The two human beings who understood me, and whom I understood, are gone. I have some that love me yet, and whom I love without expecting, or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. I am satisfied, but I must have my own way in the matter of writing. . . . I am thankful to God who gave me the faculty; and it is for me a part of my religion to defend this gift and to profit by its possession."

So now she is not astonished at finding herself misunderstood. Nor is she angry. She is perfectly ready to explain her real meaning to those who have misjudged her, but she is resolute in abiding by what she

has written. The work wrung from her during those two years of pain and sorrow is not work which can be altered at will, to please another. Even to meet the entreaties of her father she had refused to do more than draw a veil over the catastrophe in which the plot ends, and she cannot introduce new incidents, or lay on new colours, because the little circle of critics sitting in judgment on her manuscript have pronounced it to be imperfect. "I fear they" (the readers) "must be satisfied with what is offered; my palette affords no brighter tints; were I to attempt to deepen the reds or burnish the yellows, I should but botch." Yet she admits that those who judge the book only from the outside have some reason to complain that it is not as other novels are:—

"You say that Lucy Snowe may be thought morbid and weak, unless the history of her life be more freely given. I consider that she is both morbid and weak at times; her character sets up no pretensions to unmixed strength, and anybody living her life would necessarily become morbid. It was no impetus of healthy feeling which urged her to the confessional, for instance; it was the semi-delirium of solitary grief and sickness. If, however, the book does not express all this there must be a great fault somewhere. I might explain away a few other points, but it would be too much like drawing a picture and then writing underneath the name of the object intended to be represented."

Happily the heart of the great reading world is bigger and truer as a whole than any part of it is. What those who read the manuscript of *Villette* failed to see at the first glance was seen instantly by the public when the book was placed in its hands. From critics of every school and degree, there came up a cry of wonder and admiration, as men saw out of what simple characters and commonplace incidents genius had evoked this striking work of literary art. Popular, perhaps, the book could scarcely hope to be in the vulgar acceptance of the word. The author had carefully avoided the "flowery and inviting" course of romance, and had written in silent obedience to the stern dictates of an inspiration which, as we have seen only came at intervals, leaving her between its visits cruelly depressed



and pained, but which when it came held her spell-bound and docile. Yet out of the dull record of the humble woes, marked by no startling episodes, adorned by few of the flowers of poetry, she had created such a heart-history as remains to this day without a rival in the school of English fiction to which it belongs.

I bring together a batch of notes, not all addressed to the same person, which give her account of the reception and success of the book:—

"Feb. 11th, 1853.

"Excuse a very brief note, for I have time only to thank you for your last kind and welcome letter, and to say that, in obedience to your wishes, I send you by this day's post two reviews—the *Examiner* and the *Morning Advertiser*—which, perhaps, you will kindly return at your leisure. Ellen has a third—the *Literary Gazette*—which she will likewise send. The reception of the book has been favourable thus far—for which I am thankful—less, I trust, on my own account than for the sake of those few real friends who take so sincere an interest in my welfare as to be happy in my happiness."

"Feb. 15th.

"I am very glad to hear that you got home all right, and that you managed to execute your commissions in Leeds so satisfactorily. You do not say whether you remembered to order the Bishop's dessert; I shall know, however, by to-morrow morning. I got a budget of no less than seven papers yesterday and to-day. The import of all the notices is such as to make my heart swell with thankfulness to Him who takes note both of suffering and work and motives. Papa is pleased too. As to friends in general, I believe I can love them still without expecting them to take any large share in this sort of gratification. The longer I live, the more plainly I see that gentle must be the strain on fragile human nature. It will not bear much.

"I have heard from Mrs. Gaskell. Very kind, panegyrical, and so on. Mr. S— tells me he has ascertained that Miss Martineau did write the notice in the *Daily News*. J. T. offers to give me a regular blowing-up and setting-down for 5l., but I tell him the *Times* will probably let me have the same gratis."

"March 10th, 1853.

"I only got the *Guardian* newspaper yesterday morning, and have not yet seen either the *Critic* or *Sharpe's Magazine*. The *Guardian* does not wound me much. I see the motive, which, indeed, there is no attempt to disguise. Still I think it a choice little morsel for foes (Mr. — was the first to bring the news of the review to Papa), and a still choicer morsel for 'friends' who,—bless them!—while they would not perhaps positively do one an injury,

still take a dear delight in dashing with bitterness the too sweet cup of success. Is *Sharpe's* small article like a bit of sugar-candy, too, Ellen? or has it the proper wholesome worm-wood flavour? Of course I guess it will be like the *Guardian*. My 'dear friends' will weary of waiting for the *Times*. 'O Sisera! why tarry the wheels of thy chariot so long!'"

"March 22nd.

"Thank you for sending —'s notes. Though I have not attended to them lately, they always amuse me. I like to read them; one gets from them a clear enough idea of her sort of life. —'s attempts to improve his good partner's mind make me smile. I think it all right enough, and doubt not they are happy in their way; only the direction he gives his efforts seems of rather problematic wisdom. Algebra and optics! Why not enlarge her views by a little well-chosen general reading? However, they do right to amuse themselves in their own way. The rather dark view you seem inclined to take of the general opinion about *Villette* surprises me the less, as only the more unfavourable reviews seem to have come in your way. Some reports reach me of a different tendency; but no matter; time will show. As to the character of Lucy Snowe, my intention from the first was that she should not occupy the pedestal to which *Jane Eyre* was raised by some injudicious admirers. She is where I meant her to be, and where no charge of self-laudation can touch her."

## XI.

Every book, as we know, has its secret history, hidden from the world which reads only the printed pages, but legible enough to the author, who sees something more than the words he has set down for every one to read. Thackeray tells us how, reading again one of his smaller stories, written at a sad period of his own life, he brought back all the scene amid which the little tale was composed, and woke again to a consciousness of the pangs which tore his heart when his pen was busy with the imaginary fortunes of the puppets he had placed upon the mimic stage. Between the lines he read quite a different story from that which was laid before the reader. I have tried to show how largely this was the case with Charlotte Brontë's novels. Each was a double romance, having one meaning for the world and another for the author. Yet she herself, when she wrote *Shirley* and *Villette*, had no conception of the strange blending of the secret currents of the two

books which was in store for her, or of the unexpected fate which was to befall the real heroine of her last work—to wit, herself.

I have told how fixed was her belief that "Lucy Snowe's" fate was to be a tragic one—a life the closing years of which were to be spent in loneliness and anguish, and amid the bitterness of withered hopes. Very few readers can have forgotten the closing passage of *Villette*, in which the catastrophe, though veiled, can be readily discovered:—

"The sun passes the equinox; the days shorten, the leaves grow sere; but—he is coming.

"Frosts appear at night; November has sent his fogs in advance; the wind takes its autumn moan; but—he is coming.

"The skies hang full and dark—a rack sails from the west; the clouds cast themselves into strange forms—arches and broad radiations; there rise resplendent mornings—glorious, royal, purple as a monarch in his state; the heavens are one flame; so wild are they, they rival battle at its thickest—so bloody, they shame Victory in her pride. I know some signs of the sky; I have noted them ever since childhood. God, watch that sail! Oh! guard it!

"The wind shifts to the west. Peace, peace, Banshee—'keening' at every window! It will rise—it will swell—it shrieks out long: wander as I may through the house this night, I cannot lull the blast. The advancing hours make it strong: by midnight, all sleepless watchers hear and fear a wild south-west storm. . . .

"Peace, be still! Oh! a thousand weepers, praying in agony on waiting shores, listened for that voice, but it was not uttered—not uttered till, when the hush came, some could not feel it; till, when the sun returned, his light was night to some!"

In darkness such as here is shadowed forth, Charlotte Brontë believed that her own life would close; all sunshine gone, all joys swept clean away by the bitter blast of death, all hopes withered or uprooted. But the end which she pictured was not to be. God was more merciful than her own imaginings; and at eventime there was light and peace upon her troubled path.

Those who turn to the closing passage of *Shirley* will find there reference to "a true Christian gentleman," who had taken the place of the hypocrite Malone, one of the famous three curates of the story.

This gentleman, a Mr. McCarthy, was, like the rest, no fictitious personage. His original was to be found in the person of Mr. Nicholls, who for several years had lived a simple, unobtrusive life at Haworth, as curate to Mr. Brontë, and whose name often occurs in Charlotte's letters to her friend. In none of these references to him is there the slightest indication that he was more than an honoured friend. Nor was it so. Whilst Mr. Nicholls, dwelling near Miss Brontë, and observing her far more closely than any other person could do, had formed a deep and abiding attachment for her, she herself was wholly unconscious of the fact. Its first revelation came upon her as something like a shock; as something also like a reproach. Whilst she had thought herself alone, doomed to a life of solitude and pain, a tender yet a manly love had all the while been growing round her.

It is obvious that the letters which she addressed at this time (December, 1852) to her friend cannot be printed here. Yet no letters more honourable to the woman, the daughter, and the lover have ever been penned. There is no restraint now in the outpourings of her heart. Her friend is taken into her full confidence, and every hope and fear and joy is spoken out as only women who are pure and truthful and entirely noble can venture to speak out. Mrs. Gaskell has briefly but distinctly stated the broad features of this strange love story, giving such promise at the time, so happy and beautiful in its brief fruition, so soon to be quenched in the great darkness. Mr. Brontë resented the attentions of Mr. Nicholls to his daughter in a manner which brought to light all the sternness and bitterness of his character. There had been of late years a certain mellowing of his disposition which Charlotte had dwelt upon with hopeful joy, as her one comfort in her lonely life at Haworth. How much he owed to her none knew but himself. When he was sinking under the burden of his son's death, she had rescued him; when, for one dark and bitter interval, he had sought refuge from grief and remorse in the coward's solace, her brave heart, her gentleness, her unyielding courage, had



brought him back again from evil ways, and sustained and kept him in the path of honour; and now his own ambitions were more than satisfied by her success; he found himself shining in the reflected glory of his daughter's fame, and sunned himself, poor man, in the light and warmth. But all the old jealousy, the intense acerbity of his character broke out when he saw another person step between himself and her, and that other no idol of the great world of London, but simply the honest man who had dwelt almost under his own roof-tree for years.

When, having heard with surprise and emotion, the story of Mr. Nicholls's attachment, Charlotte communicated his offer to her father, "agitation and anger disproportionate to the occasion ensued. My blood boiled with a sense of injustice. But Papa worked himself into a state not to be trifled with. The veins on his forehead started up like whipcord, and his eyes became suddenly bloodshot. I made haste to promise that on the morrow Mr. Nicholls should have a distinct refusal." It so happened that very soon after this, that is to say when *Villette* was published, Miss Martineau caused deep pain to its writer by condemning the manner in which "all the female characters in all their thoughts and lives" were represented as "being full of one thing—love." The critic not unjustly pointed out that love was not the be-all and the end-all of a woman's life. Perhaps her pen would not have been so sharp in touching on this subject, had she known with what quiet self-sacrifice the author of *Villette* had but a few weeks before set aside her own preferences and inclinations, and submitted her lot to her father's angry will. This truly must be reckoned as another illustration of the extent to which the *Quarterly Reviewer* of 1848 had formed an accurate conception of the character of "Carrer Bell."

Not only was the struggle which followed sharp and painful; it was also stubborn and prolonged. Mr. Nicholls resigned the curacy he had held so many years, and prepared to leave Haworth. Mr. Brontë not only showed no signs of relenting, but openly exulted in his depar-

ture, and lost no opportunity of expressing in bitterly sarcastic language his opinion of his colleague's conduct. How deeply Charlotte suffered at this time is proved by the letters before me. Firmly convinced that her first duty was to the parent whose only remaining stay she was, she never wavered in her determination to sacrifice every wish of her own to his comfort. But her heart was racked with pity for the man who was suffering through his love for her, and her indignation was roused to fever-heat by the gross injustice of her father's conduct.

"Compassion or relenting is no more to be looked for from Papa than sap from fire-wood. I never saw a battle more sternly fought with the feelings than Mr. N. fights with his, and when he yields momentarily, you are almost sickened by the sense of the strain upon him. However, he is to go and I cannot speak to him or look at him or comfort him a whit—and I must submit. Providence is over all; that is the only consolation."

"In all this," she says, after speaking again of the severity of the struggle, "it is not I who am to be pitied at all, and of course nobody pities me. They all think in Haworth that I have disdainfully refused him. If pity would do him any good he ought to have, and I believe has, it. They may abuse me if they will. Whether they do or not I can't tell."

During this crisis in her life, when suffering had come to her in a new and sharp form, but when happily the black cloud was lit up on the other side by the rays of the sun, she went up to London to spend a few weeks. From the letters written during her visit I make these extracts:—

"Jan. 11th, 1853.

"I came here last Wednesday. I had a delightful day for my journey, and was kindly received at the close. My time has passed pleasantly enough since I came, yet I have not much to tell you; nor is it likely I shall have. I do not mean to go out much or see many people. Sir J. S. wrote to me two or three times before I left home, and made me promise to let him know when I should be in town, but I reserve to myself the right of deferring the communication till the latter part of my stay. All in this house appear to be pretty much as usual, and yet I see some changes. Mrs. — and her daughter look well enough; but on Mr. — hard work is telling early. Both his complexion, his countenance, and the very lines of his features are altered. It is rather the remembrance of what he was

than the fact of what he is which can warrant the picture I have been accustomed to give of him. One feels pained to see a physical alteration of this kind; yet I feel glad and thankful that it is *merely* physical. As far as I can judge, mind and manners have undergone no deterioration—rather, I think, the contrary.”

“Jan. 19th, 1853.

“I still continue to get on very comfortably and quietly in London, in the way I like, seeing rather things than persons. Being allowed to have my own choice of sights this time, I selected the *real* rather than the *decorative* side of life. I have been over two prisons, ancient and modern, Newgate and Pentonville; also the Bank, the Exchange, the Foundling Hospital; and to-day, if all be well, I go with Dr. Forbes to see the Bethlehem Hospital. Mrs. — and her daughters are, I believe, a little amazed at my gloomy tastes; but I take no notice. Papa, I am glad to say, continues well. I inclose portions of two notes of his which will show you better than anything I can say how he treats a certain subject. My book is to appear at the close of this month. Mrs. Gaskell wrote to beg that it should not clash with *Ruth*, and it was impossible to refuse to defer the publication a week or two.”

The visit to London did good; but it could not remove the pain which she suffered during this period of conflict. The remainder of the year 1853 was a chequered one. Mr. Nicholls left Haworth; Charlotte remained with her father. Those who saw her at this time bear testimony to the unfailing, never-flagging devotion she displayed towards one who was wounding her cruelly. But she bore this sorrow, like those which had preceded it, bravely and cheerfully. To her friend she opened her heart at times, revealing something of what she was suffering; but to all others she was silent.

“HAWORTH, April 13th, 1853.

“MY DEAR MISS —,

“Your last kind letter ought to have been answered long since, and would have been, did I find it practicable to proportion the promptitude of the response to the value I place upon my correspondents and their communications. You will easily understand, however, that the contrary rule often holds good, and that the epistle which importunes often takes precedence of that which interests. My publishers express entire satisfaction with the reception which has been accorded to *Villette*. And, indeed, the majority of the reviews has been favourable enough. You will be aware, however, that there is a minority, small in character, which views the work with no

favourable eye. Curren Bell's remarks on Romanism have drawn down on him the con-  
dign displeasure of the High Church party, which displeasure has been unequivocally expressed through their principal organs, the *Guardian*, the *English Churchman*, and the *Christian Remembrancer*. I can well understand that some of the charges launched against me by these publications will tell heavily to my prejudice in the minds of most readers. But this must be borne; and for my part, I can suffer no accusation to oppress me much which is not supported by the inward evidence of Conscience and Reason. ‘Extremes meet,’ says the proverb; in proof whereof I would mention that Miss Martineau finds with *Villette* nearly the same fault as the Puseyites. She accuses me of attacking Popery ‘with virulence,’ of going out of my way to assault it ‘passionately.’ In other respects she has shown, with reference to the work, a spirit so strangely and unexpectedly acrimonious, that I have gathered courage to tell her that the gulf of mutual difference between her and me is so wide and deep, the bridge of union so slight and uncertain, I have come to the conclusion that frequent intercourse would be most perilous and unadvisable, and have begged to adjourn *sine die* my long-projected visit to her. Of course she is now very angry; but it cannot be helped. Two or three weeks since I received a long and kind letter from Mr. —, which I answered a short time ago. I believe he thinks me a much better advocate for *change*, and what is called ‘political progress’ than I am. However, in my reply, I did not touch on these subjects. He intimated a wish to publish some of his own MSS. I fear he would hardly like the somewhat dissuasive tendency of my answer; but really, in these days of headlong competition, it is a great risk to publish.”

“April 18th, 1853.

“If all be well, I think of going to Manchester about the close of this week. I only intend staying a few days; but I can say nothing about coming back by B—. Do not expect me; I would rather see you at Haworth by and by. Two or three weeks since Miss Martineau wrote to ask why she did not hear from me, and to press me to go to Ambleside. Explanations ensued; the notes on each side were quite civil; but having deliberately formed my resolution on substantial grounds, I adhered to it. I have declined being her visitor, and bid her good-bye. It is best so; the antagonism of our natures and principles was too serious to be trifled with.”

This difference with Miss Martineau is not a thing to dwell on now. The pity is that two women so truthful, so sincere, so bold in their utterances should ever have differed. Charlotte Brontë had known how to stand bravely by Miss Martineau



when she believed that the latter was suffering because of her honestly-formed opinions; she had known how to speak on her behalf with timely generosity and force. But her sensitive nature was wounded to the quick by criticisms which she believed to be unjust, and so these two great women parted, and met again no more.

To the mental pain which she was now suffering from her father's conduct there was added keen physical torture. During this summer of 1853 many of her letters contain sentences like this:—"I have been suffering most severely for ten days with continued pain in the head—on the nerves it is said to be. Blistering at last seems to have done it some good; but I am yet weak and bewildered." A visit from Mrs. Gaskell, who came to see how Haworth looked in its autumn robe of splendour, did her some good; but still more was gained by a journey to the seaside in the company of her old friend and schoolmistress, Miss Wooler.

December came, and she writes to this friend expressing her wonder as to how she is spending the long winter evenings—"alone probably like me." It was a dreary winter for her; but the spring was at hand. Mr. Brontë, studying his daughter with keen eyes, could not hide from himself the fact that her health and spirits were drooping now as they had never drooped before. All work with the pen was laid aside; and household cares, attendance upon her father or on the old servant who now also needed to be waited upon, occupied her time; but her heart was heavy with a burden such as she had never known before. At last the stern nature of the man was broken down by his genuine affection for his daughter. His opposition to her marriage was suddenly laid aside; he asked her to recall Mr. Nicholls to Haworth, and with characteristic waywardness he now became as anxious that the wedding should take place as he had ever been that it should be prevented.

"April 11th, 1854.

"The result of Mr. Nicholls's visit is that Papa's consent is gained and his respect won; for Mr. Nicholls has in all things proved himself disinterested and forbearing. He has

shown, too, that while his feelings are exquisitely keen he can freely forgive. . . . In fact, dear Ellen, I am engaged. Mr. Nicholls in the course of a few months will return to the curacy of Haworth. I stipulated that I would not leave Papa, and to Papa himself I proposed a plan of residence which should maintain his seclusion and convenience uninvaded, and in a pecuniary sense bring him gain instead of loss. What seemed at one time impossible is now arranged, and Papa begins really to take a pleasure in the prospect. For myself, dear E—, while thankful to One who seems to have guided me through much difficulty, much and deep distress and perplexity of mind, I am still very calm. . . . What I taste of happiness is of the soberest order. Providence offers me this destiny. Doubtless, then, it is the best for me; nor do I shrink from wishing those dear to me one not less happy. It is possible that our marriage may take place in the course of the summer. Mr. Nicholls wishes it to be in July. He spoke of you with great kindness, and said he hoped you would be at our wedding. I said I thought of having no other bridesmaid. Did I say right? I mean the marriage to be literally *as quiet as possible*. Do not mention these things as yet. Good-bye. There is a strange, half-sad feeling in making these announcements. The whole thing is something other than the imagination paints it beforehand: cares, fears, come mixed inextricably with hopes. I trust yet to talk the matter over with you."

So at length the day had dawned, and every letter now is filled with the hopes and cares of the expectant bride.

"April 15th.

"I hope to see you somewhere about the second week in May. The Manchester visit is still hanging over my head, I have deferred it and deferred it; but have finally promised to go about the beginning of next month. I shall only stay about three days; then I spend two or three days at H., then come to B. The three visits must be compressed into the space of a fortnight if possible. I suppose I shall have to go to Leeds. My purchases cannot be either expensive or extensive. You must just resolve in your head the bonnets and dresses: something that can be turned to decent use and worn after the wedding-day will be best—I think. I wrote immediately to Miss W—, and received a truly kind letter from her this morning. Papa's mind seems wholly changed about this matter; and he has said, both to me and when I was not there, how much happier he feels since he allowed all to be settled. It is a wonderful relief for me to hear him treat the thing rationally—and quietly and amicably to talk over with him themes on which once I dared not touch. He is rather anxious that things should get forward now, and takes

quite an interest in the arrangement of preliminaries. His health improves daily, though this east wind still keeps up a slight irritation in the throat and chest. The feeling which had been disappointed in Papa was *ambition*—paternal pride—ever a restless feeling, as we all know. Now that this unquiet spirit is exorcised, justice, which was once quite forgotten, is once more listened to, and affection, I hope, resumes some power. My hope is that in the end this arrangement will turn out more truly to Papa's advantage than any other it was in my power to achieve. Mr. N. only in his last letter refers touchingly to his earnest desire to prove his gratitude to Papa by offering support and consolation to his declining age. This will not be mere *talk* with him. He is no talker; no dealer in mere professions."

"April 28th.

"Papa, thank God! continues to improve much. He preached twice on Sunday and again on Wednesday, and was not tired. His mind and mood are different to what they were; so much more cheerful and quiet. I trust the illusions of ambition are quite dissipated, and that he really sees it is better to relieve a suffering and faithful heart, to secure in its fidelity a solid good, than unfeelingly to abandon one who is truly attached to *his* interests as well as mine, and pursue some vain empty shadow."

The marriage took place on June 29th, 1854. A neighbouring clergyman read the service; Charlotte's "dear Nell" was the solitary bridesmaid; her old schoolmistress, whose friendship had ever been dear to her, Miss Wooler, gave her away, and visitors to Haworth who are shown the marriage register, will see that these two faithful and trusted friends were the only witnesses. Immediately after the marriage the bride and bridegroom started for Ireland to visit some of the relatives of Mr. Nicholls. "I trust I feel thankful to God for having enabled me to make a right choice, and I pray to be enabled to repay as I ought the affectionate devotion of a truthful, honourable, unboastful man," are words which appear in the first letter written from Ireland. A month later the bride writes as follows to her friend:—

"DUBLIN, July 28th, 1854.

"I really cannot rest any longer without writing you a line, which I have literally not had time to do during the last fortnight. We have been travelling about, with only just such cessation as enabled me to answer a few of the many notes of congratulation forwarded, and which I dared not suffer to accumulate

till my return, when I know I shall be busy enough. We have been to Killarney, Glen Gariffe, Tarbert, Tralee, Cork, and are now once more in Dublin again on our way home, where we hope to arrive next week. I shall make no effort to describe the scenery through which we have passed. Some parts have exceeded all I ever imagined. Of course much pleasure has sprung from all this, and more perhaps from the kind and ceaseless protection which has ever surrounded me, and made travelling a different matter to me from what it has heretofore been. Dear Nell, it is written that there shall be no unmixed happiness in this world. Papa has not been well, and I have been longing, *longing intensely* sometimes, to be at home. Indeed, I could enjoy and rest no more, and so home we are going."

It was a new life to which she was returning. Wedded to one who had proved by years of faithfulness and patience how strong and real was his love for her, it seemed as though peace and sunshine, the brightness of affection and the pleasures of home, were at length about to settle upon her and around her. The bare sitting-room in the parsonage, which for six years of loneliness and anguish had been peopled only by the heart-sick woman and the memories of those who had left her, once more resounded with the voices of the living. The husband's strong and upright nature furnished something for the wife to lean against; the painful sense of isolation which had so long oppressed her vanished utterly, and in its place came that "sweet sense of depending" which is the most blessed fruit of a trustful love. A great calm seemed to be breathed over the spirit of her life after the fitful fever which had raged so long, and her friends saw new shoots of tenderness, new blossoms of gentleness and affection, peeping forth in nooks of her character which had hitherto been barren. Of her letters during these happy months of peace and expectation I cannot quote much: they are too closely intertwined with the life of those who survive to permit of this being done; but all of them breathe the same spirit. They show that the courage, the patience, the cheerfulness with which the rude buffetings of fate had been borne in that stormy middle-passage of her history, had brought their own reward; and that joy had come at last, not perhaps in



the shape she had imagined in her early youth, but as a substantial reality, and no longer a mocking illusion.

"August 9th, 1854.

"— will probably end by accepting —; and judging from what you say, it seems to me that it would be rational to do so. If, indeed, some one else whom she preferred *wished* to have her, and had duly and sincerely come forward, matters would be different. But this it appears is not the case; and to cherish any *unguarded* and unsustained preference is neither right nor wise. Since I came home I have not had one unemployed moment. My life is changed indeed; to be wanted continually, to be constantly called for and occupied, seems so strange: yet it is a marvellously good thing. As yet I don't quite understand how some wives grow so selfish. As far as my experience of matrimony goes, I think it tends to draw you out and away from yourself. . . . Dear Nell, during the last six weeks the colour of my thoughts is a good deal changed. I know more of the realities of life than I once did. I think many false ideas are propagated, perhaps unintentionally. I think those married women who indiscriminately urge their acquaintance to marry, much to blame. For my part, I can only say with deeper sincerity and fuller significance, what I always said in theory—Wait God's will. Indeed, indeed, Nell, it is a solemn, and strange, and perilous thing for a woman to become a wife. Man's lot is far, far different. . . . Have I told you how much better Mr. Nicholls is? He looks quite strong and hale. To see this improvement in him has been a great source of happiness to me; and, to speak truth, a source of wonder too."

"HAWORTH, September 7th, 1854.

"I send a French paper to-day. You would almost think I had given them up, it is so long since one was despatched. The fact is they had accumulated to quite a pile during my absence. I wished to look them over before sending them off, and as yet I have scarcely found time. That same *Time* is an article of which I once had a large stock always on hand; where it is all gone to now it would be difficult to say, but my moments are very fully occupied. Take warning, Ellen. The married woman can call but a very small portion of each day her own. Not that I complain of this sort of monopoly as yet, and I hope I never shall incline to regard it as a misfortune, but it certainly exists. We were both disappointed that you could not come on the day I mentioned. I have grudged this splendid weather very much. The moors are in their glory; I never saw them fuller of purple bloom; I wanted you to see them at their best. They are fast turning now, and in another week, I fear, will be faded and sere. As soon as ever you can leave home, be sure to write and let me know. . . . Papa con-

tinues greatly better. My husband flourishes; he begins indeed to express some slight alarm at the growing improvement in his condition. I think I am decent—better certainly than I was two months ago; but people don't compliment me as they do Arthur—excuse the name; it has grown natural to use it now."

"HAWORTH, September 16th, 1854.

"MY DEAR MISS —

"You kindly tell me not to write while Ellen is with me; I am expecting her this week; and as I think it would be wrong, long to defer answering a letter like yours, I will reduce to practice the maxim, 'there is no time like the present,' and do it at once. It grieves me that you should have had any anxiety about my health; the cough left me before I quitted Ireland, and since my return home I have scarcely had an ailment, except occasional headaches. My dear father, too, continues much better. Dr. B— was here on Sunday preaching a sermon for the Jews, and he gratified me much by saying that he thought Papa not at all altered since he saw him last—nearly a year ago. I am afraid this opinion is rather flattering; but still it gave me pleasure, for I had feared that he looked undeniably thinner and older. You ask what visitors we have had. A good many amongst the clergy, &c., in the neighbourhood, but none of note from a distance. Haworth is, as you say, a very quiet place; it is also difficult of access, and unless under the stimulus of necessity, or that of strong curiosity, or finally that of true and tried friendship, few take courage to penetrate to so remote a nook. Besides, now that I am married, I do not expect to be an object of much general interest. Ladies who have won some prominence (call it either *notoriety* or celebrity) in their single life, often fall quite into the background when they change their names. But if true domestic happiness replace fame, the change is, indeed, for the better. Yes, I am thankful to say that my husband is in improved health and spirits. It makes me content and grateful to hear him, from time to time, avow his happiness in the brief but plain phrase of sincerity. My own life is more occupied than it used to be; I have not so much time for thinking: I am obliged to be more practical, for my dear Arthur is a very practical as well as a very punctual, methodical man. Every morning he is in the national school by nine o'clock; he gives the children religious instruction till half past ten. Almost every afternoon he pays visits amongst the poor parishioners. Of course he often finds a little work for his wife to do, and I hope she is not sorry to help him. I believe it is not bad for me that his bent should be so wholly towards matters of real life and active usefulness—so little inclined to the literary and contemplative. As to his continued affection and kind attentions, it does not become me to say much of them; but as yet they neither change nor diminish. I wish,

my dear Miss —, you had some kind, faithful companion to enliven your solitude at R—, some friend to whom to communicate your pleasure in the scenery, the fine weather, the pleasant walks. You never complain, never murmur, never seem otherwise than thankful; but I know you must miss a privilege none could more keenly appreciate than yourself."

There are other letters like the foregoing, all speaking of the constant occupation of time which once hung heavily, all giving evidence that peace and love had made their home in her heart, all free from that strain of sadness which was so common in other years. One only of these letters, that written on the morrow of her last Christmas Day, need be quoted, however:—

"HAWORTH, December 26th.

"I return Mrs. —'s letter: it is as you say, very genuine, truthful, affectionate, maternal, without a taint of sham or exaggeration. She will love her child without spoiling it, I think. She does not make an uproar about her happiness either. The longer I live the more I suspect exaggerations. I fancy it is sometimes a sort of fashion for each to vie with the other in protestations about their wondrous felicity—and sometimes they *fib*! I am truly glad to hear you are all better at B—. In the course of three or four weeks, now, I expect to get leave to come to you. I certainly long to see you again. One circumstance reconciles me to this delay—the weather. I do not know whether it has been as bad with you as with us; but here for three weeks we have had little else than a succession of hurricanes. . . . You inquire after Mrs. Gaskell. She has not been here, and I think I should not like her to come now till summer. She is very busy now with her story of *North and South*. I must make this note very short. Arthur joins me in sincere good wishes for a happy Christmas and many of them to you and yours. He is well, thank God, and so am I; and he is 'my dear boy' certainly—dearer now than he was six months ago. In three days we shall actually have been married that length of time."

There was not much time for literary labours during these happy months of married life. The wife, new to her duties, was engaged in mastering them with all the patience, self-suppression, and industry which had characterised her throughout her life. Her husband was now her first thought; and he took the time which had formerly been devoted to reading, study, thought, and writing. But occasionally the pressure

she was forced to put upon herself was very severe. Mr. Nicholls had never been attracted towards her by her literary fame; with literary effort, indeed, he had no sympathy, and upon the whole he would rather that his wife should lay aside her pen entirely than that she should gain any fresh triumphs in the world of letters. So she submitted, and with cheerful courage repressed that "gift" which had been her solace in sorrows deep and many. Yet once "the spell" was too strong to be resisted, and she hastily wrote a few pages of a new story called *Emma*, in which once more she proposed to deal with her favourite theme—the history of a friendless girl. One would fain have seen how she would have treated her subject, now that "the colour of her thoughts" had been changed, and that a happy marriage had introduced her to a new phase of that life which she had studied so closely and so constantly.

But it was not to be. On January 19, when she had returned to Haworth, after a short visit to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth's, she wrote to her friend saying that her health had been very good ever since her return from Ireland till about ten days before, when a sudden change had taken place, and continual attacks of faintness and sickness had set in. Those around her were not alarmed at first. They hoped that before long all would be well with her again; they could not believe that the joys of which she had just begun to taste were about to be snatched away. But her weakness grew apace; the sickness knew no abatement; and a deadly fear began to creep into the hearts of husband and father. She was soon so weak that she was compelled to remain in bed, and from that "dreary bed" she wrote two or three faint pencil notes which still exist—the last pathetic chapters in that life-long correspondence from which we have gathered so many extracts. In one of them, which Mrs. Gaskell has published, she says:—"I want to give you an assurance which I know will comfort you—and that is that I find in my husband the tenderest nurse, the kindest support, the best earthly comfort, that ever woman had. His patience never



fails, and it is tried by sad days and broken nights." In another, the last, she says: "I cannot talk—even to my dear, patient, constant Arthur I can say but few words at once." One dreary March morning, when frosts still bound the earth and no spring sun had come to gladden the hearts of those who watched for summer, her friend received another letter, written, not in the neat, minute hand of Charlotte Brontë, but in her father's tremulous characters:—

"HAWORTH, near KEIGHLEY,  
March 30th, 1855.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"We are all in great trouble, and Mr. Nicholls so much so that he is not sufficiently strong and composed to be able to write. I therefore devote a few lines to tell you that my dear daughter is very ill, and apparently on the verge of the grave. If she could speak she would no doubt dictate to us whilst answering your kind letter. But we are left to ourselves to give what answer we can. The doctors have no hope of her case, and fondly as we a long time cherished hope, that hope is now gone, and we have only to look forward to the solemn event with prayer to God that He will give us grace and strength sufficient unto our day.

"Ever truly and respectfully yours,  
"P. BRONTË."

The following day, March 31st, 1855, the blinds were drawn once again at Haworth Parsonage; the last and greatest of the children of the house had passed away; and the brilliant name of Charlotte Brontë had become a name and nothing more! "We are left to ourselves," said Mr. Brontë in the letter I have just quoted—and so it was. Not the glory only, but the light, had fled from the parsonage where the childless father and the widowed husband sat together beside their dead. Of all the drear and desolate spots upon that wild Yorkshire moorland there was none now so dreary and so desolate as the house which had once been the home of Charlotte Brontë.

## XII.

No apology need be offered for any single feature of Charlotte Brontë's life or character. She was what God made her in the furnace of sore afflictions and yet

more sore temptations; her life, instinct with its extraordinary individuality, was notwithstanding always subject to exterior influences, for the existence of which she was not responsible, and which more than once threatened to change the whole nature and purpose of her being; her genius, which brought forth its first-fruits under the cold shade of obscurity and adversity, was developed far more largely by sorrow, loneliness, and pain, than by the success which she gained in so abundant a degree. There are features of her character which we can scarcely comprehend, for the existence of which we are unable to account; and there are features of her genius which jar upon our sympathies and ruffle our conventional ideas; but for neither will one word of apology or excuse be offered by any who really know and love this great woman.

The fashion which exalted her to such a pinnacle of fame, like many another fashion, has lost its vitality; and the present generation, wrapped in admiration of another school of fiction, has consigned the works of Currer Bell to a premature sepulchre. But her friends need not despair; for from that dreary tomb of neglect an hour of resurrection must come, and the woman who has given us three of the most masterful books of the century, will again assert her true position in the literature of her country. We hear nothing now of the "immorality" of her writings. Younger people, if they turn from the sparkling or didactic pages of the most popular of recent stories to *Jane Eyre*, or *Villette*, in the hope of finding there some stimulant which may have power to tickle their jaded palates, will search in vain for anything that even borders upon impropriety—as we understand the word in these enlightened days—and they will form a queer conception of the generation of critics which denounced Currer Bell as the writer of immoral works of fiction. But it is said that there is coarseness in her stories "otherwise so entirely noble." Even Mrs. Gaskell has assented to the charge; and it is generally believed that Charlotte Brontë, as a writer, though not immoral in tone, was rude in language and coarse

in thought. The truth, however, is, that this so-called coarseness is nothing more than the simplicity and purity, the straightforwardness and unconsciousness which an unspotted heart naturally displays in dealing with those great problems of life which, alas! none who have drunk deep of the waters of good and evil can ever handle with entire freedom from embarrassment. An American writer<sup>1</sup> has spoken of Charlotte Brontë as "the great pre-Raphaelite among women, who was not ashamed or afraid to utter what God had shown her, and was too single-hearted of aim to swerve one hairbreadth in duplicating nature's outlines." She was more than this, however. She was bold enough to set up a standard of right of her own; and when still the unknown daughter of the humble Yorkshire parson, she could stir the hearts of readers throughout the world with the trumpet-note of such a declaration as this:—"Conventionality is not morality; self-righteousness is not religion; to pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." Let it be remembered that these words were written nearly thirty years ago, when conventionalism was still a potent influence in checking the free utterance of our inmost opinions; and let us be thankful that in that heroic band to whom we owe the emancipation of English thought, a woman holds an honourable place.

Writing of her life just after it had closed, her friend Miss Martineau said of her—"In her vocation she had, in addition to the deep intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint." Those who know her best will apply to her personal character the epithets which Miss Martineau reserved for her career as an author. It has been my object in these pages to supplement the picture painted in Mrs. Gaskell's admirable biography by the addition of one or two features, slight in themselves, perhaps, and yet not unimportant when the effect of the whole as a

faithful portrait is considered. Charlotte Brontë was not naturally a morbid person; in youth she was happy and high-spirited; and up to the last moment of her life she had a serene strength and cheerfulness which seldom deserted her, except when acute physical suffering was added to her mental pangs. If her mind could have been freed from the depressing influences exerted on it by her frail and suffering body, it would have been one of the healthiest and most equable minds of our age. As it was, it showed itself able to meet the rude buffetings of fate without shrinking and without bravado; and the woman who is to this day regarded by the world at large as a marvel of self-conscious genius and of unchecked morbidness, was able to her dying hour to take the keenest, liveliest interest in the welfare of her friends, to pour out all her sympathy wherever she believed that it was needed and deserved, and to lighten the grim parsonage at Haworth by a presence which, in the sacred recesses of her home, was bright and cheerful, as well as steadfast and calm.

"Do not under-rate her oddity," said a gifted friend who knew her during her heyday of fame, while these pages were being written. Her oddity, it must be owned was extreme—so far as the world could judge. But I have striven to show how much this eccentricity was outward and superficial only, due in part to the peculiar conditions of her early life, but chiefly to the excessive shyness in the presence of strangers which she shared with her sisters. At heart, as some of these letters will show, she was one of the truest women who ever breathed; and her own heart-history was by no means so exceptional, so far removed from the heart-history of most women, as the public believes.

The key to her character was simple and unflinching devotion to duty. Once she failed, or, rather, once she allowed inclination to blind her as to the true direction of the path of duty, and that single failure coloured the whole of her subsequent life. But her own condemnation of herself was more sharp and bitter than any which could have been passed

<sup>1</sup> Harper's *New Monthly Magazine*, February 1866.



upon her by the world, and from that one venial error she drew lessons which enabled her henceforward to live with a steady, constant power of self-sacrifice at her command such as distinguishes saints and heroes rather than ordinary men and women. Hot, impulsive, and tenacious in her affections, she suffered those whom she loved the most dearly to be torn from her without losing faith in herself or in God; tenderly sensitive as to the treatment which her friends received, she repaid the cruelty and injustice of her father towards the man whose heart she had won, by a depth of devotion and self-sacrifice which can only be fully estimated by those who know under what bitter conditions it was lavished upon an unworthy parent; bound, as all the children of genius are, by the spell of her own imagination, she was yet able during the closing months of her life to lay aside her pen, and give herself up wholly, at the desire of her husband, to those parish duties which had such slight attractions for her. Those who, knowing these facts, still venture to assert that the virtues which distinguished Currer Bell the author were lacking in Charlotte Brontë the woman, must have minds warped by deep-rooted and unworthy prejudices.

I have expressed my conviction that the comparative neglect from which *Jane Eyre* and its sister-works now suffer is only temporary. It is true that in some respects these books are not attractive. Though they are written with a terse vigour which must make them grateful to all whose palates are cloyed by the pretty writing of the present generation, they undoubtedly err on the side of a lack of literary polish. And though the portraits presented to us in their pages are wonderful as works of art, unsurpassed as studies of character, the range of the artist is a limited one, and for the most part the subjects chosen are not the most pleasing that could have been conceived. Yet one great and striking merit belongs to this masterly painter of men and women, which is lacking in some who, treading to a certain extent in her footsteps, have achieved even a wider and more brilliant reputation. There is no taint of the

dissecting-room about her books; we are never invited to admire the supreme cleverness of the operator who with unsparing knife lays bare before us the whole cunning mechanism of the soul which is stretched under the scalpel; nor are we bidden to pause and listen to those didactic moralisings which belong rather to the preacher or the lecturer than the novelist. It is the artist, not the anatomist who is instructing us; and after all we may derive a more accurate knowledge of men and women as they are from the cartoons of a Raphael than from the most elaborate diagrams or sections of the most eminent of physiologists.

Perhaps no merit is more conspicuous in Charlotte Brontë's writings than her unswerving honesty. Writing always "under the spell," at the dictation as it were of an invisible and superior spirit, she would never write save when "the fit was upon her" and she had something to say. "I have been silent lately because I have accumulated nothing since I wrote last," is a phrase which fell from her on one occasion. Save when she believed that she had accumulated something, some truth which she was bound to convey to the world, she would not touch her pen. She had every temptation to write fast and freely. Money was needed at home, and money was to be had by the mere production of novels which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, were certain to sell. But she withstood the temptation bravely, withstood it even when it came strengthened by the supplications of her friends, and from first to last she gave the world nothing but her best. This honesty—rare enough unfortunately among those whose painful lot it is to coin their brains into money—was carried far beyond these limits. When in writing she found that any character had escaped from her hands—and every writer of fiction knows how easily this may happen—she made no attempt to finish the portrait according to the canons of literary art. She waited patiently for fresh light; studying deeply in her waking hours, dreaming constantly of her task during her uneasy slumbers, until perchance the light she needed came and she could go on. But if it came not

she never pretended to supply the place of this inspiration of genius by any clever trick of literary workmanship. The picture was left unfinished—perfect so far as it went, but broken off at the point at which the author's keen intuitions had failed or fled from her. Nor when her work was done would she consent to alter or amend at the bidding of others; for the sake of no applause, of no success, would she change the fate of any of her characters as they had been fixed in the crucible of her genius. Even when her father exerted all his authority to secure another ending to the tale of *Villette*, he could only, as we have seen, persuade his daughter to veil the catastrophe. The hero was doomed; and Charlotte, whatever might be her own inclination, could not save him from his fate. Books so true, so honest, so simple, so thorough, as these, depend for their ultimate fate upon no transitions of fashion, no caprices of the public taste. They will hold their own as the slow-born fruits of a great genius, long after the productions of a score of facile pens now able to secure the world's

attention have been utterly forgotten. The daring and passion of *Jane Eyre*, the broad human sympathies, sparkling humour, and graphic portraiture of *Shirley*, and the steady, patient, unsurpassed concentration of power which distinguishes *Villette*, can hardly cease to command admiration whilst the literature of this century is remembered and studied.

But when we turn from the author to the woman, from the written pages to the writer, and when, forgetting the features and fortunes of those who appear in the romances of Currer Bell, we recall that touching story which will for ever be associated with Haworth Parsonage and with the great family of the Brontës, we see that the artist is greater than her works, that the woman is nobler and purer than the writer, and that by her life, even more than by her labours, the author of *Jane Eyre* must always teach us those lessons of courage, self-sacrifice, and patient endurance of which our poor humanity stands in such pressing and constant need.

T. WEMYSS REID.

*Concluded.*



## MADCAP VIOLET.

## CHAPTER XL.

## UNINVITED GUESTS.

THERE are moments of agonised thinking that shorten one's life by years. Mrs. Warrener would have appealed to her brother to come to her aid to put in order the wild suggestions that his words had conjured up, to resolve the terrible doubts which now flashed in upon her; but he lay there silent and exhausted, that scene of excitement having obviously been too much for the feeble energies of an invalid. She was left to face the situation alone.

"Mamma, is it possible—do you think it possible, Violet can be alive?" said her daughter, whose face was as pale as her own.

"Child, child! how can I tell?" the mother replied in a bewildered way.

There were the flowers on the table, and the rudely-written message, but it was the interpretation given to them that was the strange and terrible thing, like some dream-warning come true, or the vision seen by a dying man. There could be no doubt that some tall young lady had left the flowers; was it really true, then, that Violet had been all this time living in London, thinking about them as they about her, perhaps coming occasionally, in her love of madcap ways, to have a peep at them, herself unseen?

Then her face grew hot, and shame and indignation were at her heart.

If, after all, the girl had run away from the Highlands, why? Was it to please herself with her school-girlish romanticism?—she could not quite believe that of Violet. But she angrily conjectured that, if it really turned out the girl was alive and well, it would be discovered she had run away to rejoin her former sweetheart; and that all this long grief and regret had been

visited upon her friends simply because she had not the courage to declare her intention in the Highlands. And the anger in Mrs. Warrener's gentle bosom was not directed against Violet—whose wayward ways were known—but against George Miller, who had seen their sufferings, and still held his peace; who had come over there and hypocritically talked of the lost Violet; who, having three or four years before pretty nearly compromised the girl's reputation, had now most thoroughly succeeded in doing so, and that for life.

"James," she said, warmly, "if Violet is alive she must have run away to go to Mr. Miller. What else could prompt her to do such a mad thing?"

"That is no matter," the sick man said, gently; "it is enough that she is alive. Go to her, Sarah. Tell her we are glad to know she is alive; and see whether she is well and happy. That is all right. Don't blame her for what has been done."

"But where am I to find her? Oh, James, all this is a sort of wild dream. I don't know what has come over us to-night—on Christmas night—that we are thinking such harsh things about our poor Violet."

Her heart went up in a prayer for forgiveness. The memory of that wayward girl had become a pure and beautiful memory. Surely, if her gentle spirit, on this Christmas evening, were looking down on the household that she used to love, she would regard with a gentle pity and forbearance this black nightmare that had come over them.

"Mamma," said Amy Warrener, with tears running down her face, "if there is any chance at all we must try to find her. Oh, to think of getting our Violet back! Let us go to Mr. Miller if you think he will know—if there is any chance at all, mamma——"

Mrs. Warrener looked at those flowers once more, and she thought of the mysterious visitor.

"Shall we go and ask Mr. Miller?" she said to her brother.

"Yes, yes!" he said, eagerly; "that before everything. You will find him at his father's house to-night, at Sydenham Hill; Amy knows the place. Perhaps—no, he could not have been so cruel—but he is a young man; he has plenty of money and time; he will help you to seek for her. And when you find her, ask no questions of her, Sarah. Let the girl have her own secrets. What she did she was compelled to do, be sure of that. And do not ask her to come here unless she offers to do that. See that she is well, and tell her we are glad to hear news of her—that is all."

"How sure your uncle is that she is alive," said Mrs. Warrener to her daughter, as they hurriedly went away to dress themselves for the plunge into the cold air. "I hope it is not all some strange dream of his, such as he had when he was delirious; you remember the night he fancied Violet was sitting in the easy chair, and that she was his wife, and going over the housekeeping accounts. Anyone would have believed it was true; he was so anxious she should not hurt her eyes with the accounts, and the way he begged her forgiveness for being unable to give her more money——"

"But this is quite different, mamma. There is no delirium in it at all, and oh! I hope it is true!"

When the maid-servant was ordered to put back the dinner—the Christmas dinner—to nine o'clock, she thought her mistress had gone out of her wits. She went down and complained to her colleague in the kitchen that the house had been all at sixes and sevens since the master and missis came back from Scotland; that there never was a laugh in the place now, ever since Miss Violet was drowned; and that altogether she felt so miserable and wretched that she meant to give warning. Meanwhile Mrs. Warrener and her daughter, con-

sidering the scarcity of trains on such a day, had resolved to walk over to Sydenham Hill; and so, with such speed as the slippery roads permitted, they went along to Green Lane, descended into those Dulwich meadows in which Violet had laid the scene of her schoolgirl novel; crossed the meadows by narrow paths, which were dark enough on this dusky night, and at length got into the broad highway that was lit by gas-lamps. The two figures in black, both veiled, were about the only persons visible on this Christmas evening. As Violet had done, but with less oppression of heart, they glanced in at the brilliantly-lit windows they passed from time to time, and heard the merry sounds of music and dancing.

But of all the houses they saw on that dark night none was so brilliant as that at which they finally paused, up here on the brow of the hill. It was a blaze of light in all directions, including a spacious conservatory, the luminous pink and white blinds of which were visible from the gate. The glass-covered portico leading up to the door was lit by many-coloured lamps; it was clear that high festivities were going on within.

Now at the moment when these two visitors presented themselves dinner was over, but the ladies had not left the dining-room, and the butler was still there busy with the wine; while the only person who happened to be in the hall when the bell was rung was the sister of one of the servants, a young girl who had been engaged as an auxiliary for the evening. She opened the door.

"Is Mr. Miller at home—I mean young Mr. Miller?" said Mrs. Warrener.

"Yes, ma'am," said the girl, rather timidly. She thought it was an unusual time for a visit.

"Will you please take my card to him, and say I should like to see him for a moment; I will not detain him."

The girl took the card. But she could not leave one who was so obviously a lady at the door; much less could she ask her to take a seat in the hall. On



her own responsibility, therefore, she asked the two visitors if they would step into the drawing-room, while she took the card to Mr. Miller. Mrs. Warrener and her daughter entered.

Those two black figures looked strange in this great room, which was all a blaze of satin, white, and gold. In anticipation of the ladies coming in from the dining-room the candles had been lit up round the walls, and there was a huge fire throwing pink colours on the gleaming white tiles of the hearth. Then the decorations: the long festoons of ivy leaves, the devices in holly and mistletoe, the beautiful flowers placed around the spacious apartment; all this was a sight to see if the two strangers had been thinking of such things.

Mr. George Miller had earned some little reputation as an orator down Sydenham way, where the people are much given to dinner-parties and other local festivities at which healths are proposed. How this Scotch custom got transferred to Sydenham is at present a mystery. Among certain classes of Scotch people it is almost impossible for half-a-dozen persons to dine together without some one at the end of dinner rising up and making a speech about some one else, who, in his turn, feels bound to propose some other guest's health. Whether any colony of a people, who, however taciturn in general, are prone to gabbling after dinner, ever settled in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, I leave to antiquarians to discuss; but it is the fact that the young men of Sydenham are, above all others, trained from their youth to propose, and respond to, at a moment's notice, such toasts as "The Ladies," "Absent Friends," and the like, and that they acquire this enviable gift by practice in comparatively small social circles.<sup>1</sup> However, on this occasion George Miller had some excuse for being on his feet. He was proposing the health of his

niece, Miss Maud Leicester, who had just been brought in in a high chair with a bar across. Miss Maud paid not the least heed to all the beautiful things that were being said about her, but was making ferocious attacks on an orange which she found much difficulty in holding. She looked up, however, when everybody called out her name and drank a glass of wine to her, and just at the same moment the small maid-servant entered the room, and placed Mrs. Warrener's card before the young master.

Mr. Miller was alarmed, and looked it. He begged to be excused for a moment or two, and left the room. When he found Mrs. Warrener and her daughter awaiting him he hurriedly asked if anything were the matter with Mr. Drummond.

"No," said Mrs. Warrener, making a desperate effort to remain calm, "my brother is getting on very well. It is about another matter. Mr. Miller, do you know whether Violet North is alive?"

The suddenness of the question startled him; he had not been prepared for it. He only stared at her in confusion and bewilderment; he had not an answer ready.

"Oh, Mr. Miller," cried Amy Warrener, with a pathetic entreaty in her voice, "I can see you know where she is. She is alive! You will tell us where Violet is?"

"Really——" said he, and then he stopped in vexatious embarrassment, for, short of a downright lie, there was scarcely a word he could say that would not commit him, while silence would be nearly as fatal to the promise he had given Violet. "Really—this is most extraordinary . . . Violet North alive . . . and you come to me!"

"Yes, we come to you," said Mrs. Warrener, bitterly. "Can you deny that she is alive? Can you deny that you have kept this knowledge to yourself?—for what purposes I cannot tell—and have looked on at our misery, and the misery of her relatives, without a touch of pity? Oh, I am ashamed to think of it!"

<sup>1</sup> I am informed that commercial travellers are greatly addicted to the making of speeches after dinner. This may arise from their having so frequently to dine together in country inns with no other form of intellectual exercise to fall back upon.

Well, George Miller began to grow angry. It became clear that, however Violet's friends had come to know of her existence, the whole pack of them would be down upon him—he, poor innocent, having nothing more to do with the matter than the man in the moon. It was too bad. Here he was about to be accused of all sorts of things, with his mouth shut by that promise so that he could not say a word in his defence.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Warrenner," said he; "what makes you think that Violet is alive?"

"Can you deny that you know she is alive?" said Mrs. Warrenner, warmly.

"Oh," said he, with an uneasy laugh, "this is madness—pure madness. If I had known she was alive, why should I have concealed it? What could I gain by concealing it? Why, the thing is so absurd. But, tell me, what has suggested all this to you? Why do you think she is alive?"

Mrs. Warrenner did not answer his questions; she believed them to be mere empty phrases. It was clear to her, from his refusal to deny his knowledge of Violet's existence, that all this wild story was true; and that her brother's sudden and strange interpretation of the message was something more than the morbid fancy of a sick man.

"And so you will not tell us where Violet is?" she said, firmly.

At this moment the door was opened by a servant, who did not know there was anybody in the drawing-room, and the ladies from the dining-room trooped in. Certainly they looked sufficiently astonished to find Mr. Miller, obviously in great embarrassment, standing in earnest conversation with those two persons dressed in deep mourning; and, indeed, the two black figures formed a singular contrast to the blaze of costume worn by Mrs. Miller and her friends.

"Mother," said the young man, hastily, to a tall and stately woman, fair and good-looking, who wore heavy bracelets, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Warrenner and her daughter; you have heard me speak of them."

Mrs. Miller bowed coldly; she thought it was an inopportune moment for a visit.

"And I will tell you why my daughter and myself are here at such an hour," said Mrs. Warrenner, with courage, and she spoke rapidly and with great emotion. "Some months ago a young friend of ours—she was our greatest friend—was supposed to be drowned, when she was on a visit with us to the Highlands. She was not drowned. She ran away—why, I do not know; and we have mourned for her as if she were dead, for she was very dear to us. And now your son here, who knows where she is, who has allowed her relatives to grieve for her all this time, he will not say a single word to restore the girl to her friends; are you surprised that—that I should intrude on you when that is what I have come to ask him?"

Her voice trembled with indignation, and she made no effort to conceal her story from these strangers, who looked on in amazement.

"George, what is this?" said the tall, fair woman, remaining quite calm. "Is it about Miss North?"

His face was red with vexation, and there was an angry frown on his brows. He would have liked to have got hold of Violet at that moment to say, "Look here; this is a pretty thing you have let me in for!" But as it was he had to answer something. It was an ugly indictment.

"I suppose it is about Miss North," said he, sulkily; "she caused me enough trouble when she was alive, and it seems I have not done with it yet. Perhaps Mrs. Warrenner will tell you what reasons she has for believing all this extraordinary story; I can't make them out."

"If I were a man," said the pale little woman, with increasing indignation, "I should be ashamed to make such pretences. If you have had no pity on the girl's family or on her friends all this time, at least do something to repair the wrong by speaking now. Mr. Miller, where is Violet?"

She suddenly altered her tone to one of piteous entreaty.



"I don't know where she is," he answered, angrily; "I don't care where she is—I don't want to know anything about her—I wish to goodness she was at the bottom of the sea."

"George," his mother said, severely, "this is strange language. Remember you are speaking to a lady. And you certainly seem to suggest that Miss North is *not* at the bottom of the sea, as her friends supposed she was. Do you know where she is?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"Ask him, Mrs. Miller," said Mrs. Warrener, suddenly bursting into tears, "ask him if he can deny that our Violet is alive. Ask him if he has not seen her,—if he does not know that she is alive?"

"George, answer at once!"

What is the use of answering such questions? Doesn't everybody know the girl is dead?"

His mother regarded him narrowly, and said slowly—

"You must answer *me* then. Do you believe the girl to be dead?"

"It is none of my business," said he, impatiently; "if her friends think she is alive, let them find her. I have nothing to do with her. I tell you I don't know where she is."

"Oh, shame on you!" said Mrs. Warrener; "I did not believe a human being could be so cruel, so indifferent, so heartless. But I will appeal to the girl's father; it is he who must take the matter into his hands. Mrs. Miller, I beg your pardon, and your friends' pardon, for this intrusion. I am sorry to have caused you trouble. Come, Amy."

The little woman was crying. She merely bowed as she turned away, but Mrs. Miller took her hand, and pressed it warmly, and accompanied her into the hall.

"All this is very strange, Mrs. Warrener," said she, in kindly accents, "and the conduct of my son, if he really knows about this girl being alive, is most inexcusable. Believe me, I will see what can be done to get the matter properly explained. Don't think the

worst of him just yet; there may be some reason we don't know."

Many strange and conflicting emotions passed through Mrs. Warrener's heart as she and her daughter went home through the dusky night, and she scarcely knew whether to be glad or sad when she informed her brother of the result of her mission.

"Amy," she said, "you saw his face. Can you doubt that he knows?"

"Not in the least, mamma," was the prompt answer.

"And then, James, his absolute refusal to deny that he had seen her since we were in the Highlands. His mother pressed him to answer; it was no use. It is as clear to me as noonday that he knows where Violet is."

"That is not much matter," said the invalid, absently; "the great fact is that Violet still remains to us—we may see her yet, coming in by the door there, with the bashful, amused look she used to have. We will ask her no questions at all; she has a right to her own secrets."

"That is all very well, James," said his sister with some touch of indignation in her voice, "but I cannot help thinking of all we have suffered, and you especially, all on account of this foolish trick. What was the cause of your illness?—I know very well. And her poor father, too. When I think of that young man, Miller, and of his having known this all along, and his hypocrisy in coming here—oh, I don't know what to think; I don't know which of the two is the worse."

"Sarah, you must say no word against Violet. You know nothing against her; you know nothing of the circumstances. It is enough that she is alive."

The small maid-servant brought in the Christmas-dinner; it was not a gorgeous feast. The invalid had his plate placed on a chair by the side of his couch. When the banquet was over he turned to his niece.

"Amy," said he, "fill up these three glasses. Sarah, we are going to drink health and happiness to our Violet—

long life, and health, and happiness, and many more Christmas evenings pleasanter than I suspect this one has been to her. I never thought we should be able to do that. Wherever she is, whatever may have been her reasons for leaving us, whether we ever see her again or not, no matter. Here is to her long life and happiness, and God bless her!"

Mrs. Warrener looked at the lean and trembling hand that held up the glass, and there was but a doubtful "Amen!" in her heart.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### A BRINGER OF EVIL.

GEORGE MILLER was to have spent the two days following Christmas with this family party which had been gathered together at Sydenham Hill; but after the visit of Mrs. Warrener and her daughter he saw fit to change his intention. For the rest of that evening even his own mother held aloof from him: again and again he vowed to himself that it was really too bad, but that this was what always came of one's getting oneself mixed up with the romantic sentimentalities of a woman.

Next morning he left the house, and went straight up to the lodgings which he understood that Violet North occupied. The more he thought of his wrongs, the more angry he became, until, when he knocked at the door, he was simply in a towering rage. He would have an end of all this mystery. He would have nothing more to do with this concealment. It was all very well for her to go off scot-free, leaving him under the imputation—against which he could bring no testimony whatever—of having inveigled the girl away from her friends and aided her in a shameful piece of deceit. No; he would have no more of this.

The landlady herself came to the door; as it happened she was in a rage too, for she had just been quarrelling with one of her domestics.

"Does Miss North—I mean Miss

Main—live here?" asked the young man.

"No, she don't."

He was staggered. He looked at the number over the door; he had made no mistake.

"She did live here," continued the landlady, regarding his bewilderment with a morose satisfaction. "She's goin' away o' Monday."

"On Monday!" said he. "And where is she now?"

"I don't know. Gone away for a 'oliday, I believe."

"But surely she will be back here before she goes to—to New York?"

"I suppose she will," said the woman, with a gloomy indifference, "'cause her things are still in her room. She'll be back o' Monday."

"You don't know what hour she will call for her luggage?"

"No."

"Thank you. Good morning."

She shut the door; and he was left standing there, in about as pleasant a predicament, according to his notions, as had ever entrapped a human being. Doubtless she had her passage taken. She would come up at some unexpected hour on Monday, whisk off her luggage in a four-wheeled cab, and be on her way to Liverpool, or Holyhead, or Southampton, before any one was any the wiser. Nay, if he were to stand in Great Titchfield Street from early morning until she appeared, how could he prevent her going? He could not appeal to the police. It is true, he could scold her; and show her the rough usage he was experiencing all through her folly; but he could not compel her to release him from the promise she had exacted; while he looked forward to the pleasing prospect of a somewhat warm interview with Sir Acton North.

He walked away from Great Titchfield Street somewhat gloomily. Besides his sense of personal injury, he had an uncomfortable feeling that a cleverer person than himself—one like Mr. Drummond, for example, who was familiar with hair-splitting—could have hit upon some fair and good reason for



pitching over this promise which would save his conscience. He himself, in his own way, tried to find out some such salve. What was a promise? Not anything in itself; but only of use and value as long as it secured its object. Very well, then. What did Violet want? To get away from England to some place where no one would ever hear of her again, where she should be as one dead. Very well, again. She should have her wish. She should leave on Monday for New York. Her wishes would be respected. But after she was gone, and all she wanted secured, why should he continue to be the victim of a blunder? Why should not he confess the truth to Sir Acton North and Mr. Drummond, and clear himself? That could not affect Violet in any way. He would not tell them whither she had gone—only that she had left England without leaving behind her any information as to her future plans. Moreover, this would not be telling them that she was alive; for they seemed to know that already. And as they knew that, he had not the slightest doubt in the world that some blunder of hers had conveyed the information to them; and was he to bear the brunt of any more of her caprices?

Meanwhile Violet North, with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day, was seated in a railway-carriage and being swiftly carried down to Windsor. The forenoon was singularly bright and clear; the sunshine shone on the meadows that had been washed green by the recent heavy rains, on the brown ploughed fields, where the flocks of rooks and starlings were busy, and on the dark lines of copse that were here and there almost black against the pale blue-and-white sky. It seemed to her that now at last she was escaping from the prison that had hemmed her in since her return from Scotland. All her preparations for her flight into the freedom of the Far West had been made. The bitter agony of parting was over. Soon she would stand on the deck of a noble vessel, and, looking back to the receding land

of her birth, would know that her great sacrifice was now accomplished, and that she was leaving that dearest of all her friends with the prospect daily coming nearer him of a return to his old glad ways, and health, and cheerful spirits.

She already felt herself enfranchised. There was now an end to the weary days over that desk, to the lonely evenings in the small room, to the constant fear of discovery, and to the temptation to wander over to the south side of the river, with all the sore bitterness of heart that these visits occasioned. She had made her last pilgrimage in that direction the night before; and it had been a terrible one. All her life through she would never forget that night—the still, dark Christmas night; her ghost-like stealing up to the cottage in which her friends sate together; her unspoken, unheard, but agonising farewell. No more of that. The brighter days were coming. Had she not said that in the future she would always think of those former companions of hers as cheerful and happy—wandering in the sweet air of the Highlands—gay with the sports of hill-side and loch—enjoying the present and forgetful of all the old bitterness of the past?

So she interested herself in the various out-of-door sights of this bright forenoon—the young wheat, the leafless orchards, the heavy waggons labouring along the muddy roads, and the fields showing here and there patches of water, the result of the recent rains. She began to look out for signs of the great floods of which she had heard; and about Drayton those patches of water in the fields became more marked. Then she caught a glimpse, before getting to Slough, of the great, spectral bulk of Windsor's walls and turrets rising pale and ethereal into the blue-and-white overhead. On again; and now she caught sight of lines of white behind the distant trees; and the hedges seemed to be growing in a lake. But what were these scattered objects to the richly-coloured and brilliant picture that lay before her as the train ran in towards

Windsor? The great castle, with its lofty towers, was a mass of shadow, and so was the picturesque group of houses underneath it by the river; but here, close at hand, the brilliant sun shone on the red houses and the silvery grey turrets of Eton, while all around was a vast sheet of smooth water, reflecting the blues and whites of the sky. This immense lake was broken only by lines of pollard willows, and by some groups of trees in the distance that seemed to have still about them some touch of autumn yellow. Boys were paddling boats up the Eton lanes; still further a-field a great punt was going the round of some workmen's cottages which were completely surrounded by the water.

Both Mr. Dowse and his son were awaiting her at the station; they had driven over in a dog-cart. When Violet got up beside Mr. Dowse, senior, who was driving, he promised her a rare sight; Edward Dowse got up behind; and away they went.

They paused for a moment on Eton bridge to look at the mighty volume of yellow-green water which, coming from the great lake that stretched all across the Brocas meadows, hurled itself against the massive stone piers, and then, rushing through between, spread itself out far and wide again, indicating only here and there, by a summer-house, or some such isolated object, the gardens and orchards it had submerged. They drove along the winding thoroughfare, catching here and there a glimpse of a boat at the end of a street. As they passed out into the country, they found the Playing-fields a sheet of olive-green water, the large elms only being visible. From Fifteen-arch bridge the view was picturesque enough—the isolated lines of trees lit up by the sun; the great plain of water with its dashes of blue; here and there a red brick house surrounded by evergreens; and right in front of them a group of people waiting to be ferried across a part of the road which the floods had submerged.

"How shall we get across?" she asked.

They were standing still on the

middle of the bridge, to have a look at the scene in front of them.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Dowse, carelessly. "The water is not very deep."

Perhaps he was a little too careless; for on starting to go down the slope to this hollow where the water lay, the horse he was driving stumbled badly, and, on recovering, got an admonishing cut from his master. Whether this trifling accident had fluttered his nerves, or whether some sudden gleam of the water at his feet startled him, can only be guessed; but at all events the animal all at once became unmanageably restive. He reared and plunged—splashing the water about him, and causing the women who were standing by—waiting for the punt—to scream with alarm.

"Hold tight!" Mr. Dowse called out to Violet.

The warning was just given in time; for the next instant the horse made a sudden plunge to one side of the road, which nearly threw the dog-cart bodily into the deeper water by the side of the highway; and then it dashed madly forward. The driver had no sort of control over it; but fortunately the road in front was pretty straight. And so away they went at a furious pace, to the no small consternation of one or two people who were coming along the road; and so intent were Mr. Dowse and Violet in watching the excited animal that was now placing their lives in jeopardy, that they had not the slightest notion that they alone were the occupants of the vehicle. When the horse swerved in the hollow, young Dowse had been pitched clean off the back seat of the dog-cart, falling heavily on the wooden palings by the side of the road.

The way was clear before them; and in time the runaway horse showed symptoms of moderating his speed. He was finally stopped by a waggoner, who, happening to look back, and seeing what had occurred, had the presence of mind to draw his huge waggon right across the road, completely blocking all passage. There



was no collision. The man got hold of the head of the animal, which now stood trembling and excited; and then it was that Mr. Dowse discovered that his son was missing.

"Good heavens," he said, "where is Ted?"

They looked back; there were one or two people running towards them. When these came up, the news was brief, but terrible enough. The young gentleman had been pitched right on his head. He was lying insensible. They had sent into Eton for a surgeon.

"Go back to him," said Violet, instantly, to her companion; "I will wait here with the dog-cart."

Mr. Dowse seemed stupefied. He did not think what he was doing in leaving this girl in charge of a frightened horse, even although the great waggon still blocked the way.

"Yes, yes," he said, "stay here for a minute—I must see—what has happened——"

He set out to run. He met one or two country people; he asked them no questions. Then he came in sight of a group of persons standing by the roadside, not far from the spot where the horse had bolted.

The young man was in the middle of that group, his head supported on a friendly knee. He was apparently lifeless; not even a groan escaped him. There was no outward sign of injury, except a slight trace of blood about the lips.

"Stand back!" the father said, sternly, to the small and eager crowd. "Stand back, and give him air! You have sent for a surgeon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ted! Teddy!" the elder man cried with some vague hope of arousing his son to consciousness. "Are you badly hurt, lad?"

There was no answer. He looked despairingly around.

"Is there a drop of brandy to be had—or whisky——?"

There was no answer to that, either. Fortunately, at this moment, a brougham

came along the road, the only occupant of which was an old lady, who, although unknown personally to the Dowses, was a neighbour of theirs and knew them by sight. When she discovered what had occurred, she instantly placed her carriage at Mr. Dowse's disposal. The apparently lifeless body was lifted in; the father followed; and the coachman was bidden to drive gently on to The Laurels.

They came up to the point at which Violet had been left. She was now down in the road.

"What has happened?" she said, with a pale face, to Mr. Dowse; but the sight she saw inside the carriage was enough.

"Will you get some of the people to bring the dog-cart along?" said Mr. Dowse: it was not an occasion for ceremony.

They drove on again with that mournful burden; and she, having given the waggoner half-a-crown to leave his waggon for a few minutes and take the horse and dog-cart on to Mr. Dowse's house, walked slowly after. There were gloomy forebodings in her mind. That slowly-driven carriage away along there seemed to be like a hearse. Why was it that, wherever she went, death, or the semblance of death, dogged her footsteps, and was for ever plucking the sunshine out of the sky? Her coming seemed to be the signal for the coming of all misfortunes; birds of evil omen followed after her; she was as one doomed, association with whom was fatal.

Trembling and full of fear, she walked up to the house. She dreaded to hear the wail of a mother over her only son; she imagined the reproach with which that mother would raise her eyes from her son's pallid face and fix them on the stranger who seemed the herald and the occasion of all evil things.

The poor mother had no such thoughts in her head; even if this were a time for affixing responsibility, she certainly would not have considered Violet to be the cause of this lamentable accident. But all the same the girl was oppressed



by some strange feeling that it was dangerous for any one to be linked, in however slight a degree, with one whom evil fortune had marked out for its own; and so it was that she did not dare to go into that room where, as she knew, the young man lay, watched by his agonised parents. All the doors were open. She walked into the drawing-room, and sat down, alone. Then she heard the doctor's carriage drive up to the front of the house.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## REPENTANCE.

On the morning after Christmas, Mrs. Warrener carried her great news up to Lady North; and that circumspect prim little woman was a good deal more agitated than usual, and her cold, observant grey eyes were full of wonder.

"It is a strange story, Mrs. Warrener," she said, quickly. "Do you believe it yourself? Can you believe it? You know the fancies that get into the heads of persons who are ill; and you know your brother has been delirious."

"Yes, I know that," said Mrs. Warrener, "and my first impression last night was that he was wandering again; but no—not at all—and then, as I have told you, Mr. Miller confirms my belief. I am sure he knows all about her. I want Sir Acton to go to him—his authority will get at the truth——"

"My husband is in Belgium, Mrs. Warrener; do you think, do you really think, I should be justified in telegraphing to him to come home?"

"Most decidedly," said Violet's friend, without a moment's hesitation.

"You are so sure all this is true?"

"I am."

"He will think I have gone mad if I tell him why he is to come home."

"Then don't tell him. Merely say that he is urgently wanted."

"And in the meanwhile——"

"In the meanwhile, we ought to put an advertisement in the papers which may catch Violet's eye. And perhaps you might go to Mr. Miller and beg him

to tell you where Violet is. He may be kinder to you than he was to me."

"But—but—," said Lady North, still a little bewildered. "What could be his object in concealing the fact? Is it possible he has been looking at us all this time wearing mourning for a girl whom he knew to be alive?"

"That part of it I can't make out at all," said Mrs. Warrener, rather wistfully. "But I am sure that Violet is in London."

The advertisement appeared in several of the newspapers on the Monday morning; probably few cared to pause and speculate over the story that lay behind such an ordinary notice as this;—*Violet N——. We all know that you are alive and in London. Pray return. We will do everything you can desire to secure your happiness.* But George Miller knew the story; and as soon as he saw this advertisement, he promptly said to himself—

"Very well. They all know without my telling them. I have not broken any promise; it is no fault of mine that they know. But, now they do know, am I to be made the victim of a pretence at concealment which is no concealment at all?"

That reasoning entirely satisfied him. Violet had had her wish, in so far as she was leaving the country without his having spoken a single word about her being alive to any person; and, so soon as she had really left, and disappeared without leaving any trace behind her, he considered he would be justified in clearing away the suspicions under which he had been most unjustly placed. By which route would she leave England? In any case she would be clear off on Wednesday night. On Wednesday, therefore, he would show to his friends how harshly they had dealt with him; and by that time Violet would be safe from pursuit, for neither he nor they would know when, or by which line, she had gone to America.

The cup of his troubles and mortification, however, was not yet full. On the Monday evening, just as he was going along to his club, Lady North and

Anatolia drove up to his rooms in Half-Moon Street and stopped him on the pavement.

"You will excuse our calling on you at such a time, Mr. Miller; but we thought we should most likely catch you now," said Lady North.

He inwardly made use of language which, had they heard it, would have frightened his two visitors out of their wits. It was too bad, he thought. Here he was to undergo a repetition of the scene already enacted at Sydenham Hill; and as it was women, and always women, who came to put him under a raking fire of indignant reproaches, what answer could he make? He was not much of a heroic person; but he would twenty times rather have encountered the menaces of Violet's father.

"Will you walk up stairs?" said he, with great courtesy, as he opened the door with his latch-key.

He lit the candles on the table.

"Can I offer you some tea, Lady North? A couple of minutes——"

"No, thank you," said Lady North. She was a little frightened; and she concealed her fright under a demeanour of cold and proud reserve. She also seemed to add some inches to her stature as she continued—"Of course you know why we have come?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," said he, sulkily. "Mrs. Warrener has been to you with that absurd story?"

"Is it absurd?" Lady North said. "Mr. Miller, you surely cannot mean to trifle with us in such a matter. Is it true?"

"I don't see why you should come to me at all," said he, becoming a little more vehement. "I have had enough of it. Mrs. Warrener comes over to our house on a Christmas evening, when we have a family-party gathered together; and straightway begins to accuse me, before all these people, of all manner of things; and of course, as she is a woman, I can't give her the answer I would give to a man. I think it is rather hard. And now, I suppose you too, Lady North, mean to do the same thing. Well, I can't help it."

He affected an air of resignation. But Lady North was much cooler than Mrs. Warrener had been; and she was not to be put off by this specious show of injury.

"You know very well, Mr. Miller," said she calmly, "that a single word of yours would relieve you at once from those very serious charges. I cannot blame Mrs. Warrener. I must say I consider your conduct as very strange. It appears you cannot deny your being aware that Violet is alive——"

"One minute, Lady North," said he, interrupting her, and speaking with some decision. "There is no use in our quarrelling; and I can see you are going to say the same things that Mrs. Warrener said. That won't do any good. But I will tell you what I will do: if you like to wait till Wednesday evening—the day after to-morrow—I will tell you all I know about this affair. And I won't tell you before then."

"Really, Mr. Miller," said his visitor, "this is most extraordinary conduct on your part——"

"Yes, I dare say it is," said he, his temper rising again. "But don't you think that before you find me guilty of cruelty, and caprice, and all the rest of it, you might wait to hear what I have to say? And if you would ask Mrs. Warrener to be present on Wednesday evening, I should be obliged to you. I wish to say a word or two to her——"

"You will allow me to say that I think Mrs. Warrener has acted most properly," observed Lady North, coldly.

"Yes, precisely," said he, with some bitterness. "That is because you are as ignorant of all the circumstances of the case as she is."

"I hope Sir Acton will be home by Wednesday evening," said Lady North, not a little anxious to turn the whole of this serious matter over to her husband.

"I hope so too," said Mr. Miller, promptly. "If I am to appear before a family gathering, and be impeached, and be put on my defence, I prefer that a man should be my judge."

"I am sure no one wishes to impeach



you," said Lady North, rather regretfully, "if you would only tell us where Violet is."

He remained silent. He was not to be caught by this innocent invitation.

"Then we shall see you on Wednesday evening," she said, rising to go. "Will you come to dinner?"

"No, thank you," said he, for he still had the feeling that he had been badly treated. "A man going to be hanged does not have breakfast with the hangman. I am to be tried and convicted, you know."

"I am sorry if we have judged your conduct harshly," said Lady North gently. "But you must admit that we had some cause."

He would admit nothing of the kind. After his two visitors had left, he walked along to his club, and as he walked his mind was full of thoughts of vengeance, directed more particularly against Mrs. Warrener, whom he regarded as in most part responsible for all this trouble. Violet, of course, was the first cause. What business had she to thrust these conditions upon him; and then to go by some act of folly or other, and let them know she was alone and in London? Then those other women, complaining, accusing, worrying him as if he were a thief who had some silver spoons secreted about his person! He would have it out with them on the Wednesday evening. He would not suffer all this annoyance for nothing. And especially would he have a retort ready for Mrs. Warrener.

He had dinner by himself; and as he brooded over all the circumstances of this strange business, his mind, by some curious process, began to construct the form of that retort. He was innocent: what if he threw back on his chief accuser the charge of being the origin of all this mischief? Mrs. Warrener had plainly intimated that he was the cause of Violet's having suddenly left the Highlands, and, in consequence, of her having inflicted so great an amount of pain upon her friends: what if he boldly retorted, at haphazard, that she herself, Mrs. Warrener, was the cause?

Violet would not be there to contradict him, even if it chanced that what he said was inaccurate. But the more he thought of it the more he considered it probable that Mrs. Warrener *was* the cause. He had seen in these later interviews with Violet every symptom of the girl's being devoted heart and soul to this man who had unwittingly become his rival. Of Mr. Drummond's great love and affection for Violet, the constant harping on the memory of her that ran through his delirious imaginings could leave no manner of doubt, if doubt had at any time been possible. What, then, could have caused the girl to take so desperate a step as that of pretending she had been drowned, in order to escape for ever from her friends? Mr. Miller was, in his own estimation, not by any means a fool. He knew what mothers and sisters could become, when their son or their brother proposed to introduce a new member into the family. He knew the jealousy of women; he could imagine something of their malign ingenuity. And who could possibly be against this marriage between Mr. Drummond and Violet, unless it was Mrs. Warrener herself? and whose interests but hers could suffer?

"And so," argued this young man with himself, in great bitterness of heart, "having, by some means or other, made the girl miserable, having driven her from all her friends and made an outcast and a wanderer of her, and having securely locked up the door so that no one should come in to share with her Drummond's small income, she turns round on me and makes me out to be the cause of all this mischief and misery, and brings accusations against me before my whole family, so that my own mother won't speak to me! By Jove, this must be set straight!"

When he went up to Euston Square on that Wednesday evening, he had the air of a man who was not to be trifled with. Moreover, he had conned over a few little bits of rhetoric with which to rebut the astounding charges that had been brought against him. The trial of Warren Hastings was nothing to this.



Sir Acton North was there, grave and silent: he would say nothing against the young man until he had been heard. Mrs. Warrener was there too, with a great anxiety in her pale and gentle face. Lady North was the third figure in the assembled court; none of her daughters being present.

"Although I am not represented by counsel," the young man was beginning to say with bitter sarcasm, when he was sternly interrupted by Sir Acton North.

"This is not a subject for joking, Mr. Miller," said he. "Tell me at once—is my daughter alive?"

"Yes," was the simple answer. Mrs. Warrener clasped her hands—there was not one there who loved Violet better than she did.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

An ominous frown came over Sir Acton North's forehead.

"Come, sir. You may have trifled with those ladies; you shall not trifle with me!"

"I do not know where she is," George Miller continued, with a grand air of indifference; "but I will tell you where I believe her to be—I believe she is now on her way to America. And if you will listen, I will tell you all I know about her. You may believe the story or not; I cannot help it if you don't. But at least I shall try to show to these ladies that their imagination got the better of them when they accused me of being a monster of deceit and cruelty, and perhaps they will acknowledge that they were a trifle precipitate. I knew nothing at all about—about Miss North—being alive, till a little over a month ago. There's a decorator-fellow in Regent Street, who got into my Club on the strength of his being an artist—I believe he was an artist at the time—and he began talking to me one night about a mysterious sort of girl who was in his father's place. He believed she knew some one in the Judæum. I asked her name—he said it was Miss Main; and the coincidence struck me, for I remembered that schoolmistress. I asked more about her; some things

seemed very odd; I thought I would go and see her. Well, I watched her coming out of the shop one evening; and I made sure it was Violet, though she was closely veiled. I watched her once or twice; then I spoke to her. It was Violet—I mean, Miss North. Very well. I was a little taken aback, of course; for I could not understand it; but she said she wanted everybody to believe she was dead—she was going away from England, she said; and she insisted on my promising not to tell a human being that I had seen her——"

Here the young man coloured somewhat.

"You may think I am breaking that promise; but, you see, I made it in the expectation that I could reason her out of all this; and then, in any case, what she wanted was to get safely away; and then, when you all seemed to know quite well, what was the use of my refusing to speak any longer——"

These somewhat incoherent reasons had not been prepared beforehand; there was no precision of language about them. Moreover, the young man said nothing of the further reason that he was determined to have no more personal annoyance over a matter which did not concern him.

"Well, I gave her my word of honour not to tell you. Perhaps that was wrong; but I was a little bit flustered; and I wanted to gain time. Then she said she had pretended to be drowned because she thought she was making her friends miserable; and after a time they would forget her. She was very anxious to leave England I could see; but when she asked for news of all of you, and when I told her that Mr. Drummond was ill, then she would not go until she had news of his getting better. I had to go to her every few days with my report; she was very anxious. I don't know whether you believe all that I am telling you; I cannot help it if you don't; but I am telling you all I know; and I think it is very hard that I should have been dragged into the matter at

all; and then get nothing but angry suspicions for my pains."

"Well?" said Sir Acton. He was pacing up and down one end of the room, his hands behind his back. There was scarcely any trace of agitation on the deeply-lined face.

"Well, that is all."

"But what made her leave the Highlands in such a way?" cried Lady North. "Why did she go and do such a thing?"

"You may well ask why!" said Mr. Miller, with some warmth. "You, I suppose, were quick to follow Mrs. Warrener in charging the whole thing upon me. I was the cause of it. I had induced the girl to come to London; I had concealed the fact of her being here; I had inflicted all this misery on her friends. Perhaps I might suggest another version. I have heard how even very amiable women can treat a girl who thinks of marrying their brother or their son. I knew that Violet was too proud to bring dissension into any family—to go anywhere as an intruder. Yes, I will tell you my version of it. I will confess I wanted to marry Violet too. I found I had no chance whatever; she cared more for Mr. Drummond than for everybody else in the world; what *he* thought of her perhaps Mrs. Warrener can tell you. I believe they might have been married now, but for interference. When I first saw her, about a month ago, and when she talked of the misery she had been causing her friends, I fancied she had dreaded entering into this marriage, and had run away from it at all costs; but I discovered afterwards that she thought of nothing else in the world but Mr. Drummond. Very well, then, what was the cause of her misery? *Who* was the cause of it? And who was the cause of all this suffering?"

Lady North seized the young man by the arm.

"For pity's sake!" she said.

He turned from Sir Acton, to whom he had been appealing; and there he saw Mrs. Warrener, her head buried in her hands, crying most bitterly. It was a cruel revenge to take for a few indig-

nant words. But the pale little woman pulled herself together; and she spoke through her sobs.

"God forgive me if I have done wrong," she said, "through any mistake. But you do not know me if you think my home was not as open to Violet as—as my heart was. I loved her always. I should have loved her ten times more if she had married my brother. Mr. Miller, if I have suspected you wrongly, I beg your pardon."

"Well," said he, with some compunction, "you *did* suspect me wrongly; for you see how I was dragged into this affair through no wish of my own. And I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings, Mrs. Warrener. You know better than anyone else what the relations between you and Violet were. That is no business of mine."

This interruption had but little interest for Sir Acton North; he impatiently waited until these explanations had been made; and then he urged the young man to continue, and tell them what further steps Violet had taken.

"She sailed for America on Monday last," he said, simply.

"But for what part?"

"I don't know."

"You don't mean to say," said Sir Acton, stopping in that hurried pacing to and fro—"you don't mean to say that she has left this country altogether, without leaving the least trace behind her?"

"That was her intention."

"Oh, it is monstrous; it is inconceivable! What madness has possessed the girl? And you—you might have told us a week ago——"

"You forget," said the younger man, "that I had given her my word of honour not to tell you. It was not for me to interfere. I did my best to stop her; but when I saw she was determined to go to America—well, a girl knows her own business best."

"What is the name of those people in Regent Street?" demanded Sir Acton, abruptly.

"Dowse and Son."

"Do you know where they live?"



"In the country somewhere. They don't live in London, though young Dowse gives himself a holiday up here occasionally. If you want to make inquiries of them, you must wait till to-morrow."

All this time Mrs. Warrener had been sitting silent, her head bent down, the expression of her face betraying no consciousness of what was going on around her. Indeed, her thoughts were elsewhere—away back in the past, which she was now trying to read by a new and terrible light. If George Miller had resolved to have his revenge, he had now succeeded; a horrible fear darkened this poor woman's heart, and she scarcely dared to confess to herself all the possibilities to which his random accusation pointed. That accusation, it is true, was in one sense wrong—even preposterous. That she should have interfered between Violet and her brother through jealousy, or from a wish to protect his small income, was a notion that might occur to a business-like young man like Mr. Miller; not to her. But if the rest of it were true? If she had in reality poisoned these two minds by her innocent misrepresentations—what then? Had she ruined the lives of the two people whom she held, next to her own daughter, most dear in the world?

She rose, pale and *distracted*, to bid them good-bye. She was sure Sir Acton would find Violet. He would let her know as his inquiries proceeded. Mr. Miller would forgive her if she had unintentionally wronged her.

When she reached home, she did not stay to take off her bonnet and things; she went straight to her brother's room. But she paused at the door, physically unable to go further. Strange tremblings passed through her frame; she caught at the handle of the door to steady herself; a giddiness came over her eyes. She tried to form some notion of what she would say to him; and she could not. The one great yearning of her soul was to crave his forgiveness for the irreparable wrong she had done.

She managed to open the door; he was lying on the couch apparently

asleep. She gently shut the door behind her; and stole over to the couch, and knelt down. She looked at the pale, emaciated hand that lay helpless there; that was her doing.

He had been half-awake. He turned round and regarded her with some surprise. She could not speak.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" said he.

She only took the thin, white hand, and kissed it passionately, and burst into tears. Then he tried to raise himself a bit, and a strange, solemn look came into the wasted face.

"It was all a dream, then," he said, with resignation. "We shall never see her again."

"Oh, James, James!" his sister cried, with passionate grief; "it will break my heart to tell you! Violet is alive—it was indeed she who brought you the flowers—she has never ceased to love you—and—perhaps you will see her again—but—how can I look on her face! And you—how can you ever forgive me—if—if all this is true—and it looks so terribly true!"

His eyes were troubled and bewildered by her wild speech; but he sank back on the couch with a sigh of relief.

"Violet is alive, then," he said: that was enough.

"But listen, James," she continued in a quick, eager way, sometimes interrupted by a sob; "and then you will forgive me if you can. I made a terrible mistake; I must have misled you both; I thought she cared all along for Mr. Miller, and that they had only a lover's quarrel; and now I am sure I was altogether and terribly wrong, for here she has been in London all this time, and Mr. Miller himself confesses that she has loved you all through with her whole heart, and has never cared for him at all. And now I see it so clearly—I begged you not to speak to her, to give her a chance, for I knew she was proud and would keep to her word at all hazards; and she would so readily misconstrue your silence, and your looking pained and anxious—"

"Sarah," said her brother, raising himself on the couch, and regarding her, "all this is very wild talking. You accuse yourself needlessly. You appear to think that all the relations between Violet and me were managed by you; and that through some mistake you managed wrongly. It was not so. In such a matter I could not have trusted the opinion or report of anyone, although, of course, you were Violet's intimate friend, and you knew more about the ways and natural wishes of a girl than I did. Don't blame yourself needlessly. When that compact between her and me was broken—it was only the awakening from a dream, the vanishing of a rainbow—we did it of our own free will, and after all the explanation that was necessary. I saw her looking miserable, and I could not bear that. You spoke of a lovers' quarrel; of her agitation over that letter from young Miller—well, what could be more likely?"

"But I was wrong—I am sure I was terribly wrong," his sister cried.

"What matter?" he continued, calmly. "I did not go by your judgment only; I went to herself. I asked her if she was harassed or troubled by our engagement, and that she should be free if she wished. And then I remember the bright and grateful look with which she confessed it was all a mistake—she held out her hand to me—it was the first time for days I had seen her look happy. That was enough."

"And yet," said Mrs. Warrener, sadly and thoughtfully, and almost as if she were speaking to herself—"and yet if that gladness were caused by something else?—if she believed, or had been taught to believe, that you had only a friendly affection for her?—if she thought she was relieving you from an obligation that was becoming daily more painful—" She rose, as if she would throw off the burden of this thinking; her face looked haggard and tired. "Oh, Violet," she said, "why did you go away—without a word!"

"Where has she gone?" Mr. Drummond asked; you would have thought he was speaking of Amy, who had gone

to spend the evening with a neighbour of theirs.

"To America. She fancies no one knows she is alive—no one but Mr. Miller, who discovered her accidentally about a month ago—and she made him promise to keep her secret. Imagine the poor girl going away, out to that strange country all by herself, without a friend in the world, and all because she fancied she was somehow making you miserable, and that nothing would cure that but your believing she was dead. There is a great deal that is strange and unintelligible in all this; but to my dying day I will believe that I have had more to do with it than I can dare to think of. If only I could see Violet—for five minutes—if I could ask her one simple question—but I know the answer already. That girl has loved you as few girls have ever loved a man; that I am sure of now, when it is too late. And if I were to see her, what could I do now but go down on my knees before her and beg for her forgiveness? She would give it to me, I know. There never was anything she could deny her friends. But now if she is lost to us for ever—if we are to go on from year to year thinking of her as a stranger and a wanderer in some distant part of the world—I think that will be worse even than when we thought she was dead."

"I will find her," said Mr. Drummond, absently.

She looked at the wasted frame, and the helpless arms: and her eyes grew moist again.

"I will find her when I get well," he continued, speaking slowly and at intervals, "I have never had anything to do in my life; this will be something. I shall have done a good work when I recover Violet, and take her back to her friends and her home. It is a strange thing to think that I shall see her again. Many a time, in walking in the streets, or along a road, I have seen in the distance the figure of a tall girl; and I have wondered what I should say and do if this were really Violet coming along, brought back to us out of the



grave. I thought of that many a time. And now I shall go on my pilgrimage with the certainty of really seeing her some day—of taking her hand and hearing her speak—not as a mere ghostly picture in a dream, but the real, bright madcap Violet of old, who troubled us sorely, and whom we loved. . . . And we shall scold her, too, for these wild pranks; and shall we not be proud of her when we bring her back—like a king's daughter—in clothing of wrought gold—with gladness and rejoicing? But there will be no wedding in any king's palace or elsewhere for her—enough of mischief came out of thinking of that in the old time. We shall bring her back only to the fireside, and to the old, quiet ways, and to our hearts. It is nothing to cry about, Sarah; it is a thing to get well and strong for. We want courage, hope, and strength. But my hands don't look very strong, do they?"

He held them out and smiled. She could not see them for her tears.

# CHAPTER XLIII.

## AT LAST!

It is a pale, clear morning down here in Berkshire. A faint blue mist hangs about the black and distant woods; but closer at hand, in the garden of The Laurels, the sunshine is bright enough on the wintry-looking evergreens, on the ruddy berries left on the hawthorn-trees, and on the gleaming scarlet bunches on the hollies. There is something odd about the appearance of the front of the house: is it that the blinds of all the windows are drawn down? There is no sign of life about the place; and an intense stillness broods over both house and garden.

But by and by the figure is seen of a young girl who comes slowly along one of the paths. She is wandering idly about these empty grounds, by herself. And apparently her thoughts are none of the brightest, for there is a sad look in her eyes, and her cheeks have not the healthful brilliancy of a young

girl's complexion. And what is she saying to herself?—

"They ought not to ask me to stay; I shall become a curse to them, as to everyone with whom I have been associated. I have never meant any harm to any one all my life; but misfortune goes hand-in-hand with me, and misery is the only gift I have to offer to my friends. It is better I should be away among strangers. That poor young man—the few seconds in which he was sensible—why did he beg me to stay with his mother? I cannot comfort her: I shall only bring further ill to her and to her house."

A servant comes out, and says a word to her; she turns and goes in-doors. She ascends the stairs noiselessly; and as she goes by one room in the corridor she seems to listen—but what is the use of listening when only the awful silence of death is within? She passes onward to a further room, and here she finds a middle-aged woman, with silvery white hair, sitting mournfully and helplessly before the fire.

"My child, have you considered? come here," the woman says in a trembling voice.

The girl goes over to her, and puts her hand in the outstretched hand.

"Yes, I have thought about it," is the reply uttered in a low voice. "You have been very kind to me—I would do anything for you—but I cannot stay in England."

"You will not take pity on the empty house," says the mother, beginning to cry gently. "It was his last wish. You would be a daughter to us."

"I cannot—I cannot," says the girl, almost wildly. "You don't know how—how I bring misfortune to my friends. I want to be away—away from England—among strangers. I shall do no more mischief then to those I love. And as for you, Mrs. Dowse, you know I cannot ever be to you what you have lost; and I should only remind you constantly of your great trouble——"

"Am I likely to forget that, ever?" she says.

"But in the meantime I will stay with you for a week or two. Then you must leave this house, and go away for a time: Mr. Dowse has already spoken to me about that. Will you come out into the garden now? the fresh air will do you good."

She only shakes her head. She has some writings in her lap, over which she has been poring and crying. These are some of poor Teddie's poetical flights; and his mother finds in them the expression of the most tender and beautiful spirit that ever breathed upon the earth.

She went noiselessly down the stair again, intending to go out into the garden; but as she passed along the hall, she found the open doorway suddenly darkened by the tall figure of a man. She looked up with a vague alarm; then she uttered a slight cry, and would have retreated. But the next moment the old instinct prevailed; she went quickly forward, her face upturned; and she found his arms close round her.

"Violet, my girl!" said this tall man, struggling to retain his composure, though his voice was shaken. "You have come back to us, after all! What has been the meaning of all this—"

Her heart was beating so wildly that she could not answer. There was a strange joy overflowing her soul. All the gloomy fancies—the desperate desire to forsake her friends and become a wanderer—seemed to have disappeared the moment she met her father's eyes and found his arms inclosing her. The world had come back to her, when she had been persuading herself she was scarcely of it. There was not a thought now of her being a misery-bringer.

"Come," said he, "let me see you. Let me see what you are like after all this terrible business."

He disengaged her from him, and held her at a short distance; the light entering under the narrow veranda fell full upon her face, and showed how sadly worn and pale it was.

"You have not been happy, Violet. Why did you go away? Why did you want to leave us?"

Then he suddenly recollected himself. He had independently arrived at the same decision as Mr. Drummond. If this wayward girl were ever to be brought back to them, they should ask her no questions. She should return on her own terms; it was enough that they were to get her back at all.

"No, Violet," said he, "I won't ask you any questions."

"Let us go outside," she said, in a low voice. "Do you know he is dead?"

"Yes. The foreman at the works told me this morning."

They passed out into the garden; she had, as of old, taken his arm, but her hand trembled much, and she was not so firm and upright in her walk as usual.

"Papa, do they all know?" she asked, her face bent on the ground.

"Yes, certainly, Violet; how could you—but no, no! What you did was doubtless quite right. You had your reasons. You were quite right."

He stammered, and looked embarrassed. He was so glad to see his daughter again that he would forgive everything, and ask no questions, as he had promised. Nevertheless, the inexplicable character of her conduct haunted him, and continually provoked him into "whys" and "hows."

"They all know? Mrs. Warrener, too?" she said.

"Yes, certainly."

"And I have made them suffer, and you a great deal; and now it has all come to nothing," she said, sadly. "There is no use in my going away now."

"In your going away!" he cried, in dismay. "Of course you are not going away, Violet. Now we have caught you, we sha'n't let you slip from us again. You are going back with us, Violet. And what a chance it was!—we were told you had left on Monday."

"I was to have done so," she answered, simply, "but Mr. Dowse persuaded me to stay. His wife was in such a terrible way when Mr. Edward died; we thought she wouldn't get over it."



Sir Acton began to feel a great pity for these people, whom he had never seen. He was not a very sympathetic man, and, in any case, he would have had little in common with Mr. Edward Dowse; but he could see very plainly that but for the death of that young man, he, Sir Acton, would almost certainly have never seen his daughter again in this world; and now his gratitude took the form of compassion for the survivors.

"Yes, I am very sorry for these poor people," said he, "very sorry. You must do what you can for them, Violet. But, in the first place, you know you must come at once and pay us a short visit—even if you run back here afterwards—just to show the girls you are alive, and then they will feel safe in putting off their mourning."

"Oh, no, no, papa!" she cried, shrinking back so that she even withdrew her hand from his arm; "I can never go back like that. I have done too much harm. I should be ashamed to meet anyone I used to know!"

"They will forget all that!" said he, vehemently; "they will be delighted to see you, Violet. But what *did* you mean by running away in that fashion without telling us first what was the matter?—eh? Why didn't you come to me! Well, never mind that; I sha'n't ask any questions. But—but if you have any explanations or questions——"

He had never departed from this old conviction that women had a secret code of feelings, and sentiments, and opinions amongst themselves, which no man could hope to understand. He knew there was a mystery about this affair which it was no use his trying to solve.

"Violet," said he, with some embarrassment, "when the foreman told me this morning you were still down here, I—I thought you might perhaps like to see one of your old friends. I telegraphed to Mrs. Warrener——"

The girl began to look alarmed.

"—In fact, she came down with me. Would you like to see her?"

"No," the girl was beginning to say, when he interrupted her.

"In fact, Violet, she is here. She is

down in the road. She is most anxious to see you; for it appears she had something to do with your going away, and she wishes to make explanations to you; she seems very sorry."

"Very well," said the girl, nerving herself, "I will see her. Shall we walk down to the gate, papa?"

But this did not suit his purpose at all. He wanted to leave the two women together. Of course they had their secrets, their sentiments, their occult reasons; how could he aid in this esoteric interview? So he bade Violet wait in the garden, where there were paths among the laurels and other evergreens fitted for quiet talking, while he went down to the road to fetch the anxious and trembling-hearted little woman, who was walking to and fro there.

When Mrs. Warrener came up into this garden, she came alone; and for a time she did not see Violet. But suddenly the girl appeared, and went forward to her, calmly and sadly, with her eyes cast down. Was this the bright and daring Violet of old? A throb of pain went through the heart of her visitor.

"Violet," said Mrs. Warrener, timidly, and she was trembling not a little, "I am not surprised that you did not wish to see me. I have done you a great injury."

But this strange reserve between these two could not continue. Were they both eager for forgiveness that they stood apart, each waiting for the other's approach to the old kindness? The next minute Mrs. Warrener had caught the girl in her arms, and had hidden her face in her bosom, whilst she was sobbing out there, in passionate accents, the long story of her terrible mistake and all its consequences, with her present professions of penitence, and prayers for forgiveness. Much of all this startled Violet, and even frightened her. Was it true, then, that when they first heard of her being in London they imagined she had run away to rejoin George Miller? No, she knew one at least who had not believed that of her.

"And when you see him, Violet," her friend was saying in rather a wild way, "when you come to see him, and

see what a wreck has been made, will you be able to forgive me then? That is all my doing too. He was a changed man from the moment we believed you were drowned; he thought of nothing else but that; it was those long midnight walks in the rain and cold that brought on the fever."

"He has suffered all that for me," the girl murmured, almost to herself. She had no thought of what she also had borne.

"But now—but now, Violet," said her friend, looking up to her face, with tender and beseeching eyes, "it will be all different now, and there will be no more danger of these terrible misunderstandings. I will tell him why you looked glad when you broke off the engagement; I will tell him why you went away from us; he will understand how well one woman has loved him, if another has nearly wrecked his life. Oh, Violet, I could have believed anything of your unselfishness, but this—well, a man ought to be content with life who has been shown such devotion."

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Warrener," said the girl, calmly, "I think perhaps I had better make these explanations myself. I will write to him."

The other remained silent, the tears running down her face. She felt the rebuke, although Violet had meant no rebuke. All that the girl had intended to convey was that henceforth it might be better if she spoke direct to this man, and alone, about such matters as concerned their two selves.

"Then you will write to him soon?" said Mrs. Warrener, piteously; "and you will come and see us soon, Violet? I am so anxious to have all this misery undone and atoned for, as far as that is possible now: you will come and help us to make it up to him? As for yourself, I can only hope you will forgive me in time. And, if it is not too late, Violet, I shall see you both get back to your old selves, and we may go to the Highlands again this year."

The girl shuddered.

"No—no," she said, "that would be too terrible."

"Then to the south?" said her friend,

with some desperate effort at cheerfulness. "Perhaps the south would be better for him?—and then, as soon as he is quite well, you shall have no more of my intrusion. Mr. Miller said something the other day about sisters and mothers—and their jealousy; you shall not have to fear my jealousy. I have enjoyed my brother's society for a great many years; it is time I gave up my place to another——"

"But not to me, then," said the girl quickly, and yet with something of sadness in her tone. "It is no use our talking of anything like that. When your brother gets well, and goes away, it is you who must go with him."

"But you are coming to see him, Violet?" the pale little woman cried in dismay; "you are coming to live with us again? You will give us the chance of trying to atone for what is past?"

"Yes, I will come and see him," said Violet, calmly, "in a day or two. Then I must return here. Afterwards—well, that has to be settled yet."

Mrs. Warrener could not understand why Violet spoke thus. Was it not a simple matter to restore the old state of things, so soon as Mr. Drummond got well? The girl spoke as if she were about to fulfil some doom of perpetual banishment from all she had ever known and loved.

So it was arranged, before Sir Acton and Mrs. Warrener left, and after a brief word with Mr. Dowse, who was indoors, that Violet should go up to her father's house on the following Saturday, and go over to visit her friends in the south in the evening. In the meantime, she promised Mrs. Warrener she would write a letter to Mr. Drummond.

It was a long letter, of which no word shall be spoken here. To the invalid, lying there on his couch, haunted by dreams of the past and all that might have been, it was a sacred revelation, which no eye but his ever read. It was the story, told in tender phrases enough, but loyally honest and outspoken as the soul of her who penned it, of the simple, sincere, and enduring love that filled a woman's heart—of a love that was likely to remain there until the pulses



of the heart itself were stilled by the gentle hand of death.

And then that night. She was to be over at eight o'clock; but he had a secret fancy she might come before the time; and as he sat up on the couch, his back propped by a cushion, he pretended to be talking cheerfully to his sister and niece; but he was in reality listening for the sound of wheels outside. Many a time he had listened in like manner, even when he knew that his fancies were all in vain; and many a time, though he mourned for her as dead, he had imagined the door to open, and he had seen a vision of the fair young girl entering, with her shy smile, her tender eyes, her gracious presence. Was it now a real flesh-and-blood Violet that was coming—no phantom from the shadowy halls of Death, but Violet herself, the frank, generous, courageous girl who had won the heart of all the sailors on board the *Sea-Pyot*?

"I wish," said he, seriously, to his sister, "I wish there was none of that confounded green in this dressing-gown. She always hated green in any costume."

"She won't think about your costume, I imagine," his sister said. "Perhaps you would like a white tie, since a young lady is coming to sup with you?"

"A white tie? No," he said, absently (he was really counting the minutes as they passed, and listening intently), "I do not know what impressions are produced by a white tie; but they are real and mysterious. . . . If you meet a waiter in the street, you cannot tell who he is; but his face haunts you. . . . You know there is something wanting to complete the portrait—you could identify him if that were present. A butler out of livery in the street is a very strange-looking person—the dignity of his manner is irreconcilable with a billycock hat—"

He looked again at his watch, hanging upon the wall. It was a trifle past the half-hour.

"How long is it since Violet was over here?" he asked.

"About six months now," said Mrs. Warrener.

"A great deal has happened in that half year. It seems longer than half-a-year—there is so much distance in it, the sense of distance you get from death. Violet has been quite close by all this time; and yet she seems to be coming back to us from a far country—farther away than any on the other side of the sea—and one could almost imagine she will look strange and unfamiliar—"

He stopped; for they could hear outside the sound of wheels approaching. Presently that sound ceased. Amy Warrener jumped up, and flew out of the room; her mother followed her. James Drummond was left alone.

And now he looked at the door; for he knew who would open it next. He was weak and ill; perhaps that was why the wasted frame trembled so. Then the door was gently opened; and Violet, tall, pale, her eyes streaming with tears, appeared. For an instant she stood motionless, trying to collect herself before approaching the invalid; but the first glimpse she got of the shattered wreck lying before her caused her to utter a quick, sharp cry of agony, and she threw herself on her knees beside him, and wound her arms round him, for the first time, as she cried, in the bitterness of her heart—

"My darling, my darling, it is not too late?"

"No, not too late," he answered, solemnly. "Whether it be in this world, or in the greater world that lies ahead. . . . Violet, give me your hand."

She raised herself for a moment, and their eyes were fixed on each other—his clear, and calm, and earnest; hers troubled, and dark, and full of an agonised tenderness. He held out his right hand to her; and she placed her right hand in his; and there was no need of any further words between these two, then or thereafter, during the time that was left to them to be together.

*To be continued.*

ATTIC ORATORS.<sup>1</sup>

HARDLY any part of ancient life seems to offer so many points of contact and living interest to the moderns as Greek oratory, whether we consider the importance of the social and political conflicts in the midst of which it arose and was developed, or the literary effect of the prose style, first perfected by the earlier Greek orators, handed on to Cicero, and by him transmitted to modern literature. When thinking of Greek art, we are apt commonly to forget Greek prose, and to dwell most on Greek sculpture and Greek poetry. Of the enduring influence of Greek sculpture it is needless to speak. The influence of Greek poetry is perhaps, in its larger effects, more traceable in the spirit than in the form of the most important modern works of the same order, for the delicate musical effects of metre pass away with the life of the language in which they are born. But the broader and simpler harmonies of prose rhythm are not so easily lost, and these, as first appreciated and elaborated by the Greeks, must live in the ears of men so long as they continue to speak or write prose with any sense of beauty. There is a more obvious affinity between Demosthenes and Burke than between Æschylus and Goethe.

The book before us is the more welcome, as the important subject with which it deals has not hitherto met with a comprehensive treatment at the hands of any English scholar. Mr. Jebb is primarily concerned with the form of the early Greek oratory; in other words, as he constantly repeats, with the development of Greek prose in the hands of the Greek orators. "The oratorical branch of Attic prose," to quote his preface, "has a more direct

and more fruitful relation to the general development than modern analogies would suggest. To trace the course of Athenian oratory from its beginnings as an art to the days of its decline is, necessarily, to sketch the history of Greek prose expression in its most widely influential form, and to show how this form was affected by a series of causes, political or social." Secondly, the book is intended "to supply an aid to the particular study of the Attic orators before Demosthenes," a separate and minute treatment being given only to Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Isæus. "The period thus specially determined," adds Mr. Jebb, "has more than a correspondence with a practical need: it has an inner unity, resting on grounds which are stated in the introduction, and which are illustrated at each stage of the subsequent inquiry."

No one who is acquainted with the general qualities of Mr. Jebb's scholarship, his striking rhetorical power and command of expression both in the classical languages and in English, will be surprised at his having chosen so congenial a theme. On taking up the book we were prepared for much delicate insight into the varieties of style, and much brilliant handling of the Greek originals, and we were not disappointed. The work is that of a scholar with a rare appreciation of language and a noble enthusiasm for Greek. The scope of Mr. Jebb's book is a different one from that of Blass's *Attische Beredsamkeit*, one of those admirable handbooks the production of which is a main characteristic of modern German scholarship. He does not aim at such fulness of detail as Blass, or at such a workmanlike completeness. Had he done so, he would probably have frightened away a great number of readers. For treatises like that of Blass

<sup>1</sup> *The Attic Orators, from Antiphon to Isæus*, by R. C. Jebb, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. Macmillan and Co., 1876.



are addressed to scholars only, and what they gain in solidity, fulness, clearness, and breadth of conception, they lose in general attractiveness and effect. Mr. Jebb's aim is to produce a book accessible to the general literary public as well as to students of Greek. His attitude is as much that of the modern literary critic as of the professional scholar. And his literary gifts are such as entirely to justify his adopting this point of view. His style is elaborate and distinguished, and the translations from the Greek with which the book abounds are classical, and often brilliant. And, as might be expected, many interesting suggestions are thrown out in the course of the discussion.

A minute examination of the details of the subject, and of Mr. Jebb's treatment of them, would be out of place in these pages, and we therefore propose to do no more than follow, with such remarks as may be suggested, the main idea which he endeavours to work out.

"The relation between ancient oratory and ancient prose, philosophical, historical, or literary," says Mr. Jebb, "is necessarily of the closest kind. Hence our unfortunate word 'oratory,' with its arbitrary and perplexing associations, is a standing impediment to clearness of view. The proposition will be more evident if it is stated thus: In Greek and Roman antiquity, that prose which was written with a view to being *spoken* stood in the closest relation with that prose which was written with a view to being *read*. Hence the historical study of ancient oratory has an interest wider and deeper than that which belongs to the study of modern oratory. It is that study by which the practical politics of antiquity are brought into immediate connection with ancient literature." Here we are brought directly upon the characteristic attribute of Greek literature; its constant and living relation to the spoken word. We often merely read where the Greeks talked or recited. Greek poetry was half music, meant for singing or recital on or off the stage; the main instrument of Greek philosophical speculation was talking, and its

best literary exposition the dialogue: even the best Greek history is penetrated by the influence of poetry and rhetoric, and the form of the prose period was determined by the exigencies of cultivated speaking. The prose period, to be perfect, had to appeal directly or indirectly to the ear, and thus (to quote Mr. Jebb again) "ancient oratory is a fine art, an art regarded by its cultivators and by the public as analogous to sculpture, to poetry, to painting, to music, and to acting. This character is common to Greek and Roman oratory, but it originated with the Greeks, and was only acquired by the Romans."

In taking up this ground, Mr. Jebb is only insisting on the obvious facts which force themselves upon the notice of any student of antiquity. We are not always able to agree with him in the details of the arguments with which he supports his position, but we follow him in the main with pleasure and assent. But when he goes on to draw out a supposed analogy between Greek oratory and Greek sculpture, his treatment of the subject becomes, we think, less clear, and consequently less happy. To bring out his point, Mr. Jebb starts by comparing, in some of their main features, the characteristics of Attic as opposed to modern oratory. "The broadest characteristic of modern oratory, as compared with ancient, is the predominance of a sustained appeal to the understanding. . . . Long and elaborate chains of reasoning, or expositions of complicated facts, have been the very essence of the great efforts and triumphs of modern (English?) oratory; the imagery and the pathos heighten the effect, but would go a very little way if the understanding of the hearers had not, in the first place, been convinced." Is this so? The English are very probably less emotional, less susceptible to temporary excitement, than the Greeks and Romans; but, *mutatis mutandis*, the main effects and the main requirements of oratory, as such, seem to us to be the same all the world over. The orator works to a certain extent, of course, by his appeal to the

reason, but to a far greater extent by his appeal to the feelings; there is and always will be a difference between having one's feelings moved by eloquence and one's reason convinced by argument. It would be true to say that speaking, in the modern conditions of life, has far less influence than writing; that is only saying that we have less need of orators and oratory than the ancients. But where oratory does move us, it moves us as it did the Greeks and Romans, by bringing into prominence, not those facts, or parts of facts, which convince the reason, but those which appeal to the moral emotions. The orator still speaks to the ear and the feelings, not to the understanding and the eye. And wherever this is done we find, so far, a return to the Greek feeling and method. A simple, harmonious, and impassioned prose is still the natural growth of the genuine oratorical habit. Mr. Bright is probably the greatest of living English orators, and certainly no other living English orator has his sincerity and intensity of style. The natural conditions of oratory are much the same among us as among the Greeks. But its outward circumstances are different. We have no continuous oratorical tradition as the Greeks had, no elaborate handbooks and histories and avowed cultivation of rhetoric, no mutual influence of oratory and literature; had this been so, the history of English prose would have been other than it is. But all this is due, not to our expecting from the speaker, as such, anything very different from what the Greeks expected, but to the altered circumstances of our times, and the comparatively small part which oratory plays among us. Indeed Mr. Jebb seems to give up the point for which he is contending when, later on, on p. cvi., he quotes with approval the words of Brougham: "Changing a few phrases, which the difference of religion and of manners might render objectionable—moderating, in some degree, the virulence of invective, especially against private character, to suit the chivalrous courtesy of modern hostility—there is hardly one of the political and forensic

orations of the Greeks that might not be delivered in similar circumstances before our senate or tribunals."

And so when Mr. Jebb, in comparing Burke with Demosthenes, says that "Demosthenes is a sculptor, Burke a painter," he seems to us to miss the real point of the matter, which is that the difference in style between Burke, or any other great modern orator, and Demosthenes, is not one of kind, but of degree; that much the same method would be observed now as in the time of Demosthenes by an orator of equal power, but that the conditions of modern thought, style, habits, language, are different. Especially should it be remembered, when we are comparing the style of the great Greek and of the great English orators, that the conditions of modern English are quite different from those of ancient Greek. In Greek the words, as a rule, convey their full meaning, and require but little addition to give them their effect. The collocation of the words, the rhythm of the period, produced the chief part of the impression. If, on the other hand, a rhetorical effect is to be produced in English, where many of the words are metaphors worn dead, we require, as well as a musical rhythm, a free employment of fresh metaphor and adornment. But the process of the art is the same, it is only the material that is changed. Demosthenes is the highest type of the matured Greek civil oratory; and Demosthenes, according to Mr. Jebb in another place (vol. ii. p. 416), is a "prophet." In other words, his manner is as much Hebrew as Greek; "things stronger than blood give him his affinity with Jeremiah and Ezekiel;" and it is precisely in this that "Demosthenes, the master, can make his art obey him." A strong testimony, surely, that in the matter of oratory the universal laws are stronger than particular circumstances, and that its power and effect are derived at all times from the same natural springs, the form alone being the changeable element.

"Sudden bursts, and the shock or the transport which they may cause, were



forbidden to ancient oratory by the principal law of its being." This is probably too sweeping a statement. It should be remembered that the chief sources of our knowledge of the effects of Greek oratory are the works of professed critics, like Cicero, Dionysius, and Quintilian, whose business it is to treat the theory of rhetoric, and who are naturally not concerned with recording sudden impressions. It is difficult to suppose that sudden bursts were unknown to Greek oratory. Quintilian says (10, 7, 13) "that there are occasions when no preparation will produce so great an impression as an extemporary burst." At those times the old orators used to say that the speaker was inspired (*deum adfuisse dictitabant*). Little mention would, of course, be made of such moments in formal treatises. In comparing the effects of Greek and of modern oratory two facts should be borne in mind: on the one hand, that the moderns have no systematized canons of theoretical criticism, and that modern oratory is judged by its immediate effectiveness, not by the comparative prominence of the artistic element on which scholars love to dwell; on the other hand, that we have few if any means of estimating the effects of Greek oratory on the ordinary Greek listener. Had this been otherwise, probably much of the apparent difference between the two phenomena would disappear.

Proceeding to compare Greek with Roman oratory, Mr. Jebb makes some observations, from which, being unable to agree with them, we quote somewhat fully.

"Greek oratory, as compared with Roman, has a stamp of its own. It is separated from the Roman, not indeed by so wide an interval, yet by a line as firm, as that which separates both from the modern. That character which, with special modifications, belongs to every artistic creation of the Greek mind, whether this be a statue, a temple, a poem, a speech, or an individual's conception of his own place in life, is usually, and rightly, called the plastic" (p. xciii.). . . "Greek art expressed itself

in sculpture rather than in painting" (p. xvi.). . . "The place held in antiquity by sculpture is now held jointly by painting, music, and certain forms of poetry" (p. xciii.). . . "This character of sculpture belongs also to Greek tragedy. But this is not, as seems sometimes to be imagined, because the Greeks sought to make tragedy like sculpture, it is because that tendency of intellect and feeling, for which sculpture happened to be a peculiarly apt expression, set its necessary stamp equally on everything else that the Greek mind created" (p. xcvi.). . . "When it is desired to describe the primary artistic aspect of Greek tragedy, this is commonly and justly done by a comparison with sculpture. But it is certain that comparatively few understand the real meaning of 'plastic,' 'sculpturesque,' in these relations; and that to a vast majority of even cultivated persons, the statement of this affinity conveys an altogether erroneous notion. . . . When people are told that Greek tragedy (for example) is sculpturesque, they form this idea of it, that it has grandeur, but that it is cold and rather stiff" (p. xciii.). The "plastic" character of Greek tragedy rather consists in the poet's fixing his regard "on the permanent, divine characteristics of the human type, and not suffering minor accidents, or unrulinesses, or griefs so to thrust themselves forward as to mar the symmetry of the larger view. True simplicity is not the avoidance, but the control, of detail. In Sophokles, as in great sculpture, a thousand fine touches go to that which, as the greatest living creator in fiction has proved, he can still help to teach, the delineation of the great primary emotions" (p. 100.). . . "Since, as has been seen, oratory was for the Greeks a fine art, it follows that Greek oratory must have, after its own kind, that same typical character which belongs to Greek sculpture and to Greek tragedy" (p. ci.).

It is obviously true that the spirit which produced the great Greek literature was akin to that which produced the great Greek sculpture; but much of the exclu-

sive attention which we pay to Greek sculpture is due to the accident that stone is a durable material, and that ancient work in marble has survived where painting and music have perished. When modern criticism dwells on the "marble form and outline" of Greek literature, it is forgotten, for one thing, what a large part in Greek statuary was played by metal work. It is forgotten also that painting was an art at least as characteristic of the Greeks as sculpture; and besides, that neither painting nor sculpture was considered by the best Greek critics as of anything like the same importance in their character and effects as music and poetry. Greek criticism is constantly drawing analogies and illustrations from painting and sculpture; so much we readily concede to Mr. Jebb; but, as far as we can see, these arts were not recognised as having any intimate relation with, or direct bearing upon, the mental and moral forces which work in action, speaking, and writing. It is to Greek poetry and music, rather than to Greek sculpture, that we should look for analogies in treating of ancient oratory. No one admired the Greek orators more than Cicero; and Cicero also recognised sculpture as a distinctively Greek art, admitting that he himself, like many other Romans, had but little taste or knowledge in it. It would have been natural, therefore, for Cicero to have connected the supreme excellence of the Greeks in literature with their pre-eminence in sculpture; yet, as far as we know, there is no hint in his writings of such a supposed connection. Among the Greeks, as among the great nations of modern times, one form of mental and moral activity generated or encouraged another; but the prominence which modern criticism gives to Greek sculpture would probably not have been conceded by the Greeks themselves. Could any magic awaken for us the voice of Greek music, and reveal its relations to Greek poetry, it might be found that modern critics, in fixing upon sculpture as the most distinctive and typical production of

Greek art, had missed a whole range of suggestive analogies.

There is so far an analogy between sculpture and poetry that both, being products of the imagination, can draw our eyes to contemplate ideal types and great situations. But the greater part of an orator's work, even if it lie in the higher regions of practical activity, is occasional only, and in any case he has to deal, not with types, but with realities. The scope of his creative powers is different altogether from that which is open to the sculptor or painter or poet. His material is more limited; his imagination not being free, it is seldom possible for him to produce the effects of grandeur and repose which are their legitimate aim. While poetry therefore stands in a close relation, from different sides, both to oratory and to sculpture, oratory and sculpture are comparatively remote from each other, and attempts to draw out close analogies between them are apt to be misleading.

For where, we may ask, is the "plastic" element most clearly to be discerned in Greek oratory? According to Mr. Jebb, in two points: first, in the development of a series of types "by a series of artists, each of whom seeks to give to his own type the utmost clearness and distinction that he is capable of reaching." Secondly, in the character of the individual orations, in which "everything bears on the matter in hand," and "wherever pity, terror, anger, or any passionate feeling is uttered or invited, this tumult is resolved" (in the great majority of cases) "in a final calm." The same might surely be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of another great art which is not usually considered to stand in any close relation with sculpture, we mean modern music. An oratorio of Handel's or a symphony of Beethoven's is a type of an individual series, and the complexities of the feelings to which it gives expression are usually resolved, if not into a "final calm," at least into the repose of triumph; indeed, the spirit of art is the same in all times and places.

The Greeks displayed in all their pro-



ductions, and not least in their oratory, that incomparable sense of simplicity, beauty, and fitness of means to ends which is the wonder of the world; but we still think that the main characteristics of Greek oratory and the development of Greek prose might have been the same had no Greek sculptor ever carved a single statue.

And here we are led on to consider Mr. Jebb's remarks on the difference between Greek and Roman oratory. "The main reason of the superiority of Greek practical oratory to Roman is," he says, "its business-like character." Cicero has too great a tendency to wander from the point into mere display: "no Greek orator could have delivered such a speech as that of Cicero for Archias, or for Publius Sextus" (*Sestius*?). We doubt whether Mr. Jebb does full justice to the merits of Roman eloquence; the speeches for Archias and Sestius are hardly types of Cicero's best style. It will probably be found in most cases that where Cicero leaves the point there is some reason for it, either in the badness of his case, or in the fact that other interests are involved which justify digression. Cicero is diffuse and flowery; but of many of his forensic speeches, for instance, the *Verrines* (which, be it remembered, would all have been spoken, had not the first been too successful), the *Pro Cæcina*, *Pro Cluentio*, *Pro Roscio Amerino*, it cannot be said that they are not to the point. In his political, or quasi-political speeches, the case is sometimes otherwise, for an obvious reason, that Cicero is virtually dealing, not merely with the particular subject before him, but with a whole situation, in which his own dubious and fluctuating conduct requires explanation or defence. In the speeches *Pro Lege Manilia*, *De Lege Agraria*, and *Pro Rabirio Perduellionis Reo*, he shows that he is quite able to keep to the matter in hand.

"In the days of the great Roman eloquence," says Mr. Jebb, "Rome had no political rival. Her discipline and her manners contributed with her civic security to exempt her citizens from

sudden and violent emotion. What Claudian afterwards happily called the *vita Romana quies* already prevailed." But if Rome was exempt from foreign rivalry (and in granting this we have to forget the Social War and Mithridates), how did things stand within her own walls? Cicero or Cæsar would, we suspect, have been surprised at Mr. Jebb's description of their surroundings. Few periods of history have been so full of trouble and confusion as the last century and a half of the Roman republic. It was in the conflicts of that stormy time, the passions and movements of which are mirrored in its whole literature, that Roman eloquence was born and developed. Much of the spirit of his age is reflected in the keen insight, vehement impulsiveness, fragmentary patriotism, and irresolute melancholy of Cicero; how much more should we have known and felt of the capabilities of Roman oratory and its relation to Roman politics, had more than a few fragments been preserved to give us an impression of the burning intensity of Caius Gracchus and the tragic grandeur of Sulpicius. Yet, granting that Cicero is not an adequate exponent of the best Roman eloquence, he is far more than a mere Roman Isocrates, the rank which Mr. Jebb seems inclined to assign to him. The most hostile criticism cannot deny that his powers as an orator were felt and feared by contemporary statesmen. His advocacy was courted as a weighty assistance by both the great political parties of Rome. His eloquence was a real force in the conflicts of his time; he worked as an orator, not as a pamphleteer. His best energies were given to perfecting Roman eloquence; his literary activity was mainly the result of enforced leisure.

We think, therefore, that Mr. Jebb's criticism, which gives so many indications of fine insight and enthusiasm for his subject, would have been clearer and more coherent had he avoided a somewhat over-rigid application of the formulæ of modern criticism. Epithets such as "Greek," "Roman," "modern," "plastic," are, if too hastily or too

comprehensively applied, apt to cramp the freedom of criticism and divert the view of the critic from a historical to a formal view of antiquity. A closer study of the remains of Greek and Roman life (of which, in any case, mere fragments are preserved to us) will probably show that much which a first-hand criticism might be inclined to set down as distinctive of Greece or Rome is due rather to accidental variety of circumstances than to essential differences capable of being summed up in single epithets.

We have followed Mr. Jebb along the main course of his general introduction, taking by the way such points as seemed to suggest or to require fresh discussion. But it would be unjust to the book to leave off with a negative conclusion. As a specimen of the great positive merits of Mr. Jebb's style and treatment, we may take the excellent summary of the history of Greek rhetoric given in the second volume, p. 419:—

"The ground for an artistic Athenian oratory was prepared partly by the popular dialectic of the eastern sophists, partly by the Sicilian rhetoric. Intermediate between these stood the earliest artist of oratorical prose, Gorgias, differing from the eastern sophists in laying more stress on expression than on management of argument, and from the Sicilian rhetoricians in cultivating his faculty empirically, not theoretically."

"Two principal tendencies appear in the beginnings of Attic oratory. One of these sets out from the forensic rhetoric of Sicily, in combination with the popular dialectic of the sophists, and is but slightly affected by Gorgias. It is represented by the writers of the 'austere' style, of whom Antiphon and Thucydides are the chief. From Thucydides to Demosthenes this manner is in abeyance, partly because it is in itself unsuited to forensic purposes, partly because its grave emphasis has come to seem archaic. The second tendency is purely Gorgian, and after having had several obscure representatives, is taken up by Isokrates, who gives to it a corrected, a complete, and a permanent

form. From a compromise between this second tendency and the idiom of daily life arises the 'plain' style of Lysias. The transition from Lysias to a strenuous political oratory is marked by Isaeos. Then comes the matured political oratory, giving combinations to types already developed, and, in its greatest representative, uniting them all."

Take, again, the following judgment on Lysias and Isokrates:—"Lysias completes the reaction from the poetism of Gorgias and the stateliness of Antiphon. He boldly takes as his material the diction of the private citizen who has had the ordinary Athenian education; and, being an artist of true genius, Lysias shapes out of this a singularly beautiful prose. The conception was fortunate; it was in essential harmony with the spirit of Attic Greek; and, if a Lysias had not arisen, the world would not have known some most delicate felicities of that idiom. It was a faculty of the language developed once for all, committed to an exquisite record, and thus secured against the possibility of being missed by any one who hereafter should aim at mastery over all the resources of Attic speech. Nor was the lesson lost on Demosthenes and Hypereides any more than on the Augustan Atticists.

"It might have seemed that a finished simplicity, so congenial to the Attic spirit, had for ever superseded the ideal of Gorgias. But just as the influence of that ideal was declining, a pupil of Gorgias came forward to show that his master's theory, though deformed by extravagances, was grounded in truth. Isokrates proved that, without loss of ease and fluency, prose may be artistically ornate in the general sense of Gorgias (that is, with the aid of certain embellishments proper to poetry), if only these are rightly chosen and are temperately used. The great difference between the work of Lysias and the work of Isokrates is this:—Lysias did perfectly what could be done to such perfection in pure Attic alone; Isokrates did excellently, though not faultlessly, a thing from which the finest instincts of



Attic Greek were averse, but which, on the other hand, could be reproduced with fair success in any language that was sufficiently flexible and polished. Isokrates sent his influence from Greece into modern Europe by founding a norm of literary prose."

All this is in Mr. Jebb's best manner, and will perhaps give, as well as anything could, a notion of the clearness and elegance with which he can treat the subject of Greek style when he allows himself to write without the trammels of formulæ. His native feeling for the beauties of Greek literature is so keen that he never writes better than when he is following its unassisted light. He has produced a book which shows quite a singular and exceptional power of appreciating and carefully analysing the

form of Greek literature, and which will, we have no doubt, prove a powerful aid to the study of the Greek orators among English scholars. It is by no means creditable to English scholarship that the reading of Lysias and Isocrates has almost entirely dropped out of our school course. A careful perusal of Mr. Jebb's work will probably convince those who have the charge of classical education in England of their mistake in allowing this state of things to continue, and will stimulate them to alter it. With the exceptions which we have attempted to point out—exceptions which do not affect the execution of the main body of the work and the detailed treatment of the individual orators—the book will be found an admirable guide to the higher study of Greek prose.

H. NETTLESHIP.

## HISTORIC PHRASES.

UNSUCCESSFUL, or only partially successful, authors are often treated with apparent injustice when, as may happen, their books are not altogether without merit. In that case their works do not wholly perish. Whatever seems good in them is reproduced by some successful author, who does, or does not, put his own distinctive mark upon what he has taken. Not one of the numerous tribe of unsuccessful authors can repay such attentions as these, or he would be held guilty of plagiarism—an offence which can only be committed with impunity by the rich towards the poor, and by the strong towards the weak. Indeed, if an unsuccessful author, from whom a successful one had borrowed, were to make any fuss on the subject, he would probably be condemned as an impostor, and would in any case be told to hold his peace. There is no harm in this so far as regards the general interest of readers. If ideas, expressions, passages, personages, possess value in themselves, their origin need not be too closely inquired into. They belong to him who has used them with most effect, as in the industrial arts inventions belong to those who have known how to apply them. The first discoverer has every right to pity himself, or to be pitied, for being deprived of the honours of his discovery. But if it has been taken into better hands than his, and better presented than he could have presented it, the public are gainers by the transfer, in however arbitrary and even unjust a manner it may have been effected.

Similarly, if the same remarkable phrase has been spoken by two different men, the more celebrated will have the sole credit of it. This habit, however, on the part of the European public of "lending to the rich" may be carried too far. Some measure should be ob-

served; and though a great man may be allowed to borrow, if such be his will, nothing should be given to him which he himself even has never claimed. Care, too, should be taken not only not to give him the property of others, but, in giving him his own, to give it to him in its proper form. When the very words spoken are cited as coming from the man who really spoke them, it is further desirable that their meaning should not be perverted; as may well happen in the case of paradox-makers, whose paradoxes, made thoroughly clear, would often lose all point.

Several historic sayings have been set right ("Tirez les premiers, Messieurs les Anglais," for instance), and others (as "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Mariâ Theresâ,") altogether demolished by Mr. Carlyle; who of others again has exposed the absurdity. The unseemly question put by Le Père Bouhours, as to whether a German can be witty, has drawn down upon him a few replies calculated to make him wish, were he still in the flesh, that he had never raised the inquiry. Mr. Carlyle's answer, however, had really been anticipated by the facetious father himself, who, after asking in *Les Entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugène*, "Si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?" adds: "Ce n'est pas que je veuille dire que tous les septentrionneux soient bêtes; il y a de l'esprit et de la science en Allemagne comme ailleurs; mais enfin on n'y connaît point notre bel esprit, ni cette belle science qui ne s'apprend point au collège, et dont la politesse fait la principale partie; ou si cette belle science et ce bel esprit y sont connus, ce n'est seulement que comme des étrangers dont on ne connaît point la langue et avec qui on ne fraye point d'habitude."

Le Père Bouhours is often credited, as are also Dumarsais and Malherbe,



with the "Je m'en vais ou je m'en vas" of the dying grammarian, who goes on to explain that "l'un et l'autre se dit ou se disent."

The number of characteristic stories told of similar persons under similar circumstances is indeed very large. Of Julius Caesar landing in Africa, of William the Conqueror landing in England, of Edward III. landing in France, it is equally narrated that they fell, and to avert all appearance of an evil omen, affected to seize the earth on which they had stumbled.

Henry IV. of France and a certain mayor were so much alike, that the king could not help saying to his counterpart, "Did your mother ever visit our part of the country?" "No," replied the mayor, "but my father did." The same anecdote is related of the Regent Orleans, who stands for Henry IV., and a Scotch gentleman, who replaces the mayor; and the original of both tales is to be found in the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius.

The comprehensive directions given by the Pope's legate at the massacre of the Albigenses, "Tuez tous; Dieu reconnaitra les siens," are also said to have been given at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Here of course there is a confusion of two different events. But the phrase which belongs to the one is not morally unsuitable to the other, and there is a natural tendency to connect it with the massacre of which most is known. M. Louis Blanc has committed this error in a passage cited without disapproval or even correction by M. Larousse in his *Fleurs Historiques*. Many stories told of the Polish insurrection of 1830 were afterwards told, with but slight variation, of the Polish insurrection of 1863; and the details of the massacre of Seio would fit only too well into a general narrative of the recent massacres in Bulgaria.

The period of the French Revolution abounds in historical phrases. One of the most celebrated of these, the exhortation said to have been addressed at the moment of his death to the king by the Abbé Edgeworth, "Fils de Saint Louis,

montez au ciel!" was never uttered. The abbé, questioned on the subject, did not remember having said anything. If he had spoken, the roll of the drums would have prevented his being heard.

Nor did the Abbé Sièyes, when the king was being sentenced by his judges, write in the register, "La mort sans phrase." The others for the most part appended to the sentence of death a few words setting forth their motives or reasons—such as "Parceque il a trahi." Sièyes, however, wrote simply "La mort," to which was added in *Le Moniteur*, as if to show that nothing had been omitted, "sans phrase."

A well-known historic phrase of this epoch, denied by its reputed author as soon as he saw it in print, but which continues to be attributed to him all the same, is the "Finis Poloniae," supposed to have been pronounced "when Kosciuszko fell." Freedom may have "shrieked" on that occasion, but Kosciuszko did not exclaim "Finis Poloniae." In the first place, as he wrote to Count Ségur, who had given publicity to the story in his *Décade Historique*, he was all but mortally wounded, and could not speak. If, however, he had retained the faculty of speech, he would certainly not have had the presumption to exclaim "Finis Poloniae," since neither his death, nor the death of any one else, could be for Poland a fatal misfortune. It would be interesting to know who invented "Finis Poloniae," which seems to have reached Count Ségur by common report. Kosciuszko repudiated, in any case, both the words and the idea. It may be here mentioned that a celebrated phrase which M. Fournier in *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire* (Paris, 1857), and M. Larousse, in *Les Fleurs Historiques*, both attribute to a writer in the *Journal des Débats*, really belongs to a Pole. Two centuries and a half before "Le roi règne, et ne gouverne pas," was written, John Zamoyski had said, only too truly, in the Polish Diet, of the Polish King, "Rex regnat, sed non gubernat."

Most of the sayings which pass for Napoleonic did really proceed from

Napoleon, and are to be found in his correspondence or in authentic records of his speeches and conversations. But "Grattez le Russe, vous trouverez le Cosaque" was first said by the Prince de Ligne; and when Napoleon called England "La nation boutiquière," he had been in a measure anticipated by Sir Philip Francis, who, in the debate on the armament against Russia, denounced his countrymen as "a nation of stockjobbers." "Il faut laver son linge sale en famille" was a piece of advice addressed, in a furious speech, to the Chamber of Deputies during the crisis which followed the disasters of 1814. "What is the throne? Four pieces of wood covered with velvet!" exclaimed Napoleon on the same occasion. This was new. But "Wash your dirty linen at home" had been said (as M. Fournier points out) by Voltaire in the very words which Napoleon was afterwards to employ. "In fifty years Europe will be Cossack or Republican" is a very precise forecast, which, if a true one, ought now to be on the point of being verified. Another prediction on the same subject, "Woe to Europe when the Czar of Russia wears a beard!" is less absolute, more mysterious, more picturesque, and finer in every respect. The beard prophecy, moreover, has gained in significance since it was first uttered. The Slavonian and Pan-Slavonian idea had at that time scarcely been conceived, and to Napoleon at St. Helena was certainly unknown. Few even among the Russians had learned that the Poles, the Czechs of Bohemia, the Croats and other Slavonians of Hungary, the Servians and the Bulgarians, were of the same race as themselves. At present, however, if a bearded Czar were to head a great national movement, he would do so not as Emperor of Russia, but as Emperor of the Slavonians. Fortunately, Alexander II. shaves. Central Europe, too, thanks to Napoleon's imperial successor, is more strongly constituted now than it was in 1815.

Napoleon's most characteristic sayings

are more impressive than dazzling, and more Oriental than French. He never troubled himself to manufacture paradoxes such as Talleyrand delighted in. Not, however, that all Talleyrand's paradoxes were original. "Language was given us to disguise our thoughts," like so many witticisms of all kinds, is by right of invention the property of Voltaire; and M. Fournier tells us that before Talleyrand appropriated it, it had been made into an epigram by Lebrun. Harel, at that time editor of *Le Nain Jaune*, published it in his journal, and, for the sake of "actuality," assigned it to Talleyrand, who, seeing that it was good, accepted it. Talleyrand, according to Harel's story, was waited upon by an ingenious youth who wished to enter the diplomatic service, and who, to recommend himself, assured the minister that he was in the habit of saying precisely what he thought. Thereupon Talleyrand informs him very gravely that language was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts. The becoming manner, by the way, of attaining this end seems to have been indicated by Talleyrand when he remarked, one evening at Holland House, that Cardinal Mazarin "deceived, but did not lie," whereas M. de Metternich, he added, "always lied, and never deceived." This was said in presence of Lord Macaulay, and may be found recorded in Mr. Trevelyan's recently published volumes.

M. de Talleyrand was, according to M. Fournier, a constant student of a jest-book in twenty-one volumes, entitled *L'Improvisateur Français*, in which, says the author of *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*, the best joke is the title. Refreshing his memory and fertilising his wit by means of the anecdotes gathered together in his favourite work, Talleyrand was never at a loss for an impromptu. His biographer, M. de Vulabellé, repudiates some of the sayings generally attributed to him, including the famous comment which he is supposed to have pronounced on the execution of the Duke d'Enghien: "C'est pire qu'un crime, c'est une faute."



On the other hand, he invented, or at least presided at the invention of, a sentence destined to become historical, which was printed as forming part of the speech delivered by the Count d'Artois on receiving the great dignitaries of state in 1814. The Count had muttered some nearly unintelligible and quite insignificant words. It was necessary, however, to represent him as having said something striking, something worthy of the occasion; and M. Beugnot, who as Minister of the Interior superintended the publication of the *Moniteur*, was requested by Talleyrand to "invent." Beugnot invented first one thing, then another, until at last he delivered himself of a sentence commencing, "Rien n'est changé. Il n'y a qu'un Français de plus . . ." That was enough. Talleyrand finished the sentence at "plus," and the *mot* was made. The Count d'Artois, less candid than Talleyrand would have shown himself in similar circumstances, declared that he did not remember having said anything of the kind. He was reminded, however, that the words were actually in print, that the newspaper could not very well have made a mistake, and so on; and he was ultimately reduced to silence by the repeated congratulations of his friends. Besides being witty himself, Talleyrand is popularly believed to have been the cause of wit, and wit of a diabolical kind, in one who was not much given to satire, even on occasions when satire would have been permissible. Talleyrand having complained on his death-bed that he was "suffering the torments of the damned," "Already?" Louis Philippe is reported to have exclaimed. M. Louis Blanc tells the story as though it were unquestionably true, in his *Histoire de Dix Ans*, and adds, that to revenge himself Talleyrand lost no time in delivering to a friend papers which contained important state secrets. The anecdote, however, was already very old; and one narrator, M. de Lévis, who places in the mouth of a doctor at his patient's bedside the inquiry attributed by M. Louis Blanc to Louis Philippe,

expresses a reasonable doubt as to whether anything so heartless could have been said.

No one seems to have corrected, on the part of Louis Philippe, M. Louis Blanc's account of Talleyrand's last interview with his king. When, however, some one wished to deprive M. Salvandy of a phrase which he had perhaps been at some pains to elaborate, he wrote to the papers on the subject. He declared that at the ball given to the King of Naples immediately before the revolution of 1830, it was he and no one else who said: "The entertainment is quite Neapolitan; we are dancing on a volcano."

Not many months afterwards an announcement was made to the Chamber of Deputies, which when once it had been uttered, its author would gladly, no doubt, have seen placed to the account of anyone but himself. In answer to inquiries as to the condition of affairs in Poland, General Sebastiani informed the Assembly that "order reigned in Warsaw." In our English newspapers these words are usually attributed to the Emperor Nicholas, who is probably supposed to have addressed them to one of the foreign ambassadors at St. Petersburg. They were not indeed very becoming in the mouth of a minister of one of the intervening powers; and it is their very inappropriateness that has caused them to be remembered.

"Order reigns at Warsaw" is the sort of thing the Emperor Nicholas might have said, and the credit of it will doubtless remain with him. It is thought quite natural, too, that Blucher, on viewing London from the top of St. Paul's, should have cried out "What a place to plunder!" According, however, to another version, his words were "My God, what plunder!" in which case he would not have meant that the idea of sacking London had suddenly occurred to his brigand-mind, but merely that he was much struck by the mass of heterogeneous objects around him. The German substantive *plunder* does not signify booty at all.

To return for a moment to the Emperor Nicholas: his comparison of Turkey to a sick man was by no means new. In likening the Ottoman Empire to a sinking patient, he was only repeating to Sir Hamilton Seymour what Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from England in the time of James II. at Constantinople, had written home in despatches. "Turkey," said Sir Thomas, "is like the body of an old man crazed with vices, which puts on the appearance of health, though near its end." The main difference between the Turkey of the present day and the Turkey of two centuries ago lies perhaps in the fact that the Ottoman Empire does *not* at this moment present the appearance of health.

The Crimean war produced a certain number of historic phrases, such as "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre"—cited too often and too complacently; MacMahon's "J'y suis, j'y reste," which only seems to have been remembered since the Marshal's elevation to the highest dignity in France; and the late Prince Gortchakoff's "feu d'enfer" as descriptive of the fire under which the Russians retired from the south of Sebastopol. The English, as usual, contented themselves with deeds. In the British Parliament, however, an expression, which has since become historical, was used by the Duke of Newcastle in reference to the beginning of the war—into which we were said to be "drifting." Like so many other historical phrases, this one in time lost its original meaning, and is now perversely misinterpreted as signifying, not that the negotiations took a course which led gradually to a declaration of hostilities, but that the country fell into a state of war, without guidance, and independently of the wishes of the Government.

Cavour's "Italia fara da se" became strangely celebrated, considering that Italy never did and never could have done anything by herself. It inspired other nations with the idea of "doing by themselves," and unhappy Poland did for itself in the insurrection of 1863. The conscription which pre-

cipitated the rising was denounced by Lord Russell (at second hand) as a "proscription." Lord Russell, indeed, has made many points, apart from the six which he presented in 1863 to Prince Gortchakoff. "To be conspicuous by its absence" is a happy rendering of "briller par son absence;" and the "wisdom of many, the wit of one," as the definition of a proverb, is almost as good as Pope's definition of wit, which it very much resembles. In France during the late war it was universally believed that on entering French territory the King of Prussia had proclaimed himself the enemy, "not of France, but only of the emperor." He had done nothing of the kind. But Napoleon, to whom the text of the proclamation could scarcely have been known, seems to have adopted the popular version of it, and to have imagined that some useful end might be served by his surrendering himself personally, apart from his army. Repeated day after day in hundreds of newspapers, the story of the king's "solemn declaration" took such hold on the French mind that it will now in all likelihood never be dislodged. The true version of the proclamation to the inhabitants of occupied districts, telling them simply that war was being waged against the French troops, and not against inoffensive citizens, must, since the peace, have been read by many thousands of Frenchmen. But the false version had been read, again and again, by millions; and it seems still to be accepted. At least M. Auguste Vacquerie, writing on the subject of the Bayreuth Festival (which at first sight does not seem very intimately connected with the German campaign in France), has lately reminded the readers of *Le Rappel* that "on the eve of entering France the King of Prussia declared solemnly that he did not make war against France, but against the emperor."

The war between France and Germany produced but few historic phrases. Such *mots*, however, as it really called forth were all uttered on the French side. "Pas un pouce de notre terrain,



*pas une pierre de nos forteresses!*" would have been admirable, if the refusal so pointedly expressed could have been maintained. As it is, M. Favre's clever phrase may be classed with General Ducrot's—"I shall return dead or victorious," and with "*La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas;*" though at Waterloo some of the Guards did indeed die, while a great number surrendered. It has lately been shown that General Ducrot's boastful proclamation was composed in his absence, apparently by the author of "*Pas un ponce,*" &c., and attributed to him without his consent or knowledge; as "*La Garde meurt,*" &c., was equally without justification attributed to Cambronne.

Among the Emperor Napoleon's utterances in connection with the war, "Old soldiers wept at seeing him so calm," has been preserved by German caricaturists; and Mr. Gladstone has thought fit to save from oblivion, "*Tout peut se rétablir,*" in one of his Majesty's telegrams.

Napoleon's letter of surrender will of course be remembered as an historical document of the highest interest. A great writer reproducing its substance many years afterwards for the first time could doubtless have improved upon it, could possibly have done for it what the Spanish historian did for Francis I.'s letter after Pavia. But the Emperor's words, or something very like them, were at once made public, and they are certainly superior to what Francis I. wrote in a somewhat similar plight. Francis's letter was, it is true, intended only for his mother, whereas Napoleon's letter was addressed to the whole world, or was at least written in the consciousness that the whole world would read it. With all the changes necessary to suit the facts of the case, nothing in the style of "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur,*" or "*La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas,*" would have been suitable to the occasion; and without being unduly precise, or emphatic, or otherwise theatrical, the Emperor could scarcely have declared in fewer words than he employed that, unable to find death, he accepted captivity.

As a proof of the tendency of things to go wrong, even when deviation from the right course would seem next to impossible, it may be mentioned that at least four different versions of the Emperor Napoleon's letter have been published. In some he lays his sword at the feet, in others, places it in the hands of the Prussian king. In a manuscript copy circulated the night of the battle, not many hours after the receipt of the original, the writer made the Emperor declare himself incapable of dying at the head of his troops. "*N'ayant pas su mourir,*" instead of "*n'ayant pas pu mourir,*" it began; and probably this edition, presenting at least one notable variation from the genuine text, found its way, like so many others, into print.

The Emperor William received and left behind him at Versailles, a number of letters, more or less anonymous, in which he was taunted with having continued the war after the capture of the man against whom alone he pretended to have undertaken it. On the margin of one of these epistles, in which he was addressed familiarly in English as "Old Rascal!" the Emperor had written, "*Je n'ai jamais dit cela;*" and his Majesty's chief minister has repeatedly found it necessary to meet similarly unfounded accusations with a similar reply.

If proclamations and letters are falsified in time of war, and falsified so rapidly that incorrect copies get into circulation before the ink of the original document has had time to dry, speeches, sayings, and utterances of all kinds are liable to the same fate in time of peace. In France, and not in France alone, nothing is more generally believed of Prince Bismarck than that he once, in the Prussian Chamber, declared the superiority, or rather the priority, of "might" to "right": "*Macht vor Recht,*" or, as the French put it, "*La force prime le droit.*" Times out of number, Prince Bismarck has written to deny that he ever uttered what in one sense would be a mere truism (since every right is preceded by and based on

some kind of force), in another a simple barbarism; until at last the very frequency of his contradictions, and the necessity, constantly renewed, of having to make them, has been used as an argument against him. The terrible "blood and iron" through which alone a nation can gain its rights, is known to be an expression borrowed from a German poet, in whose verse it means neither more nor less than—

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow,"

in O'Connell's favourite couplet.

The saying, attributed to M. Thiers, about the advantages of the Republican form of government in France as "the one which divides us the least," had not, when it was first pronounced the meaning given to it now. M. Thiers, as a Royalist, made the remark, since turned against the monarchical party; and what he said was: "The Republic is the form of government which divides us (the Royalists) the least, and which disunites them (the Republicans) the most." In other words, "Monarchists of all kinds will combine against a Republic; but, a Republic once declared, Republicans will quarrel among themselves." At present the first half of M. Thiers's epigram is alone quoted;

and, true or false, the pointless phrase, as now interpreted, suits the existing situation.

No man of true wit, when a good thing has been given to him, or has even been taken possession of by himself, likes to be afterwards deprived of it for the benefit of the rightful owner. Thus when Mr. Disraeli's eulogium on the Duke of Wellington, including his essay on the character of a general, was shown to M. Thiers, that eminent statesman at once protested that it must be his: "*Ça doit être de moi*," he exclaimed; though it afterwards turned out to be Armand Carrel's.

Lord Beaconsfield is the author of innumerable phrases which have made their mark. The writer, however, of a very interesting article in a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine* has shown that Mr. Disraeli sometimes "*prenait son bien*," like Molière, wherever he chanced to find it. When Mr. Disraeli called our street cab "the gondola of London," he borrowed the phrase from *Friends of Bohemia*, a wild, brilliant novel by the late Edward Whitty. Mendelssohn, too, had described Cherubini as looking like an "extinct volcano" long before Mr. Disraeli discovered in the House of Commons a whole row of "extinct volcanoes."

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.



## THE WAGNER FESTIVAL AT BAYREUTH.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that suggested by the performance of the *Flying Dutchman*, now drawing in its English dress crowded audiences to the Strand, and that of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, as given in August last to a select artistic circle at Bayreuth. The former—though not without characteristic touches which make it quite an example of the first original manner of an artist whose style is as “personal” in music as that of Turner in painting—may be said to be so far like the operas of elder composers, that it can in a measure be comprehended and estimated at a single hearing; just as it was written and composed during a single episode of the composer’s life, and under the influence of a single inspiration. Not so with the latter; poem and music alike are the mature result of the entirely conscientious labour of thirteen years. Consider then, during so prolonged an incubation, what varied and distracting elements must replenish the storehouse of mental experience which is the true alembic of an author’s works. The Horatian rule had indeed been abundantly observed; how many times must the poem itself have been revised (as we know that it was), the characters recast, the instrumentation rescored. Would only that the pen had been more freely drawn across the ample page! Yet, anyhow, most unjust would it be to accept as final, amid the strife of party and prejudice, the verdict of the hour, either for or against. The advice of the editors of the first Shaksperian Folio is pregnant in this instance, as in so many others: “Read him, therefore, and again, and again, and if then you do not like him, surely you are in great danger not to understand him.” These words will assure the reader doubtless that the present humble chronicler is by predilection and education Wagnerian: first loves are proverbially precious; long before

the name of Wagner was recognised at all in musical English circles—long before a note of his music had been heard in English concert-rooms—the writer was by peculiar circumstances made familiar with *Rienzi*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*, and had gained some idea of the tendencies which were drawing the composer into open war with all the creeds of music. But it was with an absolute intention to retain his judgment unbiased that he betook himself to Bayreuth. In truth, very admiration of the nascent youth of genius renders the approach to the study of its adult manhood a task of as much pain as pleasure, of as much apprehension as expectation; of intense hope no doubt, but of a hope tempered always “with a very wholesome and Christian-like fear.”

The first impression left on the mind was one of utter astonishment; the writer found himself suddenly landed amongst a very Noah’s-ark company of fellow-pilgrims; English and American, polished and bohemian, German enthusiasts and French sceptics, in a primitive, out-of-the-way corner, to which Ammergau alone offers a parallel, for the nonce converted into an artistic centre, instinct with a kind of subdued holiday aspect, and an *under-protest* atmosphere of excitement; and for four days his mind was abandoned to a whirl of new ideas, which it will take months duly to digest.

Here was a realization of an idealist’s dream; so utterly alien to the spirit of the nineteenth century, as commonly understood, that it will ever remain a marvel how a band of disciples could have been collected round the master to carry it into effect. Yet the miracle, long postponed, has been performed; never in the present writer’s opinion to be repeated. *Der Ring des Nibelungen* has been heard in its integrity, and probably will never be so heard again.

It is a further illustration of the extraordinary activity and perseverance of the German nation; it could not have been possible to any other that a theatre should have been erected, that a whole body of leading artists should *give their services* and labour for well-nigh three months, adequately to represent a work of extraordinary difficulty and exaggerated peculiarities, purely, it would seem, from the love of art and the Fatherland. Let this fact be taken into consideration by any one who wishes to understand the subject.

One word, before passing to the consideration of the subject-matter of the great demonstration, on the mode of performance. There is but one adjective suitable to describe the orchestra, —*perfect*: the Wagnerian device of sinking it, partly under the stage and partly in front of it, was in effect absolutely successful; in the *Rheingold* it appeared to want power, and to be too uniformly subdued; but the subsequent days showed that this was due to the subdued and sombre music of the piece, and not to the peculiar arrangements referred to. Unfortunately, as to so many of the most striking features of this festival, so to this the only objection is: *its impracticability*; the sufferings of the instrumentalists were very great; and as we cannot expect artists to become impassive martyrs to art, we may fairly consider that the experiment will not be repeated, and that we are not likely to hear again a work in which singers and orchestra were alike, and never unfairly, predominant, in which every word from the stage was audible by a spectator really familiar with the text; and every little detail of the "accompaniments" (a misnomer by the by) served to fill up the sound-waves with which the modern dramatic school delight to fill the hearer's ear. The actors were good throughout; brilliant in one or two cases, beyond criticism in one. The ladies unquestionably carried off the palm, and for the simple reason that there is far more of definite melody allowed by Wagner to his women than

to his men. Hence it happens always that the tenor, which is as usual the leading male voice, is never heard to the best advantage, except in the impassioned love scenes where the poet rises above the theorist, and nature predominates (even in Wagner) over art. Very few of the men at Bayreuth sang always in tune; Betz as Wotan was at times painfully the reverse; and no wonder; for three days he bore the labour and heat of the piece with but small share in the impassioned moments which gave Niemann as Siegmund and Ungar as Siegfried their opportunities. But one and all *acted well*. Once you threw yourself into the romantic atmosphere of the play, the illusion was never broken by the inefficiency of the performers as actors; apprehension, action, *ensemble* were alike admirable. The Wagner theory condones a false note, but never a false action or a wrong conception of character; the recitative treated in accordance with his theory is as nearly an approach to recitation, sometimes even to speaking, as possible; the cadence is an imitation of that of the human voice, varied not to suit the ear of the musician, but in exact accordance with the sentiment and the situation; very loose singing was evidently *permitted* during the duller levels of the action: the auditor, if wise, would then concentrate his eyes on the stage, and his ears on the orchestra, and leave the voice to take care of itself till nobler moments came.

One performer, Frau Materna, of Vienna, brought to the part of the Walküre Brünnhilde a combination of the rarest gifts—a splendid voice, absolutely true intonation, and consummate powers of acting: it was the universal verdict at Bayreuth that her performance was quite beyond criticism, and that it would be impossible to find another artiste in Europe as equal to the part as she is. Tietjens would, when her powers as well as her art were unimpaired, have disputed the palm with Materna, but I doubt if she could have surpassed her. It is perhaps the most varied and poetic *rôle* yet given to



dramatic singers; but the adequate interpretation requires genius, and in Materna it was found to a degree scarcely suspected by the most fervent of her German admirers. With such a theme, however, as that of the Nibelungenlied, the unique orchestra and the singularly powerful caste would have been inadequate, unless the *mise-en-scène* and stage arrangement had been in keeping with the romantic character of the story; and by years of preparation and the most patient rehearsals, an *ensemble* on the stage was by the third series of performances so perfected, that except in one or two impossible moments the illusion was never broken, and the most refined taste always gratified. It was not so much the scenes themselves, delightful though they were, and quite worthy of their designer, Hoffmann, of Munich, as the accessories, the grouping of form and colour, and the thousand small details which merely leave the unprofessional spectator satisfied, but which require some knowledge of the stage to be duly appreciated. At Bayreuth, by ingenious combinations of colours projected on steam, the gentlest gradations of light and shade were obtained, exquisite combinations through all the varied light-tones from morning to night; clouds, lightning, moonlight, really illusive instead of ludicrous—details absolutely necessary indeed to the due setting forth of an heroic picture, but none the less difficult of attainment. It must be admitted that the final scene—when the Rhine flows up to the doors of the hall of the Gibichings, and castle and pyre and Walhalla and almost the whole world burns out in an indistinguishable ruin—had to be imagined, and was not represented; and that the fights with the dragon, and the magic changes of Alberich were simply ludicrous burlesques; but we were more astonished that Wagner permitted them in the libretto than that they failed to be impressive on the stage. In fact we consider that the marvellous element, though not excessively introduced, was both poetically and strategically a blot. In this

point only Wagner seems to have reverted from the Lied itself to the older form of it in the Helden-buch, and to have erred in doing so. Neither words nor music were ever strongest in the superhuman parts of the story; it is in the drawing and colouring of human strife and passion that he rises to his highest—higher, we believe, than any other composer. One notable exception must be made; it occurs when Wotan rides in offended majesty on the storm-cloud to chide the Walküre Brünnhilde for defending Siegmund, whom the god at Fricka's instance has doomed; the passage describing the advent of the deity is wonderful, only paralleled by a similar one in *Elijah*, well-known no doubt to all our readers.

And now, at the risk of wearying the reader, I must endeavour to sketch shortly and intelligibly the main story of the *Ring* itself, for often as it has been told already, it has scarcely yet been given so that he who runs can read. It is altogether a fairy tale as it stands at first sight, and as a fairy tale we will tell it—only premising that the reader (who wishes to dive readily into something of the hidden source and meaning) must refer again to the well-known article by Carlyle, which appeared years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now figures in his *Miscellanies*.

In the old days when gods were plentiful and men were scarce, when the strife between the deities of the height and depth, of light and darkness, was maturing, there lived in the cloud-land below the earth a prince, Alberich, hideous of form and character, in whose heart wrestled conflicting powers of passion and ambition. One fine summer night he chanced, in a lonely valley of the Rhine, to surprise, sporting on its waters, the three Rhine-maidens whose function from furthest eld was to guard a hidden treasure of gold, which, once unburied, would bring destruction to gods and men.

He was no beauty, we have said, and as he spoke to them of love, they laughed, and scorned him; but from their lips he lightly learned the secret

of the gold; and, when the first rose-tint of morn lighted the glittering hoard in the Rhine-depths, he made off with a tiny fragment, from which he fashioned a ring, which, as its guardians had idly told him, would give him all power over nature, and nature's imp-children who lived in Nibelung-land, below the earth.

Bitter ruth came with the tidings of the theft to the lazy gods, who, sitting idly beside their nectar, were only occupied with rearing a mighty palace called Walhalla; but the craft of the Fire-god was equal to the stratagem, and by his aid Wotan, the Thunderer, wrested the ring from Alberich, and back went the twain in triumph to their home in the heavens.

But ill-gotten goods are as easily lost by gods as by men; the ring, and much more treasure of gold and magic which appertained to it, they had full soon to pay to certain giants who had built them their Walhalla; and again the ring changed owners, and (freighted now with an awful curse of death and ruin to all who should own it) passed into the hands of the Gog and Magog of Saxon legend, Fafner and Fasolt. The curse worked at once. Whilst quarrelling over the booty, Fafner slew his brother Fasolt, and himself sacrificed life and happiness to guard, under the form of a mighty dragon, the booty which he had so foully won. Too late did the gods learn that unless they recovered the ring their power was gone. But henceforth Wotan's only cares were, how to win it back from the giant, and how to fill his halls with warriors to battle for Walhalla when its doomday should come. He formed a band of divine women-spirits called Walkyrie, who fought beside men on earth, and ever, when a hero died, bore the brave soul to Walhalla. He wandered disguised in the world to beget, if it might be, of his own proper person, a redeemer, half-god, half-man, to rescue men and gods from ruin by a power which alone is stronger than gold—the power of love.

Meanwhile, the arch-child of evil,

Alberich, and his brother Mime (a dwarf), were also well aware of their need of this wonderful ring, and they too, as restless spirits, went up and down on earth, founding a family of men to carry on the conflict with the descendants of Wotan.

And first of all the battle royal was fought out between a son of Wotan's named Siegmund, and of Alberich's named Haagen, much to the discomfiture of the former, whose home was burnt, and whose sister, Sieglinde, was carried off to Haagen's wood-dwelling, somewhere in the great land of "No-Man."

Hither came the wandering Wotan, leaving hidden in an ash-stem which supported the roof of the hut, a mighty sword for Siegmund when he should come there in his flight; which indeed he presently did, and duly recognised not only his sword, but also his sister, Sieglinde, whom in the possible fashion of patriarchs he straightway carried off and made, then and there, his wife.

A pretty scandal this for Wotan's goddess-spouse, Fricka! which she quickly turned to account; and hoping at one stroke to be rid of all Wotan's chance offspring, persuaded him to swear that in the coming fight between Haagen and Siegmund the latter should be slain. It was a cruel promise, but Wotan was bound to observe it; and he forthwith instructed his favourite Walküre Brünnhilde, in spite of all her persuasions (for she knew well his real wish), to befriend Haagen, and leave Siegmund to his fate. It happened then that as Siegmund was hastening to meet his enemy, carrying his poor wife, expecting a son, and nigh unto death, there appeared to him in half-trance the terrible dark form of the Walküre to warn him of his coming doom. He pleaded very hard, and alleged, truly enough, that Wotan had treated him badly; and in fine he persuaded Brünnhilde (who was half-woman in tenderness at the bottom of her heart) to assist him when the great duel should be fought.

And by and by, we see Siegmund



and Haagen fighting for dear life on a far off mountain pass; Brünnhilde's shield shelters Siegmund, and the invincible sword has all but done its work, when down comes the great thunder-god, in terrible wrath, and strikes up the hero's guard, so that Haagen kills his foe after all.

Of course, poor Brünnhilde has to suffer for her disobedience, and in this wise, that she is made a woman instead of a Walküre, and is put into a long trance on a great rock, like the sleeping princess, to be awoken by any man who should find her. But of this more anon. Henceforth the story follows the fortunes of Siegfried, the real hero, whose mother, Sieglinde, dies when he is born, and who is brought up by the Nibelung Mime in a wretched home on the borders of the great forest in No-Man's-Land. How he tames birds and beasts, and forges afresh the invincible sword of his father; how he slays the dragon, and wins the ring, and finds Brünnhilde, and makes her his wife, you must read for yourself in the poem, for I should only spoil it. So we will pass on to the final struggle between the descendants of Wotan and of Alberich.

Haagen is now a mighty prince, living with his half-brother and sister in a grand palace on the Rhine; and of course he has heard of the fame of Siegfried, and of the story of Brünnhilde, and knows very well that the ring is now resting as a love token on her finger. And though he is quite aware that neither he nor his brother could win Brünnhilde (because of certain difficulties to which we shall allude hereafter), he thinks that he might by enchantments make Siegfried pass Brünnhilde on to his brother, and with her the ring, and all the power that belonged to it. Well, the very night before chance leads Siegfried to the palace, Alberich appears in a vision to his son, and tells him of the time and the manner in which all this might be done.

And it all turns out as Alberich devises, and quite forgetting his wife,

Brünnhilde, Siegfried, under magic influence, marries Haagen's sister, Gutrune, and forces Brünnhilde to marry the brother, and having sworn a solemn oath of faith and fealty, convicts himself most clearly of perjury, for when the magic power is presently withdrawn, he tells outright at a hunting party the whole story of his life; and this gives Haagen the opportunity to kill him as a liar and perjurer. And it would seem now that the ring will return to the keeping of the Nibelungs, and that the powers of evil will be triumphant. But in fact, the sequel is different; for when, in solemn procession and with dead march and mourning, the body of Siegfried is borne from the hunting-field to the palace, Brünnhilde learns from Gutrune the story of treachery, and determines to leap into the burning pyre on which the corpse is presently laid, with the ring on her finger, which at the last moment she will fling back to the three daughters in the Rhine: and this, indeed, with grand self-sacrifice, she does; and the flames of the pyre rise higher and yet higher, and burn up the Palace of Haagen and reach even to Walhalla itself; and amid the crash of palaces and the wrath of the heavens, the Rhine-daughters appear, singing on the agitated waves of the river, and bear off into its bosom the fatal ring, and Haagen himself, who tries at the last to wrest it from their grasp.

So ends the story, and though nothing much is left at the end, I suppose the moral is, that gold is stronger than the gods, and that love is stronger than gold, and that "the old order changeth, yielding place to the new."

It is a noble legend, and Wagner has done thus much for the fine old mummy, that he has galvanized it again into life—given a purpose to its new being. He has connected fragments, and shaped a long series of tales into a very consistent whole. I think also that the hidden meanings and thoughts which underlie all these distorted shapes of history are more easy to find as he has rewritten it; the struggle of the half-mythic German races—the expression, under the sem-

dance of Gothic myth, of the Christian mythology and ideas.

Written as it was, part by part, through a long series of years, it is unequal; steadily rising indeed in poetic vein: but for all that it is *as a whole* most remarkable, and singularly harmonious. It will be remembered that, except in a few bursts of passion, rhyme is discarded, and a trochaic *alliterative* form of verse adopted, which suits the peculiar cadence of recitative well, and, from the semblance of sounds, the words in any passage are easy to declaim and exceedingly easy to catch. The extracts which would repay the ordinary German reader occur mainly in the great acts between Siegmund and Sieglinde and Siegfried and Brünnhilde, and in the finer parts of the *Götterdämmerung*. Two instances may be cited as illustrations of the poetic atmosphere which is freely shed over the whole. The first is when Siegmund, really the son of the god Wotan, flies for shelter, as we have said, to the hut where Sieglinde, his sister, is kept in thrall by Hunding, the destroyer of their home. Hunding will not violate the hospitality of his hearth, but challenges his guest to a death-struggle on the morrow; and thus to die here for whom the sword has been destined by Wotan, the hour of extremest need or it has arrived. Siegfried has at once conceived a love for the fugitive, and, as he sits brooding over the fire, which is dying down in the hearth, comes down in her snowy night dress to point out to him the hilt of the magical weapon in the ash. Her love awakens an answer in his breast, and at this supreme moment the door in the background bursts open, showing a shimmering spring vista in a wood illuminated by the full splendour of the moon. At once Siegmund breaks out into a strain of true word poetry, wedded to music equally fresh and beautiful:—

"Laughter of spring I heard in the hall;  
Angel of winter is hushed at his call;  
Splendid and soft are the tresses of May,  
Bending breezes bear him by on his way,  
Fair field and forest with freshness flow  
As the sun of his smile sheds light below;

Of his music the buoyant birds are the birth,  
Of his fragrance the blossoms and blooms of  
the earth.

His heart heaves in the sap and the spring-  
ing seed.

By the trace of his presence the world is  
freed." . . .

It has been said that in the succeeding love-scene the music is almost Swinburnian in lusciousness; and certainly with the singularly exquisite accompaniment, in which the wood and the harp dominate entirely over the strings, and the brass is absent, there is a softness of emotion which heightens the stage effect and the real melody in the voices to the highest pitch, but it is never commonplace and never ignoble, and therefore never sensuous. For I do most thoroughly hold that true music may excite but cannot degrade. Trivial airs with sensual accessories have given to opera bouffe a bad name, but music is not chargeable with the offence. The peculiar vividness of the realism in the final scene of the act, when the sword Nothung (necessity) is drawn from the wood, and the passion of the lovers openly declared, could only have been obtained by a writer who was at once a poet, a dramatist, and a musician. A moonlight effect is as old as the introduction of the limelight, but it would be simply impossible for the most *blasé* spectator to be unaffected by it here, or to sit unmoved during the torrent of musical and verbal painting which brings the curtain down.

A second instance which we would cite is even more fresh and original, and occurs in the act which would be to most audiences the most effective of all, and which at Bayreuth produced a really wild burst of enthusiasm from friend and foe alike—it forms the final scene of Siegfried. When the Walküre Brünnhilde is laid to sleep for her disobedience to Wotan, deprived of her divinity, and reduced to defenceless womanhood; she rests, at her earnest entreaty (forming in itself a fine passage), on a rock surrounded by a sea of fire and flame, so that no one short of the true stature of a hero may



bend her to his will. So Siegfried—hero-sprout of the god-begotten Sieglinde and Siegmund—reared in the utter solitude of the wild, brought up by the Nibelung Mime (who hoped to win the Rhine gold by his prowess, and by the murder of the heir to enter into the riches and power of the ring), knowing no kind of his own, most ignorant of the form and face of woman; slayer of the dragon, instructed by the fire of its blood to follow where the bird-voice leads through desert and death to win some ineffable companion, some near likeness to his mother, on whose unknown wrongs and feigned figure he broods: he—undaunted by danger, ignorant of fear, unhindered by wrestling with his own god-ancestor—has passed through the flame to the rock where the Walküre sleeps. All clad in armour, covered with the long shield on which of old she bore hero-souls to Walhalla, no longer a Walküre but a mere maiden, she sleeps! What is this form, so unlike the dwarf Mime, unlike the shadow of himself which he has pondered over in the stream? Lift away the long shield, sever the envious joints of the harness, penetrate to the mystery of the womanly robe and the gentle swell of the virgin form:—

“A wonder withers and works in my heart!  
With fiery fancies my senses start;  
Mother, oh, mother! be near, be near,  
To thy fearless son who is fettered by fear.”

Readers of Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia* will be able to imagine how a poet can paint the ardour and the shrinking, the fervour and the fear, of the youth who has never seen the form or face of woman, but seeing it, is mastered by love and bashfulness—only he must believe that the freshness, the beauty of the situation, is given without the tinge of coarseness which with Dryden was, alas, a necessity. He wakes her of course, as prince ever wakes sleeping maiden, with a kiss; and the waking of Brünnhilde, her horror at her own womanhood and her glory in the fire of Siegfried's manhood, her shrinking and her yielding, her utter abandonment to love at the end, are given in words and music, and with an

absolute wealth of variety in accompaniment, which alone would stamp Wagner as a poet and musician of the highest rank. Moreover nature will have its way, and for the only time throughout the tetralogy, the soprano and tenor are blended in legitimate duet which carries everything before it by its rarity and its richness when it does come.

This is the finest act of the whole work, and we can only bewail the fact that Siegfried is never likely to be represented separately, the story and the *motifs* of the music being absolutely dependent on the preceding parts.

And now we are bound to consider at such length and with such absence of technicality as befits this journal, the mode in which Wagner the musician has accomplished his self-imposed gigantic task. It is again noticeable that the work was composed at different times, and that therefore there is a progressive style visible in the separate volumes of it. It is however singularly harmonious, a whole designedly and actually, and in his very last manner—the school of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger*—with little or no reminiscence of *Tannhäuser* or the *Hollander*. Once and for ever vocal concerted music is abandoned as an element, and that by the composer of the march in *Tannhäuser* and the quintet in *Lohengrin*: there are two exquisite female trios for the Rhine daughter; a duet wrested as it were from him in the very climax of the most amorous situation; a chorus for female voices, if it may be so termed, at the Walkyrie rock, really a twelve-part canon of the most eccentric character, depicting with a realism which is little short of marvellous, the wild shouts and equine wailings of those uncanny creatures; a marriage chant at the unnatural bridal of Siegfried and Gertrude, which is as unmelodious though as proportionately descriptive of the situation as can well be. And these form the sum of all departure from the form of accompanied declamation, recitation, on “themic” melody (to coin a phrase) for single voices: for them, as far as we can discover, there are not

...the most valuable of his early years, well know that in concerted music he specially excels—it must have been no small sacrifice to hide his talent on a napkin, and deliberately to adopt, to the exclusion of all other vocal melodic form, his dramatic pearl, the *motif* principle. The *motif*-principle, then, which is growing on him in *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger*, is at last elaborated and brought to maturity in his final and crucial work. Let it be understood that every idea, and passion, and situation, and character, has its individual and separate expression in the assigned *motif*. In the entire work there are no less than ninety of

these *motifs*, not the least in which they stand, whenever the words, ideas, or development of the characters demand—interwoven, reversed, battling against one another: now in the wood, now on the strings, now with the whole orchestra, now in actual symphony, crisscrossed out with theme and *motif*, now by snatches in the voices—is a marvel and a study. After two days of the four were passed, you might during many bars have shut your eyes, and, by the mere act of listening, have told what the action on the stage must be. Some of these *motifs* are of exquisite beauty, such as those of the Walhalla, the Hero, the Fire, the Rhine-gold: the first soothing and fanciful; the second with a subdued trumpet obbligato, the very embodiment of chivalrous feeling; the third with an indistinct shimmer of bells, and whizzing of violins, and a dancing melody for the clarionets, which is just burning and unsatisfying; the fourth a mingled wail and rejoicing, a wonder of suggestiveness. Then there are *motifs* whose very breath is discord, as of the Dragon, and the Tarnhelm, and the Alberich, and the Haagen. There is the *motif* of the forge, with the sound of anvils and the whirr of bellows, simulated by 'cello and drum and triangle. And the characters themselves are told to you by the sounds which accompany them. It is quite a new art that character should really be drawn by music. No one who was at Bayreuth can doubt that it can be. To describe it in these pages would be difficult and tedious. Let it suffice to say that, by a conventional set of phrases, as it were, and by blending and opposing them—by utter disregard of conventionality, of mere *pleasurable* sound, free use of elaborated discords and unfinished cadences, the story is literally told in music, as well as by gesture, and voice, and *mise-en-scène*.

Disciples tell us that the whole work is in *crescendo*, the *Götterdämmerung* being the highest development of the art; we should say that for beauty as ordinarily understood, it is seldom equal to the *Walkyrie* or *Siegfried*, but it is certainly



the most astonishing, varied, and dramatic of all.

Take two instances. When Siegfried comes to the palace of the Gibichungen, the lineal descendants of the perished Nibelungen, he is given a fatal potion, as we have already mentioned, whereby he forgets all his former experiences of his love for Brünnhilde, becomes as one of his foes, and passionately attached to Gutrune, the sister of his hereditary foe. At once his former phrases are perverted into extreme keys, he catches up and imitates the discordant Haagen-motif, the very Hero-motif is flattened and discordant. Again, he is by and by given a certain potion, and compelled to reveal his old life, thereby to prove his falseness and justify his impending murder. In a single song he relates the incidents of his birth and infancy, his exploits, and finally his passing through the fire and his winning of Brünnhilde—herein all the motifs connected with the development in the former and present play of his experiences are recapitulated, *ten* in all—and when the exquisite climax is reached, the accompaniment passes through a beautiful modulation into a singularly fresh development of the finale of *Siegfried*.

Critics, who were not present at Bayreuth, and by no possibility can have gained acquaintance from the printed scores with its possibilities in performance, have scoffed at the comparison of certain passages, or rather movements, in the orchestra, with the symphonies of Beethoven. Beethoven is Wagner's cherished and acknowledged master; for many years he studied two authors mainly, Shakspeare for poetry, Beethoven for music. Thus, many periods of the accompaniment are thrown into true symphonic form, of which the subjects are the motifs which describe the action; of the opening in *Siegfried* of which the Forge-motif is the subject, of the *adagio* which connects together the first and second acts of the *Götterdämmerung*, of the *andante* with which the *Walküre* concludes, not even Beethoven himself would have been otherwise than proud. If nothing else in it is admirable, the work of the orchestra must

be recognized as such. But to say that any one can appreciate its variety, almost endless, in a single hearing is monstrous. Here is the damning fact, that neither can orchestra be found to play, nor singers to declaim, nor audience to listen to the work as a whole again. Herein is chronicled the euthanasia of the *magnum opus* of the advanced school: for it is evident not even the riches of the score will induce the ordinary conductors or executants to rehearse frequently or perform unflinchingly; that no love of art or disdain of lucre will persuade singers to strain and sacrifice their voices to the caprice of a theorist; and that finally, no intellectual excitement, however supreme, will compel average audiences to study (as it must be studied) the minute development of tone and character painting which makes Wagner the George Eliot of Music. That it will modify in a measure all future opera which is to live, I believe. Composers must in future recognize some dramatic element in dramatic music. But that it will live itself, in any form of life worth calling life, I do not believe. A curiosity to be revived once in a generation by an artist nation, a wonder to be studied darkly by musicians, but little else. The *Walkyrie*, if I am not much mistaken, will be heard in a year or two in every leading German city; it will stand by itself; in six or seven years, perhaps (for even musical events crowd on us in these days) it will penetrate to London. We shall enjoy in due course the routine of the "event" of the Italian season; the manager will rely on the scenes of the *Walküren-Ritt* and the *Fire-rock* to carry through his venture; the artistes will convert Wagnerian declamation (*to be sung in strict time*) into Italian recitative "*largo alla voce*;" the Battle of the Critics will be fought in the morning journals; but, at least, the *morceaux* will escape that lowest form of art life which in the metempsychosis of musical vitalities is reserved for the airs of the Italian Maestri—the Barrel Organ.

C. HALFORD HAWKINS.

than six definite "airs," and those occur where the action of itself duces them. There is the bird air, then birds may be considered to not to speak; Siegfried's long monologue then he is giving a ballad of some sort; something very like our old English ballads and again for Brünnhilde when they may be imagined to have been all victims of rust and of olden times and again in the attainment of an and finally in the attainment of the Wagnerian literature with the music there is a sense of a more or less greater in the music than in the words, visible, and the music is more or less used for the purpose (also opposite to and meaning) of the music, alive, but the music is all genuine, insisted upon and thus who have added are all with the music—use with the music, and for the refreshment of Siegfried's part, these opposites, even more than the place of the voice, *Allegretto* of *Valse*—aesthetic only a mind delirious only so far as the music is to enter into the music, after the objects with which it is connected, *Allegretto*, fixed, as the *Allegretto* literature, and a *Allegretto* of music is clear indeed; *Allegretto* has often been used in a *Allegretto* of music, by the way, of what is old and accurate, of the response of what is new—*Allegretto* would never have discovered *Allegretto* the charm of any work, *Allegretto* or old, who value what is *Allegretto* literature for its accessories, *Allegretto* for the conventional authority *Allegretto* gathered about it; people who *Allegretto* really have been made glad *Allegretto* Venus fresh risen from the sea, *Allegretto* praise the Venus of old Greece *Allegretto*, only because they fancy her *Allegretto* now into something staid and

as the term *classical* has been too absolute, and therefore in the same sense, so the term *romantic* has been used much too vaguely, in the same sense. The sense in which it is called a romantic writer is that, in opposition to the

those who have loved strange adventure, and sought it in the middle age. Much later, in a Yorkshire village, the spirit of romanticism bore a more genuine fruit in the work of a young girl, Emily Brontë—the romance of *Wuthering Heights*; the figures of Hareton Earnshaw, of Catherine Linton and of Heathcliff, with his tears falling into the fire, tearing up Catherine's grave and removing one side of her coffin, that he may really lie beside her in death,—figures so passionate, woven on a background of delicately beautiful moorland scenery,—being typical examples of that spirit. In Germany, again, that spirit is shown less in Tieck, its professional representative, than in Meinhold, the author of *Sidonia the Sorceress* and the *Amber Witch*. In Germany and France, within the last hundred years, the term has been used to describe a particular school of writers; and, consequently, when Heine criticises the *Romantic School* in Germany, that movement which culminated in Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, or when Théophile Gautier criticises the romantic movement in France, where indeed it bore its most characteristic fruits, and its play is hardly yet over (where in a certain *bizarrie* of motive, united with faultless literary execution, it still shows itself in the writings of Feuillet and Flaubert), they use the word with an exact sense of special artistic qualities; but they use it, nevertheless, with a limited application to the manifestation of those qualities at a particular period. But the romantic spirit is in reality an ever-present, an enduring principle in the artistic temperament, and the qualities of thought and style which that and other similar uses of the word *romantic* really indicate, are indeed but symptoms of a very continuous and widely-working influence.

Though the words *classical* and



romantic, then, have acquired an almost technical meaning in application to certain developments of German and French taste, yet this is but one variation of an old opposition which may be traced from the very beginning of the formation of European art and literature. From the first formation of anything like a standard of taste in these things, the restless curiosity of their more eager lovers necessarily made itself felt, in the craving for new motives, new subjects of interest, new modifications of style. Hence, the opposition between the classicists and the romanticists, between the adherents, in the culture of beauty, of liberty, and authority respectively, of strength and order or what the Greeks called κοσμιότης.

Sainte-Beuve, in the third volume of the *Causeries de Lundi*, has discussed the question, *What is meant by a classic?* It was a question he was well fitted to answer, having himself lived through many phases of taste, and having been in earlier life an enthusiastic member of the romantic school; he was also a great master of that sort of philosophy of literature which delights in tracing traditions in it, and the way in which various phases of thought and sentiment maintain themselves, through successive modifications, from epoch to epoch. His aim, then, is to give the word *classic* a wider and, as he says, a more generous sense than it commonly bears; to make it expressly *grandiose et flottant*; and in doing this, he develops, in a masterly manner, those qualities of measure, purity, temperance, of which it is the especial function of classical art and literature, whatever meaning, narrower or wider, we understand by the term, to take care.

The charm, then, of what is classical in art or literature is that of the well-known tale, to which we can nevertheless listen over and over again, because it is told so well. To the absolute beauty of its form is added the accidental, tranquil charm of familiarity. There are times, indeed, at which these charms fail to work on our spirits at all, because they fail to excite us. "Ro-

manticism," says Stendhal, "is the art of presenting to people the literary works which, in the actual state of their habits and beliefs, are capable of giving them the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, that which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their great-grandfathers." But then, beneath all changes of habits and beliefs, our love of that mere abstract proportion, of music, which what is classical in literature possesses, still maintains itself in the best of us, and what pleased our grandparents may at least tranquillise us. What is classical comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as a measure of what a long experience has shown us will at least never displease us. And in the classical literature of Greece and Rome, as in the classics of the last century, the essentially classical element is that quality of order in beauty, which they possess, indeed, in a pre-eminent degree, and which impresses some minds to the exclusion of everything else in them.

It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper. Curiosity and the desire of beauty have each their place in art, as in all true criticism. When one's curiosity is deficient, when one is not eager enough for new impressions, new pleasures, one is liable to value mere academical proprieties too highly, to be satisfied with worn-out or conventional types, with the insipid ornament of Racine, or the prettiness of that later Greek sculpture, which passed so long for true Hellenic work; to miss those places where the handiwork of nature, or the artist, has been most cunning; to find the most stimulating products of art a mere irritation. And when one's curiosity is in excess, when it overbalances the desire of beauty, then one is liable to value in works of art what is inartistic in them, to be satisfied with what is

exaggerated in art, with productions like some of those of the romantic school in Germany, not to distinguish jealously enough between what is admirably done, and what is done not quite so well, in the writings, for instance, of Jean Paul or Whitman. And if I had to give instances of these defects, then I should say that Pope, in common with the age of literature to which he belonged, had too little curiosity, so that there is always a certain insipidity in the effect of his work, exquisite as it is; and, coming down to our own time, that Balzac had an excess of curiosity, curiosity not duly tempered with the desire of beauty.

But, however falsely the two tendencies may be opposed by critics, or exaggerated by artists themselves, they are tendencies really at work at all times in art—moulding it, with the balance sometimes a little on one side, sometimes a little on the other, generating respectively, as the balance inclines on this side or that, two principles, two traditions, the classical and romantic traditions in art, and in literature so far as it partakes of the spirit of art. If there is a great overbalance of curiosity, then we have the grotesque in art; if the union of strangeness and beauty, under very difficult and complex conditions, be a successful one, if the union be entire, then the resultant beauty is very exquisite, very attractive. With a passionate care for beauty, the romantic spirit refuses to have it, unless the condition of strangeness be first satisfied. Its desire is towards a beauty born of unlikely elements, by a profound alchemy, by a difficult initiation, by the charm which wrings it even out of terrible things; and a trace of distortion, of the grotesque, may perhaps linger, as an additional element of expression, about its ultimate grace. Its flowers are ripened not by quiet, everyday sunshine, but by the lightning, which, tearing open the hill-side, brought the seeds hidden there to a sudden, mysterious blossoming. Its eager, excited spirit will have strength, the grotesque, first of all,—the

trees shrieking as you tear off the leaves; for Valjean, the long years of convict life; for Redgauntlet, the quicksands of Solway Moss; then, incorporate with this strangeness, superinduced upon it, intensified by restraint, as much sweetness, as much beauty, as is compatible with that. *Energique, frais, et dispos*—these, according to Sainte-Beuve, are the characteristics of a genuine classic—*les ouvrages anciens ne sont pas classiques parce qu'ils sont vieux, mais parce qu'ils sont énergiques, frais, et dispos*. Energy, freshness, intelligent, masterly disposition—these are characteristics of Victor Hugo when his alchemy is complete, in certain figures, like Marius and Cosette, in certain scenes, like that in the opening of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, when Déruchette writes the name of Gilliatt in the snow on Christmas morning; but always there is the little salt of strangeness discernible there as well.

The essential elements, then, of the romantic spirit are curiosity and the love of beauty; and it is, as the accidental effect of these qualities only, that it seeks the middle age; because, in the overcharged atmosphere of the middle age there are unworked sources of romantic effect, of a strange beauty, to be won, by strong imagination, out of things unlikely or remote.

Probably few now read Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*, though it has its interest, the interest which never quite fades out of work really touched with the enthusiasm of the spiritual adventurer, the pioneer in culture. It was published in 1810, to introduce to French readers a new school of writers, the romantic school, from beyond the Rhine; and it was followed twenty-three years later by Heine's *Romantische Schule*, as at once a supplement and a correction. Both these books, then, connect romanticism with Germany, with the names especially of Goethe and Tieck; and to many English readers the idea of romanticism is still inseparably connected with Germany—that Germany which, in its quaint old towns, under the spire of Strasburg or the towers of Heidelberg, was always listening in



rapt inaction to the melodious, fascinating voices of the middle age, and which, now that it has got its Strasburg back again, has, I suppose, almost disappeared. But neither Germany, with its Goethe and Tieck, nor England, with its Byron and Scott, is nearly so representative of the romantic temper as France, with Mürger, and Gautier, and Victor Hugo. It is in French literature that its most characteristic expression is to be found; and that, as most closely derivative, historically, from such peculiar conditions as ever reinforce it to the utmost.

For, although temperament has much to do with the generation of the romantic spirit, and although this spirit, with its curiosity, its thirst for a curious beauty, may be always traceable in excellent art, traceable even in Sophocles, yet still, in a limited sense, it may be said to be a product of special epochs. Outbreaks of this spirit, that is, come naturally with particular periods; times when, in men's desires towards art and poetry, curiosity may be noticed to take the lead; when men come to art and poetry, with a deep thirst for intellectual excitement, after a long *ennui*, or in reaction against the strain of outward practical things; in the later middle age, for instance; so that medieval poetry, centering in Dante, is often opposed to Greek and Roman poetry, as romantic to classical poetry. What the romanticism of Dante is, you may measure if you compare the lines in which Virgil describes the hazel-wood, from whose broken twigs flows the blood of Polydorus, not without the expression of a real shudder at the ghastly incident, with the whole canto of the *Inferno* into which Dante has expanded them, beautifying and softening it meanwhile by a sentiment of profound pity. And it is especially in that period of intellectual disturbance, the breaking up of a long winter, amid which the romance languages define themselves at last, that this temper shows itself. Here, in the poetry of Provence, the very name of romanticism is stamped with its true signification; here we have indeed a romantic world,

grotesque even, in the strength of its passions, almost insane in its curious expression of them, drawing all things into its sphere, making birds and lifeless things its voices and messengers; yet so penetrated with the desire for beauty and sweetness, that it begets a wholly new species of poetry, in which the *Renaissance* may be said to begin. The last century was pre-eminently a classical age, an age in which, in art and literature, the element of a comely order was in the ascendant; which, passing away, left a hard battle to be fought between the classical and the romantic schools. Yet it is in the heart of this century, with Goldsmith and Stothard, with Watteau and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* in one of its central, if not most characteristic figures, in Rousseau, that modern romanticism, French romanticism, really originates. And what in the eighteenth century is but an exceptional phenomenon, breaking through its fair reserve and discretion only at rare intervals, is the habitual guise of the nineteenth, breaking through it perpetually, with a feverishness, an incomprehensible straining and excitement, which all experience to some degree, but yearning also, in the genuine children of the romantic school, to be *énergique, frais, et dispos*, for those qualities of energy, freshness, comely order; and often, in Mürger, in Gautier, in Charles Baudelaire, for instance, with singular felicity attaining them.

Into the character of Rousseau Mr. John Morley has entered, with a perfect dramatic justice, analysing, and combining into an entirely conceivable whole, the wildness which has shocked so many, and the fascination which has influenced almost every one, in that squalid, eloquent figure, which we see so clearly in Mr. Morley's book, wandering under the apple-blossoms and among the vines of Neufchatel or Vevay, itself like a very successful romantic invention. His passionateness, his lacerated heart, his deep subjectivity, his *bizarrie*, his distorted strangeness—he makes all men in love with these. *Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai vus—si je ne voux pas mieux, au moins je suis*

*autre*.—These words, from the first page of the *Confessions*, anticipate all the Werthers, Rénés, Obermanns, of the last hundred years. For Rousseau did but foretaste a trouble in the whole spirit of the wide world; and thirty years afterwards, what in him was a profound subjectivity, became part of the general consciousness. It is in Rousseau's terrible tragedy that French romanticism, with much else, begins; and in the wonderful chapter on *The Hermitage* in Mr. Morley's first volume, we seem actually to assist at the birth of this new, strong spirit in the French mind. A storm was coming; Rousseau, with others, felt it, and helped to bring it down; and, as a fact in literary history, he introduces a disturbing element into French literature, then so trim and formal, like our own literature of the age of Queen Anne.

In 1815, the storm had come and gone; but had left, in the spirit of young France, the *ennui* of an immense disillusion. In the last chapter of Edgar Quinet's *Révolution Française*, a work itself full of irony, of disillusion, he distinguishes two books, Senancour's *Obermann* and Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, as characteristic of the first decade of the present century. In those two books we detect already the disease and the cure; in *Obermann* the irony, refined into a plaintive philosophy of indifference, which is the basis of both alike; in Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, the refuge from a tarnished actual present, into a world of strength and beauty in the middle age, as at an earlier period, in *Réné* and *Atala*, into the free play of them in savage life. It is to minds in this spiritual situation, weary of the present, but yearning for the spectacle of beauty and strength, that the works of French romanticism appeal. They set a positive value on the intense, the exceptional; and a certain distortion is sometimes noticeable in them, as in conceptions like Victor Hugo's *Quasimodo*, or *Gueuglaine*—something of a terrible grotesque, of the *macabre*, as the French themselves say—though always com-

bined with perfect literary execution, as in Gautier's *Morte Amoureuse*, or the scene of the "maimed" burial-rites of the player, dead of the frost, in his *Capitaine Fracasse*,—true flowers of the yew. It becomes grim humour in Victor Hugo's combat of Gilliatt with the devil-fish, or the incident, with all its ghastly comedy drawn out at length, of the great gun detached from its fastenings on shipboard, in *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*,—*le plus redoutable peut-être des événements de mer*, and in the entire episode there of the *Convention*. Not less surely does it reach a genuine pathos; for subjectivity, the habit of noting and distinguishing one's own most intimate passages of feeling, makes one sympathetic, as begetting a keen habit of entering, by all sorts of finer ways, into the intimate recesses of other minds. So that pity is a note of romanticism; both Gautier and Baudelaire being great lovers of animals, and charming writers about them; and Mürger being unrivalled in the pathos of his *Scènes de la vie de Jeunesse*, penetrating delicately into all situations which appeal to pity; above all, into the special or exceptional phase of feeling, because the romantic humour is not afraid of the quaintness or singularity of its circumstances or expression, pity, indeed, being the essence of humour; so that Victor Hugo, who knows the whole pathetic philosophy of children's toys, on which Baudelaire also has written so excellently, turns romanticism back into practice, in his hunger and thirst after *Justice*!—a justice which shall no longer wrong, by ignoring them in a stupid, mere breadth of view, facts about animals and children. Yet they are antinomian, too, sometimes. For the love of energy and beauty, of distinction in passion, tended naturally to become a little *bizarre*; plunging into the middle age, into the secrets of old Italian story. *Are you in the Inferno?*—you wonder at something malign in so much beauty. For over all is manifest that care for the refreshment of the spirit in art, that dominant love of beauty, so that, in



their search for subtle secrets of expression, they went back to that forgotten world of early French poetry, and literature became a delicate art; like goldsmith's work, says Sainte-Beuve, of Bertrand's *Gaspard de la Nuit*; an imagery all compact of vivid sensation in Gautier, *γλαφυρά καὶ ἀνθηρὰ σύνθεσις*; and that peculiarly French art, the art *argute loqui*, attains in them a proportion which it had never seen before.

Stendhal, a writer whom I have already quoted, and of whom English readers might well know much more than they do, stands between the earlier and later growths of the romantic spirit. His novels are full of romantic qualities; and his other writings, partly critical, partly personal reminiscences, are a very curious and interesting illustration of the needs out of which romanticism arose. In his book on *Racine and Shakspeare*, Stendhal argues that all good art was romantic in its day; and this is perhaps true in Stendhal's sense. This book, a book full of "dry light" and fertile ideas, was published in the year 1823; and the object of the little treatise is to defend the liberty and independence of choice, and treatment of subject, in art and literature, against those who upheld the exclusive authority of precedent. In pleading the cause of romanticism, therefore, it is the novelty, both of form and of motive, in writings like the *Hernani* of Victor Hugo, which soon followed it, raising a storm of criticism, that he is chiefly concerned to justify. To be interesting, to make us feel hot and cold, to keep us from yawning even, art and literature must follow the subtle movements of that nimbly-moving *Time-Spirit*, or *Zeit-Geist*, understood of French not less than of German criticism, which is always modifying men's taste, as it modifies their manners and their pleasures. This, he contends, is what all great workmen had always understood. Dante, Shakspeare, Molière, had exercised an absolute independence in their choice of subject and treatment. To turn always with that subtly-changeable essence, yet to retain the flavour of

what was admirably done in past generations, in the classics, as we say, is the problem of true romanticism. "Dante," he says, "was pre-eminently the romantic poet. He adored Virgil, yet he wrote the *Divine Comedy*, with the episode of Ugolino, which is as unlike the *Aeneid* as can possibly be. And those who thus obey the fundamental principle of romanticism, one by one become classical, and are joined to that ever-increasing general league, formed by men of all countries, to approach nearer and nearer to perfection."

Romanticism, then, although it has its epochs, is in its essential characteristics rather a spirit which shows itself at all times, in various degrees, in individuals and their works, and the amount of which criticism has to estimate in them taken one by one, than the peculiarity of a time or a school. Depending on the balance of curiosity and the desire of beauty, natural tendencies of the artistic spirit at all times, it must always be partly a question of individual temperament. The eighteenth century in England has been regarded as almost exclusively a classical reign; yet William Blake, a type of so much which breaks through what are conventionally thought the influences of that century, is still a noticeable phenomenon in it; and the reaction in favour of naturalism in poetry begins in it early. There are, thus, the born romanticists and the born classicists. There are the born classicists who start with form, to whose minds the comeliness of the old, immemorial, well-recognised types in art and literature, have revealed themselves impressively; who will entertain no matter which will not go easily and flexibly into them; whose work aspires only to be a variation upon, or study from, the older masters. "'Tis art's decline, my son!" they are always saying, to the progressive element in their own generation; to those who care for that which in fifty years' time everyone will be caring for. On the other hand, there are the born romanticists, who start with an original, untried matter, still in fusion; who conceive this vividly, and hold by it as the essence of their

work ; who, by the very vividness and heat of their conception, purge away from it, sooner or later, all that is not organically appropriate to it, till the whole effect adjusts itself in clear, orderly, proportionate form ; which form, after a very little time, becomes classical in its turn.

The romantic or classical character of a picture, a poem, a literary work, depends, as I said, on the balance of certain qualities in it ; and in this sense, a very real distinction may be drawn between good classical and good romantic work. But all critical terms are relative ; and there is at least a valuable suggestion in that theory of Stendhal's, that all good art was romantic in its day. In the beauties of Homer and Pheidias, quiet as they now seem, there must have been, for those who confronted them for the first time, excitement and surprise, the sudden, unforeseen satisfaction of the desire for beauty. Yet the *Odyssey*, with its marvellous adventure, is more romantic than the *Iliad*, which yet contains, among many other romantic episodes, that of the immortal horses of Achilles, who weep at the death of Patroclus. Æschylus is more romantic than Sophocles, whose *Philoctetes*, if written now, would figure, for the strangeness of its motive and the perfectness of its execution, as centrally romantic ; while, of Euripides, it may be said, that his method in writing his plays is to sacrifice readily almost everything else, so that he may attain the fulness of a single romantic effect. These two tendencies, indeed, might be applied as a measure or standard, all through Greek and Roman art and poetry, with very illuminating results ; and for an analyst of the romantic principle in art, no exercise would be more profitable, than to walk through the collection of classical antiquities at the Louvre, or the British Museum, or to turn over some representative collection of Greek coins,

and note how the element of curiosity of the love of strangeness, insinuates itself into classical design, and record the effects of the romantic spirit in them, the traces of struggle, of the grotesque perhaps ; overbalanced here by sweetness ; as in the sculpture of Chartres and Rheims, the real sweetness of mind in the sculptor is often overbalanced by the grotesque, by the rudeness of his strength.

Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what is pedantic, conventional, narrowly academical in art ; for him all good art is romantic. To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner on some authorised matter ; and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of sanity, of order and beauty, in manner. In general criticism, again, it means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson ; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit. But explain the terms as we will, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognisable ; united in perfect art, in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest work of Goethe, though not always absolutely balanced there ; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

WALTER H. PATER.



## THE SILENT POOL.

BENEATH the surface of the crystal water  
 Metallic shines a floor of frosted green ;  
 Uneven, like a depth of emerald lichen,  
 Thro' ranks of dark weeds gleams its fairy sheen.

Horsetails of varied growth and plumage sombre,  
 Like ancient warriors in dark armour dight ;  
 Like fair young maidens' arms the prism-hued grass-leaves,  
 Clinging in fond embrace before the fight.

Round and about this Silent Pool the ash-trees  
 Bend down in thirsty eagerness to drink ;  
 Amid their gray-green leaves show, keenly vivid,  
 Long feathering laurel-sprays that clothe the brink.

High up in air, some thirty feet or over,  
 A wild white rose above the footpath clings ;  
 Fearless she clasps a tough, unyielding ash-trunk,  
 And o'er the Pool gay wreaths of blossom flings.

Idly I drop a pebble in the water,  
 Each sombre horsetail nods a plumed head ;  
 Like pearl or opal gem, the stone sinks slowly,  
 Transmuted ere it reach its emerald bed.

Mystic the emerald hue beneath the water,  
 Weird-like this tint by which the scene is haunted ;  
 Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,  
 Or is the deep and silent Pool enchanted ?

Now as the widening ripple circles shoreward,  
 The plumed dusky warriors file away ;  
 The slender grass-blades wave bright arms imploring,  
 Streaking with tender green the grim array.

Leafless, a gaunt-armed giant oak, storm-scathed,  
 In gnarled bareness overhangs the Pool ;  
 Fantastic show its knotted limbs contorted,  
 Grotesque and gray among the leafage cool.

Caught here and there amid the feathered foliage  
Are glimpses of the far hills' softened blue,  
While overhead the clouds, snow-white and fleecy,  
Float slowly on a yet intenser hue.

From Norman times 'tis said, maybe from Saxon,  
This calm tree-circled lake secluded lay,  
Pure as an infant's breast, its crystal mirror  
Baring its inmost depths to gaze of day.

Some specks there are, some clay-flakes on its surface,  
To open view revealed, like childish sin ;  
No roots have they, nor downward growth, to canker  
The purity that dwells the Pool within.

Mystic the em'rald hue beneath the water,  
Fairy the tint by which the scene is haunted ;  
Vainly I ask my senses if they wake,  
Or is the clear and silent Pool enchanted ?

The swallow flits two-bodied o'er the water,  
Its four wings like a windmill's sails outspread ;  
Through the dark horsetails shoot the silver grayling,  
To seize the May-fly skimming overhead.

Flying from lawless love—so runs the story—  
A maiden plunged beneath this silent wave ;  
There, where a holly sits the bank so closely,  
She sprang and sank—beyond all power to save.

Six hundred years and more since that dark legend,  
Legend that stained a king with lasting shame—  
And still the deep and silent Pool lies crystal,  
Crystal and clear as that poor maiden's fame.

Yet mystic is the hue beneath the water ;  
Unreal the tint by which the scene is haunted ;—  
Again I ask my senses if they wake,  
Or if the Silent Pool's indeed enchanted ?

K. S. M.



## THE RESULTS OF FIVE YEARS OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

In this paper I do not propose to discuss the question whether the quality of elementary education in this country has improved or deteriorated in consequence of the introduction of compulsion. Few inquiries would be more difficult. There is no absolute standard of quality, and the question whether an increased amount of teaching in extra subjects has compensated for the falling off, if there is any falling off, in the acquirements ascertained by the pass examinations, would be answered differently by different people. I use the word results for two things which can be measured in figures.

(1.) The change in the number of children attending efficient elementary schools.

(2.) The change, if any, in the regularity of attendance at school.

In the English Education Act, of 1870, the Government, for the first time, sanctioned the principle that wherever the school board of a locality believes that children ought to be compelled to attend school, parents *may* be compelled to send them under penalty of fine or imprisonment, subject to such bye-laws as the school board may enact.

Since that time, school boards representing a population of nearly  $12\frac{1}{2}$  millions of people in England and Wales have passed and worked compulsory bye-laws. Compulsion is now adopted by forty-six per cent of the whole population of England and Wales, and by eighty-two per cent of the borough population.

In the new Education Act of 1876, England has adopted the principle of universal compulsion, creating a school attendance committee where there is no school board, and enjoining that committee or the school board of the locality to make and enforce bye-laws and otherwise carry out the provisions of the Act.

They are briefly these:—

1st. It is declared to be the duty of every parent to see to the elementary education of his child above five and below fourteen.

2nd. No employer is permitted to employ

(a) any child under ten years of age with certain—no doubt considerable—permitted exceptions; or,

(b) any child over ten and up to fourteen

without a certificate either of education or of previous attendance of a due amount.

The employer is liable in penalties not exceeding 40s. The parent is liable for his child, and he may be fined or his child may be taken from him and sent either to a certified industrial school, or to a new kind of certified day industrial school, which gives meals, but not lodging. The school board and the school attendance committee are to have power to make bye-laws regulating the attendance of children. For the present the standard of education required after ten, will be Standard IV., and of school attendance, 250 attendances (out of 450 possible) in each of five years *after* five years of age. These provisions will come into force fully in 1881.

In Scotland, the Act of 1872 for the first time adopted the principle of universal statutory compulsion, and the school boards which are established in every parish in the country have since been charged to see that all children between five and thirteen attend school with reasonable regularity. Offenders are liable to prosecution by the school board before the Sheriff. But there is no definition of regularity of attendance in the Act; there is no power given to school boards to make binding bye-laws in the matter; and the Sheriff is the sole judge whether a school board prosecuting for irregularity

is setting up a reasonable or an unreasonable standard.

In Ireland there is no compulsory law.

In the belief that a statement of the actual results of the compulsory measures which have been tested by experience might be generally interesting, and in the hope that it might point to some important practical inferences, I have collated the statistics of the different countries and of several great cities. I owe my information to the official returns, and especially to the great courtesy of the school board officers for London, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow.

Ireland, as I have said, is under no compulsory law. Its educational progress may, therefore, be advantageously compared with that of Scotland and England, and especially with that of the four great English communities, in which compulsion has been more or less gradually introduced since 1871, and of Glasgow, where it has been introduced since 1873. The returns are those of the National Board, whose schools, certainly, supply most of the educational wants of that country, though since the inquiry of the Primary Education Committee held in 1868, there is no means of indicating the precise proportion of the work done there by outside organizations.

The *advance of education in Ireland* may be measured by the following figures:—

#### CHILDREN ON ROLLS.

1870 . . . . .	951,000
1875 . . . . .	1,012,900

an addition in five years of 61,000, or 6 per cent. This provision of school education in Ireland may at first sight seem sufficient; the population being somewhere about five-and-a-half millions, and *one in six* in school attendance, being admittedly a very high figure, not reached by either England or Scotland. But the National Board counts children on the roll in a way altogether peculiar. The details of that difference are explained in the Irish report for 1875. In

that year it has for the first time given us the means of comparing attendance with population according to the scale with which we are familiar. It appears that, instead of 1,012,000 children on the rolls, 578,000 would have been so reckoned on the English method—say between one in nine and one in ten of the population on the roll. There is thus a great mass of uneducated children to draw upon, and we may say without any hesitation that the slow increase of about 1 per cent per annum on the average of the last five years is *not* due to the supply of uneducated children in Ireland having been at all exhausted. The average daily attendance is 390,000, which is 67 per cent of the roll attendance computed according to the English mode, and about one in fourteen of the population. The Irish mode of reckoning one attendance per day, however, is less strict than the English mode of two attendances; and I have no doubt that if the Irish were to adopt the English method, the Irish proportion of average to roll attendance would be lower than 67 per cent.

The three simple standards by which I shall measure educational status will be these:—

1. What is the average attendance, and what proportion does it bear to the population?
2. At what rate has it been recently increasing?
3. What proportion of the children on roll are in average attendance?

The third question tests the regularity of the children. It is the only test available. No doubt the rolls are kept in a rather loose way in many localities, and it would be infinitely better if some statistical datum subject to no dubiety, *e.g.* the number of children who have actually attended school during a certain time fixed uniformly for the whole country, were substituted for the roll attendance, by the central authorities. In the meantime we have no choice, and although the test is a rough one, it is probably fairly sufficient.

In *Scotland* the change to the new system was made in 1872. During the



last year of the old system, the annual grant schools showed an average attendance of 214,000, being one in sixteen of the population. In the first year the change had scarcely begun to work—the average rising only to 221,000. In the second year, however, it rose to 264,000, and in the present year to 304,000. In three years, therefore, under the quickening impulse of a universal compulsory law, the average school attendance of Scotland has increased by 90,000 children, being 42 per cent; while in five years the average attendance in Ireland has increased from 359,000, by 31,000 pupils, being  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The average attendance in National Schools in Ireland in 1870 bore much the same proportion to the whole population as in Privy Council schools in Scotland in 1872. In 1875 the average attendance in Ireland was one in fourteen of the population, while in Scotland it was one in eleven.

These figures are no doubt somewhat too favourable to the principle of compulsion. The Scotch Act added to the annual grant schools a number of old parish schools which formerly did a considerable portion of the work of the country, but which had not been included in the Privy Council returns. I have no data by which I can accurately measure the amount of this mere statistical addition to the Privy Council figures. But in the list of schools actually added and to be added, we find that the number of new schools for which building grants have been obtained since 1872 is 1383, being half as many as the whole previous supply. The fact indicates a rise in attendance much the same as that which I have given above.

The average attendance over all Scotland bears now the proportion to the roll of 75 per cent, which compares very favourably with the Irish average of 67 per cent, and the more favourably as a great number of the new scholars in Scotland belong to the classes whose children are most disposed to attend irregularly.

The effect of the changes which have taken place in *England* since 1870 is not

masked by any statistical accident like the addition of the old parochial schools *en masse* to the annual grant list. In the year before the English Educational Act, with its permissive compulsion, began to operate, the average attendance of day scholars was 1,152,389, being one in *nineteen* of the population, whereas it is now 1,837,180, or one in *thirteen* of the population. It has risen 685,000, or 60 per cent in the five years, while that in Ireland has only risen  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, and that in Scotland has risen 42 per cent in three years. It may be comforting to ratepayers to learn that the schools already provided can hold a considerable number of additional children. Each department in England with accommodation for 163 scholars had an average attendance last year of 95. The accommodation provided in England is in excess of that used by as much as 70 per cent. In Scotland, as might have been expected, there has been no such extravagance in public money in anticipation of public needs. The Scotch schools have accommodation for 133 per department, to meet an average attendance of 103—an excess of 30 per cent. The 70 per cent of England is no doubt partly due to the passionate efforts made by managers during the English year of grace in 1871.

The average attendance in England, 67 per cent of the roll, is identical with that of Ireland—a result which is somewhat surprising, considering that 60 per cent of new and untrained, and consequently irregular, scholars, have been added to the school lists during the last five years.

These are the general results for the three countries. But in England, compulsion is only partial, and although it is universal in Scotland, it is only at the beginning of its work.

We shall, accordingly, look somewhat more in detail to the results of the application of compulsion in the large cities, which are types of 82 per cent of the borough population of England. The Act of 1870 decreed a school board for London. The first step which the

board took was to discover the actual school supply in the metropolis, and to make a reasonable estimate of what was wanted. The Government theory was, that accommodation ought to be provided for one in six of the population. After making allowances for the middle and upper classes, and for the necessary absences, the School Board of London decided that a supply for one in eight of the population was enough to provide for *elementary* schooling in its district. Accordingly it was necessary to have accommodation for 420,000 children, the population in 1871 being approximately 3,356,000. The Board found schools existing in 1870, or erected or projected, between that and 1873, for 308,900, so that their first duty was to build for 112,000 more children. Many of the existing schools were inefficient—they had to work gradually towards the remodelling or uprooting of these inefficient schools—they had to alter the habit of irregular attendance. Between the spring of 1871 and the Michaelmas of 1873, two and a half years, they had increased the average attendance by 60,000. At Midsummer, 1876, the average attendance had risen to 305,749, an increase of 131,448 over the spring of 1871, when it was 174,301. Thus in five years the average attendance on efficient schools has risen by 75 per cent in the metropolis, against the Irish 8 per cent in five years. Besides this there were 42,000 in non-efficient schools, which is 12,000 fewer than in the previous year. There were 87,000 who ought to have been at school, but who were absent from various causes at Midsummer 1876. This official estimate of deficiency is founded on the theory that 575,000 children between three and thirteen require elementary teaching—say 1 in 6 of the population. But the School Board of London do not think it necessary to provide school accommodation for more than 440,000—say 1 in 8, and in fact they have provided, up to the end of 1876, for 420,000, which was their original estimate of existing deficiency. They have only to provide

for the children representing the increase of population since 1871 in efficient schools.

The change wrought since the foundation of the School Board system is thus enormous. Considering the number of untrained children drawn for the first time within the School Board net, the regularity of attendance secured is also very remarkable. It was 75 per cent of the roll in Midsummer,  $74\frac{1}{2}$  per cent at Christmas, 1875,  $76\frac{1}{2}$  per cent at Midsummer, 1876—rather better than that in Scotland—and these results are to be compared with the 67 per cent of Ireland, where there is no compulsion, and of all England, where it is only partial.

Of the 87,000 not attending school in the metropolis, I must add that 65,000 are under five, an age when we in Scotland scarcely think of sending children to school at all. The infant school system is, it is well known, much more developed in South than in North Britain.

For the sake of simplicity, I have neglected the varying increases of population in the large towns. To take it into account would introduce no material change in the comparative figures, and very little change of any kind.

It remains for us to look at the *dark side* of compulsion. In London two preliminary notices precede the parent's summons before a magistrate for neglect of his children. These warnings generally have the effect desired. Thus there were 35,000 A notices in last half year, which brought 13,000 to school or made them more regular; then there were 23,000 B notices; these were followed by 3,990 summonses, and by about 3,400 fines. At that time in London, 150 people were summoned, and 130 people were fined every week for neglecting the education of their children. The cost of this machinery for the year is 24,000*l.*, being 1*s.* 7*d.* per head per annum on the *average* attendance secured. But the cost, heavy though it is, seems to me scarcely worth counting compared with the feeling amongst the



poor which I should expect these prosecutions to create. There is no sign, however, that the efficiency of the present compulsory action is diminishing. The addition to the attendance in the half year ending Midsummer, 1875, was 17,600. In the half year ending Christmas 1875, it was only 1,400. But the winter was an exceptionally severe one, and the increase in the half-year ending Midsummer, 1876, has again risen to 17,252.

Figures and percentages are apt to leave rather a vague and shadowy impression, and it may help the reader to realise the difficulty as well as the extent of the problem practically presented to school board officers if I take four instances, at random, from the report of the London School Board. They seem to me to throw a vivid light on the infinite variety of domestic and social entanglements in which the enforcement of compulsion inevitably involves us.

"Richard Rust, 37 St. James's Road, was summoned for Richard, nine. The lad is a very bad one, and was rapidly going to ruin. The father having arranged with some friends in the country to take charge of him in the future, the summons was withdrawn upon payment of costs."

"Tomlin. In this case, notwithstanding that fines were imposed, and a warrant applied for, and granted, for the apprehension of the defendant, no good result ensued, as the warrant officer was unable to apprehend the father, who worked in the country, and seldom or never returned home except on Sundays. Application was made to the magistrate for a summons against the wife, on the ground that she had the 'actual custody.' This was granted, but she removed, and the Visitor has been unable to ascertain her address. She probably went into the country."

"Richard Raymond was summoned at Lambeth police-court for neglecting to cause his son, William, to attend school. The father stated that the boy

had been refused admission on account of an impediment in his speech. In order that inquiries might be made, Mr. Ellison adjourned the case for one week, when the statement of the father being proved false, a fine of 2s. and costs was inflicted."

"Henry Warner, summoned for his son, aged ten, pleaded that it was no fault of his, that his wife was master of the situation, and would not let the lad attend school. Case was adjourned for inquiry, which resulted in establishing the fact that the defendant was certainly not the master of his household; but the Magistrate said he ought to be, and fined him."

A family like Rust's shifts its residence out of London. The case drops out of the cognisance of those who have long been watching it, and new officers have to take it up from the very beginning. Tomlin's father is never at home except on Sundays, and when the school board officer summons the mother who has "the actual custody," Mrs. Tomlin slips through his fingers like an eel. Raymond's father pretends that he has an impediment, and that schools won't take him in. Poor Warner has a wife who won't let the lad attend school and won't let Warner send him there. There are forty cases for every one of these every week—two thousand times as many of such stories are told annually before the police courts of London—everyone of them with some ingenious variation of pretended excuse or some miserable and perplexing real difficulty.

The statistics of Liverpool are as follows:—The cost of compulsion is about 2s. per child *on the roll*—about 3s. per child in average attendance—which is about twice what it is in London. The increase in the average attendance on public elementary schools in five years is from 33,827 to 41,192, being 21 per cent as against the 8 per cent of Ireland, or the 75 per cent of London. The average attendance has fallen from 70 per cent to 64 per cent of the number on the roll, which is very significant of the class of children brought in by the

compulsory clauses. Besides the public schools, the authorities of Liverpool estimate that there were 10,058 on the roll of all other elementary schools in 1871, and 14,300 of all others in 1875. Liverpool has advanced; but very much more slowly than London. It started very much better than London did, and had far less leeway to make up. It is difficult precisely to compare its present educational position with that of London, because the non-public schools occupy much more of the ground in proportion than in the metropolis. Its population was 493,000 in 1871, and there were 14,000 seamen belonging to the port. So far as school attendance goes there is probably little now to choose between the two cities.

In Liverpool great attention is paid to the working of the compulsory bye-laws. In the year ending October 1, 1876, 6,182 notices were issued to parents, and 1,817 prosecutions took place in consequence. This would correspond to about 12,000 in London—the rate there being 8,000. Before the parent is prosecuted, parents are brought by the notices to meet a member of the Board and the Superintendent of Visitors, and such meetings are held two or three times a week. For instance, I am told, "In one small district, having about 2,000 children, the parents of 355 were brought before a member of the Board, and the present result is that 124 are regulars, 11 are delicate, 10 have removed, 6 are over age, one has been exempt, and there are 203 who are still irregular; 24 of these have been summoned more than once. Those from the 203 who are still irregular who have not been summoned are not considered irregular enough for a summons."

The statistics of Manchester are somewhat similar to those of Liverpool. The Manchester attendance returns were first collected by the Board in December, 1871. At that date the average attendance was 26,328, and the number on the roll was 39,240. The last quarterly returns for the quarter ending June,

1876, showed 32,220 children in average, and 50,461 in roll attendance. Thus, in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years, the average attendance has risen  $22\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, or 5 per cent per annum. The population of Manchester has remained practically stationary during the time, so that the same extent of increase was not to be expected as in the case, for instance, of Glasgow and of London. But the general effect on the results of making the allowance would nowhere be of very great importance.

The regularity of attendance may be measured as usual by the proportion which the average bears to the roll attendance. It was 67 per cent in Manchester before compulsion; it is now 64 per cent, and the change signifies that a new class, whose attendance it is unusually difficult to secure or to make regular, has been brought into school. Attendance in Manchester has not fallen much under the pressure of the compulsory law, but it was not higher before, and it is a little lower now, than the average for all England and for Ireland.

The compulsory powers of the School Board are extensively used in Manchester. The clerk of the Board tells me that the recent average is 70 or 80 cases brought before the magistrate per week. The pressure is exercised on two grounds—non-attendance and irregular attendance—and the Board at present aims to constrain children to give at least 80 per cent of possible attendances. The population of Manchester is 351,000, so that 70 per week—say 3,500 per year—represents one prosecution for every 100 persons. But this rate is only the existing or recent rate. In the whole of 1875 there were only 1,039 prosecutions—say 20 per week, or 1 in 340 of the population. I suppose that the increased activity of prosecution is largely due to the rise in the increased number of attendances, from 50 to 80 per cent, required under recent bye-laws. In the last week of which I was told the prosecutions amounted to as many as 130, which is



pretty much the same as for the ten times more populous city of London. I do not know the expense of school board prosecutions in Manchester. Both in that city and in Liverpool the attendance seems to have become slightly less regular under compulsion.

In Birmingham, the results are very remarkable. The city was the headquarters of the Education League, and that powerful and intelligent organization elected a majority of the School Board. *Noblesse oblige*. The first Birmingham Board felt itself bound to show what educational zeal could do. In December, 1871, the average attendance in public elementary schools was 16,263. Compulsion was not resorted to till May, 1872. Then and since then, the average has been—

December, 1871 . . . .	16,263
May, 1872 . . . .	20,028
" 1873 . . . .	28,035
" 1874 . . . .	30,339
" 1875 . . . .	34,718
" 1876 . . . .	38,817

Thus, in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years, the apparent increase in Birmingham has been 138 per cent. When account is taken of half-timers, according to the modes of computation of the Department, with which I need not trouble the reader, the increase in these  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years is the prodigious one of 150 per cent. In addition to this, the proportion of average attendance to the roll attendance has risen from 62 to 70 per cent. These magnificent results make the record of the first two School Boards of Birmingham memorable in the educational annals of England. They have not been obtained, however, without great exertions and severe pressure. Since May, 1872, prosecution has been resorted to in 7,515 cases, an average of 1,900 annually. At that rate, the annual average for London, with its 306,000 of attendance should be 17,000 instead of 8,000. Birmingham manages compulsion cheaply. Prosecutions used to cost them 1,000*l.* annually, they now cost, under a system of specially reduced fees, only 300*l.* But the chief expense of

compulsion, in London and probably everywhere, is due to the staff of visitors. The mere legal expenses of compulsion in London were under 300*l.* in the half year ending Midsummer 1876.

The compulsory action taken in London, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, is very stringent. In London there is one prosecution annually for every 450 of the population; in Birmingham, about one for every 200; in Manchester, about one for every 100 at present, and about 1 for every 340 in 1875. To me it appears doubtful whether the poorer classes will long endure such a pressure with patience. As the conviction of the necessity of school attendance and the habit of obedience to the law deepens in the masses of the people, we may hope, doubtless, that the same results, or others even more satisfactory, may be obtained at a far lower cost of legal process, with all the hardships and harassments which it involves. But it is difficult to believe that so much pressure is necessary.

In these respects the procedure and experience of Glasgow are in remarkable contrast with that of England. The authorities started two years later than in England; and as new schools have often to be built before children can be driven to school, the first years of compulsory action are always the least effective. The results are these. In inspected schools, and not inspected efficient schools charging the same as board schools, there were

30,103 in average attendance in 1873
36,568 " " 1874
42,675 " " 1875

The rise in two years has thus been 12,572, or 42 per cent—a rate almost as remarkable as that of Birmingham. The percentage of average attendance to roll attendance amounts to

79 per cent in 1873
76 " " 1874
78 " " 1875

which is still more remarkable. The latest results (October 9) are that Glasgow has managed to raise her average

attendance to 84 per cent of the numbers on the roll. Some not inspected efficient schools are included in these estimates; but they are a small fraction of the whole, and their exclusion would not materially alter the proportions of increase. They account for about 3,000 children. Setting them aside, indeed, we should have an increase of 50 per cent in the two years in the inspected schools, which is nearly quite equal to that of Birmingham.

The remarkable part of the case of Glasgow is the manner in which the compulsory clauses have been worked. I have thus described the process elsewhere. "The Glasgow secret is very simple. The Board goes down among the defaulting parents, holding frequent meetings in their own localities to hear the stories of the poor and to persuade them for their own and their children's good. They try everything before they prosecute. They distribute fly-leaves copiously, narrating the facts, so as to make every actual prosecution go as far as possible in persuading other people. Gentleness would be useless without firmness, and the Glasgow Board has not worn its sword of justice altogether in vain; but it has shrunk from prosecutions with an energy and a success which, now that compulsion is to be universal, I hope we may see widely imitated. In some rural districts, and perhaps with sensible women for compulsory officers, prosecutions ought to be almost unnecessary. The fact that the law is in the background ought there, at least, to be generally sufficient." Many people seem to doubt the efficacy of "fly-leaves" and to want something a little more like fly-blisters. I quote from a speech delivered by Mr. Mitchell, the convener of the Glasgow School Attendance Committee, on October 9:—

"My belief is, that the fly-sheets on which a few of the worst cases are recorded, with the corresponding penalties, are far more effectual with flagrant defaulters than actual prosecution itself would be. They see there, or have read

to them, details of prosecutions wherein parents neglecting the education of their children have been fined and imprisoned, and the dread of a similar infliction on themselves has an effect probably more powerful than a sheriff's warrant. Those of us who witnessed the proceedings in the sheriff's court connected with the few prosecutions which we instituted last year must have been impressed with the conviction that the cure was nearly as bad as the disease. I am inclined to the belief that we have nearly as many necessary illustrations for our fly-leaves as may serve our purpose and prevent the need of prosecutions for many days to come."

I supplement what I have said above by Mr. Mitchell's further statement that the conduct of the school board officers has naturally animated the spirit of their masters:—

"Without doubt these meetings have had the best possible effect, both directly and indirectly. Still, I would remind the Board that for one parent dealt with in this way there are a hundred defaulting parents who have been induced to send their children to school by means altogether different. The call of the school board officer, the printed form setting forth the requirements of the Education Act, the persuasive remonstrance and warning which the officer plies *during repeated calls*—these have been by far the most effectual means in enabling us to reduce the number of defaulting parents. The officers, no doubt, who are always present at the Board Meetings with defaulting parents, have largely imbibed the spirit of forbearance and sympathy which the Board have shown to the poor people who are brought before them, and this has given them access to the parents, and a success in their work which they might not otherwise have attained."

The name of the convener of the Glasgow School Board School Attendance Committee will long be held in honour for a work unique in its character, and in its successful result. In the three years of his reign the School Attendance



Committee has dealt with 20,515, less by removals, 2,819, and exemptions, 1,684—say 16,000 defaulting parents. Of these, 8,000 sent children to school after a remonstrance and personal warning by visit of the officers. 5,800 more went to school after notice sent to them warning them of the possibility of prosecution following that notice. The members of the School Board themselves met with the defaulting parents on eighteen separate occasions, and 1,400 children of the balance of nearly 2,200 were sent to school in consequence. *Only 51 have been prosecuted during the three years of the action of the Board.* Everything is done to avoid prosecutions—it is only when everything else fails that they are resorted to. The rate-payers' money is saved, the goodwill and the consciences of the people are enlisted in education, the work of future boards is made infinitely easier, and attendance more regular than elsewhere has been secured. No part of the labour of the Glasgow Board has been more profitable than the eighteen meetings held with defaulting parents, in different parts of the city where the people live, between February, 1874 and January, 1876. There were 1,834 parents summoned to meet the Board, representing 2,269 children. All but 250 of the parents answered. The Board divided itself into fragments, each sitting separately, and in the whole of a long day getting through about 100 cases each. Mr. Mitchell has shown how to meet the greatest difficulty of the compulsory system. His is a kindly and patriarchal government. Parents are, so far, reasonable creatures, and an ounce of gentle but firm persuasion seems to go as far with most of them as a pound of punishment. Even if, on a review of the whole circumstances, it might seem desirable, it might in some cases be difficult, to go back on the decided steps which have been taken. And these steps, it must be remembered, have been fairly effectual. In London and Birmingham the results obtained are undoubtedly satisfactory, and in Liverpool and Manchester they are

considerable. I do not pretend for a moment to criticise the action of men to whose admirable labours this country and these great communities are deeply indebted. I have no wish to make out percentages of credit for the different communities and school boards. If I did, I should certainly have to take account of an infinitude of circumstances which I have neglected here. I am dealing only with actual results. But nobody will doubt that persuasion, with punishment in the background, is a better way than punishment, if only it be a possible way; and Mr. Mitchell has shown that it is possible in Glasgow, whatever may be the truth with regard to other great cities which have acted more strictly. Half the country comes now, for the first time, under compulsory laws; and we may hope at least to disseminate education as widely as in Glasgow by the same wise and benevolent effort among a willing people.

Compulsion costs far less in proportion in Glasgow than in Liverpool; about 1s. 2d. per head of the average attendance; instead of 1s. 6d. in London, and 3s. in Liverpool. The amount, which is 2,400l., instead of 5,700l. per annum for Liverpool, is considerable, but it is less than that incurred by more stringent action. The process has, so far, been equally effectual, and it cannot fail to leave the poorer classes in favour of, whereas the other mode of action may, one fears, leave them hostile to, education.

There are few presentations of statistics to which some objection may not be taken, and the educational statistics of the large towns under school boards, and of the country so far as it is under the official cognizance of the Privy Council, can form no exception. Some private adventure schools for the classes that need elementary education still survive, and a few of them may be efficient. It would scarcely affect my figures, the main value of which is comparative, if I attempted to estimate these additional elements in the problem on the inadequate data which are alone

accessible. If we confine ourselves to the broad general conclusions which lie on the surface of the figures I have given,

I think we cannot go very far wrong. I throw together the results for the five cities:—

	Cost of compulsion per child in average attendance.	Present rate of Cases prosecuted annually, of population.	Annual increase under compulsion in children taught.	Change under compulsion in regularity of attendance.
London . .	1s. 7d.	1 in 450	15	From    to 76½ per cent
Liverpool .	3s. 0d.	1 in 270	4	„    70 to 64 „
Manchester.	—	1 in 100	5	„    67 to 64 „
Birmingham	—	1 in 200	31	„    62 to 70 „
Glasgow . .	1s. 2d.	1 in 20,000	25	„    to 78 „

I have not taken into account the educational position of the great towns at the beginning of the compulsory era, and that is undoubtedly an element, and a considerable element, in the problem. But there is none of them in which there was not room for very great advances, and in most of them ample room is still left for increasing both the amount and the regularity of attendance. The population of Manchester, for instance, is 8,000 more than that of Birmingham, but the average attendance there is only 32,000, against 39,000 in Birmingham. The London average attendance would need to be something like 380,000, instead of 306,000, to reach the Birmingham level. The Glasgow attendance still remains very far below the point which it may be expected to reach. I have contented myself with recording the rate of advance from a position far behind that which the great cities have now reached, to one distinctly behind that to which they will probably soon attain.

There is another point to which I have adverted already. The Scotch Act does not, like the English Act, suggest and authorise the making of bye-laws requiring so many attendances out of the whole number possible. The Sheriff of Lanarkshire might refuse to recognise any standard the Glasgow Board inclined to set up. But the bye-laws regulating the amount of attendance with which the English Boards will be satisfied are permissive, and at their

own discretion, and if they choose they may dispense, and Mr. Hughes, a leading member of the Manchester School Board, seems to think that they ought to dispense, with such bye-laws. These rules multiply statutory offences according to an arbitrary definition. They create and as it were authorise a recognised minimum of attendance. The Birmingham Board have no minimum named, and are therefore much in the same position as the Glasgow Board. Their bye-laws require perfectly regular attendance, and they enforce them at their discretion. Perhaps the Glasgow Board and the other Scotch Boards could not if they had wished have prosecuted as frequently as their neighbours in England. Mr. Mitchell thinks so, and believes that a very great deal of the greater leniency and the smaller amount of prosecution in Scotland is due to the more lenient spirit of the framers of the Scotch Act. He is most probably right; and one of the main points to which I hope that this discussion may direct the attention of school boards is the policy or impolicy of very numerous and stringent bye-laws. But I must again disclaim any wish to assign credit to individual boards, or to seem to sit in judgment on their conduct. I ask the reader's attention solely to the action which has in fact been taken, and to the results which it has actually produced.

I think that my figures conclusively prove that the best results, both in



increased quantity and in regularity of attendance, are not necessarily connected with the strictest working of the compulsory law. Manchester, which seems at present to be strictest, and Liverpool, which is third on the list, are lowest in both respects. Birmingham, which is second in strictness, is highest in increased quantity, as well as in actual amount, of education, and third in respect of regularity of attendance, which has risen there in a remarkable degree. London, which seems most lenient of the four great English cities, has increased education much more rapidly than Manchester or Liverpool, though it seems to have now reached very much the same level in respect of quantity. It has a more regular attendance than either of these cities or than Birmingham. Glasgow, which in respect of compulsory action by legal process is almost ludicrously lenient in comparison with the other cities, stands highest in respect of the regularity of attendance obtained, and second in respect of the increased quantity of education. Of course neither Glasgow nor any other Board can reap where it has not sowed, and the paucity of legal processes is no sign that the Glasgow Board did not spend an indefinite amount of labour in securing the results it has obtained. I am speaking only of the last resort to the pains and

penalties of law, and I think I can scarcely be mistaken in saying that my figures almost disprove the theory that the tighter the screw is pressed down in the way of actual punishment the more effective must the pressure become.

I do not care to press the inferences that the facts I have collated seem to me to establish any farther than these five conclusions:—

1. That the need of the country for compulsory education was a crying need in 1870.
2. That the success of the experiment which has now been tried in Scotland, and in nearly half of England, justifies the modest advances that have been made by the Government in the Bill of the present year.
3. That compulsion has been carried out in one great city with perfect efficiency, and with a very trifling amount of legal process.
4. That no connection between stringent *legal* compulsory action and great educational result is indicated by the figures. It is almost needless to say that I do not suppose that a school board can safely leave the matter to take care of itself.
5. That there is no agency short of compulsion which can bring Ireland on a level, in popular education, with her sister countries.

WILLIAM JACK.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE EASTERN CHRISTIANS.

[THE following communication from a Servian politician of eminence, resident at Belgrade, has reached the editor while the magazine was in the press. The author is well known in England, but for obvious reasons he desires his name to remain unknown for the present.]

So much has been written on the Eastern question that the subject would seem to be exhausted. Not at all. The Eastern question continues to be imperfectly known even in regard to its essential and fundamental points. In spite of articles which have really thrown flashes of light on the situation of the Christian populations of European Turkey—for it is with Turkey in Europe alone that I propose to occupy myself—the majority of journalists and other writers who have treated and still treat the question, give proofs every day of a knowledge so superficial of the geographical, ethnographical, and statistical conditions of the country, of the history of the greater part of its inhabitants, of their actual social state, and their true aspirations in regard to the future, that those who live in Eastern Europe, and have some knowledge of what is passing around them, cannot but smile as they read. This comparative ignorance on the part of the European public in regard to the East of Europe has been made very apparent by the present war; and publicists, who have not mastered even its elementary facts, have the presumption to put forward solutions of this Oriental question, abounding in internal complications, with external ones of equal difficulty superimposed; a question, moreover, of the very highest importance from its bearing on the interests,

present and future, of Europe and the entire world.

This ignorance, to some extent pardonable, and this levity, quite unpardonable, have, since the commencement of the present century, led to the commission of enormous faults, which have cost Europe thousands of victims, sacrificed without reason, and millions of money absolutely wasted. Meantime the Eastern question has not advanced one inch. On the contrary, the difficulties of its solution have been increased, the situation of the Eastern Christians, as well as of the Porte itself, has been rendered intolerable, and diplomacy has shown itself more irresolute than ever.

I have said that the comparative ignorance of Western Europe in regard to the East was to some extent pardonable; for, apart from the little interest taken in separating the numerous threads with which the Eastern question is interwoven, the Ottoman Porte and the Governments of Austria and England, interested in maintaining the *status quo*, have always misrepresented the character and significance of the events occurring in the Slavo-Hellenic peninsula, though they have often been of a nature to open the eyes of the European public, and to secure for the question the serious and persistent attention of studious men.

The writer of these lines does not propose to correct the false ideas, or supply the omissions which might be pointed out in connection with the Eastern question; still less would he presume to offer a solution which might satisfy every one, more or less. He desires only, in his character of Eastern Christian, to set forth exactly the views, sentiments, and aspirations which urge



the Christian populations of Turkey to action; the historical and national sources, as well as the social causes, from which these views, aspirations, and sentiments spring; the grounds on which they are based, or their want of basis; and finally, the difficulties internal and external against which they have to contend. It will consequently be necessary to say something on the ancient and modern history of these populations, on their present social conditions, and the mode in which the different races might bring themselves into accord in order to realize their own legitimate aspirations while reconciling them with the general interests of Europe and with the course of action pursued towards them by diplomacy. In this last respect the writer will above all bear in view the policy of Turkey, of Austria, of Russia, and of England, such as it appears to the eyes of these populations, and such as it is in reality.

In this manner the English public may be enabled to form an exact idea of the true state of things in the Slavo-Hellenic peninsula, and perhaps to come to some decision as to what policy would be the most just and the most opportune for England to follow in regard to it.

As the question derives its main interest from actual occurrences, I have determined in this brief study to adopt a method the exact opposite of the ordinary one. I shall begin by setting forth and seeking to appreciate at their true value the events taking place before our eyes. These I shall afterwards trace back to their causes, more or less distant. In doing so, I shall have recourse to a pamphlet<sup>1</sup> which I published in 1865. What I then foresaw has been strangely realized. I was careful and conscientious then; I shall not be less so now.

"As the Eastern question," I wrote eleven years ago, "is advancing with rapid steps towards its final crisis, we shall not be astonished, some fine day, to find the majority of statesmen sur-

prised by a sudden explosion, and placed face to face with events which they thought still remote, but which will nevertheless be pressing and irresistible. From this crisis may arise a state of things in harmony with the general interests of Europe, if Europe has taken care to prepare for it. Up to the present time, however, it must be confessed that Europe has given no great attention to the matter; and it is easy to foresee what the result of this negligence must be. Once awakened by the explosion, the cabinets will desire to act. But will they then be able to do so efficiently? Is it not possible that a more powerful will, occupied long beforehand in preparing the ground, in seizing upon the principal means of action, and combining everything so as more surely to attain its end, may prove itself stronger than they, and capable of taking the direction of events? For our part we begin to entertain serious fears as to the inevitable consequences of the hesitation shown by certain cabinets in reference to the question, of the persistence of others in seeking to maintain it in a state of complete stagnation, and finally, of the imprudent, if not guilty, toleration of the Ottoman rule shown by all—a toleration which has its origin either in baseless apprehensions or in egoistical calculations."

The accuracy of this forecast need not be pointed out in the presence of recent events. The insurrectional movement in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey broke out just when Europe least expected it; and even without the co-operation of the other indigenous races, was sufficient to bring up the question of the East in all its breadth and gravity. Diplomacy, suddenly awakened, has been endeavouring for more than fifteen months, by one means and another, to extinguish the volcano. But all its efforts, met by the firm, unalterable determination of the Slavonian rayahs and vassals to shake off the Turkish yoke or die, prove but one thing—its impotence. Among all the Powers Russia alone dominates the situation; and but for the moderation

<sup>1</sup> *Dangers de la Question d'Orient, par un Observateur Impartial.* Paris: chez E. Dentu. 1865.

and pacific leanings of the Emperor Alexander, Europe would at this moment be plunged in a war as ruinous and as barren as that of the Crimea. Count Andrassy with his "*status quo* ameliorated," and Mr. Disraeli with his squadron in Besika Bay, thought once more to conjure away the danger. Strange want of foresight! The danger did but increase daily, until at last it reached such a point that Count Andrassy was obliged to abandon his "*status quo* ameliorated," while Mr. Disraeli thought it prudent suddenly to beat a retreat, and to go beyond even the clauses of the Berlin Memorandum, to which, in the first instance, he had refused his adhesion. Never did the minister of a Great Power sign in so humiliating a manner the certificate of his own incompetence, or meet on the part of the public opinion of his country with so complete and emphatic a disavowal. The English nation has thus not only saved its honour, but has given a proof of the superiority of its political wisdom over that of the advisers of the Crown, men who have grown old in routine, and think the East as stationary as themselves.

No half measures, in whose efficacy only the merest mediocrity can henceforth believe, not all the fleets in the world, can restore peace to the Christians of the East, and arrest the decomposition of an empire which, under existing conditions, is impossible in modern Europe. Profound modifications must be introduced into its system, so as to impart to it new vitality, or it must be abandoned to its inevitable fate. Whatever motives may actuate Russia—even should they have their origin in ambition alone—it is certain that the cabinet of St. Petersburg judges correctly when it refuses to see any means of really ameliorating the condition of the Eastern Christians except in the adoption of the autonomic system, disengaged as much as possible from the obstacles which the Porte will be certain to throw continually in the way of its development. This is what constitutes the moral force of Russia

among the Eastern Christians, and also among the civilised nations of Europe. And it is this which must lead, a little sooner or a little later, to the definitive triumph of her policy, provided only that she carries it out with resolution and disinterestedness.

The same causes will produce the same effects; and so long as the Christians are governed by a Turkish administration, revolts will continue to take place. Let us put aside for the moment remote causes of a higher order. The immediate cause of all disturbances in the East is the Ottoman administration. Of this enough is known in England to make it unnecessary for me to qualify it. The conviction is deeply-rooted in the minds of all the Christians of Turkey that no Turkish functionary, however excellent he may otherwise be, will sincerely apply the principle of equality in the case of a Christian. Never can he administer justice with impartiality. His nature, his education, his inmost antipathies render it impossible for him to do so. The punishments to which Christians are condemned are always humiliating or cruel, and leave in the hearts of the victims an ardent desire for vengeance. It is this administration which has been at the bottom of all the insurrections in European Turkey since the compliment was paid to the Mussulmans of admitting them to the rank of civilised peoples. It was the determining cause of the rising last year in the Herzegovina and Bosnia, and this year in Bulgaria. The Turko-Servian war must also be laid to its charge. These events were intimately connected, followed one another naturally, and will infallibly be succeeded by others of the same character, unless their development be arrested as soon as possible by the conclusion of peace.

The Porte has always been clever enough to attribute the revolts of the Christians to the propagandism of Russian, Bulgarian, and Servian committees, in order not to have to confess that they had their origin in the indescribable conduct of its own



administration. Even if these committees existed with revolutionary programmes, they would certainly have no hold on subjects contented with their lot. But the fact is there is nowhere either a Servian or a Montenegrin committee, while the Slavonian committees of Russia act publicly, and in general have no other objects than the maintenance of orthodox churches—which the Mussulman population is always ready to attack—and the furnishing of assistance to the unhappy victims of the injustice, cupidity, and cruelty of the Turkish functionaries. The Russian committees present a strong resemblance to the Anglo-American Bible Society. The one Bulgarian committee, sitting in Roumania, had a revolutionary object; but are not the atrocities committed by the Turks in Bulgaria sufficient to justify its existence? This committee moreover acted independently. It had no understanding with Belgrade, Cattigne, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, and it was precisely for that reason that its enterprise miscarried. The most striking proof of the fact that there was no connexion between the movements which broke out in Turkey and the pretended revolutionary centres of Belgrade, Cattigne, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, is the variety of the dates at which these were begun and the different directions which they took. The germs of insurrection showed themselves in Herzegovina during the winter before last, after more than ordinary vexations on the part of the Turkish authorities, who forced a great number of Herzegovinians to take refuge in Montenegro. Returning home on the faith of promises made by these same authorities, many of them were treacherously killed, and it was this that led, at the beginning of July, to the armed rising. The movement soon spread to Bosnia; but in both provinces, instead of approaching the Servian frontier, as it infallibly would have done had Servia been its focus, it extended in quite an opposite direction—in the Herzegovina towards the frontier of Dalmatia, and in Bosnia towards

that of Croatia. Thus instead of approaching the Principality of Servia, the movement went away from it. The same thing may be remarked in Bulgaria. There the insurrection broke out ten months later, far enough from the Servian frontier, to go further from it still, in the direction of the Black Sea and the Danube. These facts prove sufficiently that the accusation launched by the Porte, of revolutionary movements proceeding from the outside to disturb its internal tranquillity, is a pure calumny—a means adopted by the Turkish ministers for concealing from Europe the true origin of these movements which are periodically renewed. That means, however, has so often been employed that it can no longer serve to mystify Europe.

The Porte has at the same time thrown upon Servia the responsibility of the present war, which it accuses it of having declared. The accusation at first sight appears true, for the Servian army was really the first to pass the frontier. But it is sufficient to recall even in a cursory manner the events of last year to be convinced that the steps taken by the Porte were all of a nature to make Servia fear invasion, and urge her to extreme measures in the interests of her own preservation. To arrive at the truth in this matter, it is necessary to scrutinize the conduct of the cabinets of Belgrade and of the Porte since the commencement of the Herzegovinian insurrection. Hardly had the news reached Servia than Servian volunteers hurried to the frontier in sufficient numbers to form two bands. This first impulse on the part of the population of the Principality was arrested by an order from the Government forbidding the formation of new bands. At the same time Prince Milan gave the most formal assurance of his pacific intentions both to the Porte and to the guaranteeing Powers. And in effect he never ceased to oppose with success the warlike current of public opinion which had gained even the National Assembly. All the petitions for assistance which

the insurgents addressed to the Government and the Assembly remained fruitless. The Prince by this course chilled all the sentiments and aspirations of his people, and at the same time exposed himself to the danger of a terrible insurrection within his own frontiers; but he was determined not to break his word to the Porte and the European Powers. Meantime, the ministers of the Sultan, instead of lightening his difficult task, increased its burdens and its dangers. Instead of occupying themselves seriously with the means of subduing the revolt, they concentrated on the frontiers of the Principality all the forces of which they could dispose. This hostile demonstration had no effect but to rouse the warlike feelings of the Servian population to the highest pitch, and to convince it that the Porte was preparing to invade the country. This opinion took the more consistence from the fact that Midhat and Avni Pashas had committed the imprudence of saying openly that it was necessary to strike the insurrection of the rayahs at the heart—that is to say, in Servia. To calm the excitement and prepare for all eventualities, the Prince found himself obliged to send troops to the frontier, and in view of their small number, to protect them by means of fortifications. Thus the first step of hostilities was taken by the Porte, while the Principality in return did no more than take measures of precaution. At the approach of winter the Servian troops were disbanded. The Porte, however, left its soldiers on the frontier, where it put them into winter quarters. This was a fresh subject of mistrust for the Servians. As the spring approached the Turks gradually assumed a more menacing air. The number of their troops was constantly increased by the arrival of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians. Fortifications were erected all round the Servian frontiers; they were armed with cannons, and held by troops. Servia's repeated remonstrances at Constantinople on the uselessness, and even danger, inseparable from the presence

of military forces on the frontiers of a country already over-excited, though perfectly tranquil, having been without effect, the Government and the people at last became convinced that the Porte really meditated a *coup de main* against the Principality. It was only then that the national militia were sent back to the frontier, while the completion of the fortifications was hastily proceeded with, and all necessary measures were taken for an energetic defence. But the idea of attacking the Turks was still far from Prince Milan's intentions. At this moment the revolt broke out suddenly in Bulgaria. During its entire continuance the Servians preserved a strict neutrality, thus rendering the work of suppression easy for the Porte, and giving at the same time a fresh proof of their loyalty. But the Turkish soldiers, intoxicated with Bulgarian blood, carried away by unbridled fanaticism, and allured by the attraction of booty, could no longer remain tranquil on the frontiers of the Principality. Detachments of Bashi-Bazouks, led by officers of the regular army, violated the Servian territory daily at various points, killed the frontier guards and shepherds, carried off the cattle, and set fire to houses isolated from the villages, and to a church. The districts on the frontier were thus kept in continual alarm, and the people were often obliged to take up arms and themselves pursue the enemy. Blood flowed, pillage and incendiarism were the order of the day, and a frontier war had already been begun and was being carried on by the Turks, without its being possible for the Servians to bring it to an end. Did not the Porte desire in this manner to provoke Servia to pass the frontier in order to be able to say that she had been attacked? There is every ground for believing that she did. The Porte knew very well that Prince Milan could not always maintain a situation which condemned his people to support the burden of war in the midst of peace, and that he would be forced to escape from it by one way or another. Means of conciliation had



been exhausted. Diplomacy had up to that time succeeded in nothing—neither in calming the insurrection in the Servian provinces, nor in preventing the fearful scenes which were taking place in Bulgaria, nor in securing respect for the territory of Servia, whose inviolability was nevertheless guaranteed by Europe. To hope for efficacious protection from diplomacy was under the circumstances quite useless; and all that remained was to repel force by force, to keep the scourge of war as far as possible from the frontier, and to remove for ever the causes of its return. The causes lay in the political and social condition of the neighbouring Servian provinces; a condition which led to periodical revolts, attended by moral and material consequences as inevitable as they were pernicious for Servia.

Reduced to this extremity, Prince Milan, before replying to an undeclared and perfidious war by an open and loyal one, resolved to essay one last means of conciliation. He had already in November sent Mr. Philip Christitch, the minister unattached, to Montenegro, to come to an understanding with Prince Nicholas as to the conduct which the sister Principalities were to pursue towards their over-excited subjects; towards the Christian insurgents who refused to lay down their arms, and were begging for succour; towards the Porte, which was provoking a declaration of war; and towards the Great Powers, who unanimously counselled peace. Never before had a situation presented itself more complicated, more insoluble, more pregnant with danger. The first step decided upon at Cettigne was quite of a pacific nature. The two princes were to present separately to the guaranteeing Powers an identical Note, praying them to cause the bloodshed to cease by ameliorating the situation of the Christians in such a positive manner as might inspire them with confidence. In case of this step proving fruitless, and of the insurrection continuing, a second one was to be taken. It consisted in sending an address to the

Porte, proposing the pacification of the insurgent provinces by means of an autonomous administration entrusted for Bosnia to Prince Milan, and for the Herzegovina to Prince Nicholas. An annual tribute was to be paid into the Ottoman treasury, so as not to prejudice its financial interests; and, in order to leave intact the integrity of the empire, Prince Nicholas<sup>1</sup> was to recognise the suzerainty of the Sultan over Herzegovina. The two princes were dissuaded from the first of these steps, which did not seem likely to lead to anything. Such indeed proved to be the case, when the Great Powers themselves recommended it. The second step remained, but was adjourned for a time. Meanwhile the Berlin Memorandum had foundered, the insurrection had broken out in Bulgaria, and the invasion of Servia was already indicated by the guerilla war which the Turks were waging on the frontiers. It was then that Prince Milan decided to adopt the second step, and accordingly instructed the same person who had been sent to Cettigne to proceed to Constantinople. But the Porte declared that this mission was inopportune, and Sir Henry Elliot assured the Servian agent at the Turkish capital that if the Prince's envoy came to Constantinople to propose the extension of the Servian administration to Bosnia, he would not be received by the Sultan's ministers. Rebuffed in this manner, Mr. Christitch made a last attempt, and submitted to the Divan in writing the proposition he had been charged to lay before it. When the Servian agent presented the document to the Grand Vizier, the latter refused even to take cognisance of it, far less to give a reply. All means of coming to an understanding having thus been exhausted, the war began.

Whose fault was it? Count Andrassy's "*ameliorated status quo*" had not succeeded, by reason of its inadequacy. The Berlin Memorandum had been

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that Prince Nicholas does not acknowledge the suzerainty of the Porte in regard to Montenegro, as Prince Milan does in regard to Servia.—*Editor*.

rejected; Serbia's propositions had not been even heard; and meanwhile the insurrection continued in Bosnia and Herzegovina, that of Bulgaria had been extinguished in blood in such a manner as to excite the horror and indignation of all the civilised world, while Serbia, first menaced, had at last been harassed into war—on one side, in short, all possible endeavours to bring about peace and a durable peace; on the other provocations, and everything that was calculated to render disturbances in Eastern Europe perpetual. Such are the facts as they really occurred. Let the reader judge of them for himself.

The insurrections of the Herzegovina, of Bosnia, and of Bulgaria marked the first phase of the recent events in the East; the Turko-Servian war marks the second.

This war offers to the world the rare spectacle of two little Principalities, with a population of scarcely a million and a half, standing out, in spite of the disapprobation of the European cabinets, against a colossal empire, which opposes them with forces drawn from three parts of the world. On the side of the Turks we find superiority of numbers, arms, organization, and military experience. The Servians have only their national militia, which had never been under fire, is not accustomed to military discipline, and is armed in great part with old-fashioned guns. Notwithstanding this immense inequality, the Turks, after three months and a half of open war, are far from having overcome the Principalities, and have only just succeeded in breaking into their territory at some points on the frontier. Indeed even this slight advantage is counterbalanced by the occupation of the Turkish territory at several points by the Servians and Montenegrins. The only result hitherto is a drawn game. The Turks, after efforts which have lasted three months, are still powerless to force the fortified lines of the Servians and Montenegrins, who have inflicted upon them some severe lessons. Equality between the

combatants is now, however, at an end, and the Servo-Montenegrins are beginning to get the upper hand. They will have it completely if the war continues. It seems to be only a question of time.

To such a point is that formidable Ottoman empire reduced, which once made all Europe tremble.

There are writers who exhibit surprise at seeing Turkey display even such force as it has shown; and who, from the fanaticism awakened in the mass of the Mussulman population, conclude that there is still vitality in that empire. For my part, I can see in it nothing but a confession of extreme weakness on the part of the Turkish Government; and on the part of the Turkish masses a last effort of barbarism, conscious that its end is approaching. If the Porte had really felt itself strong enough to subdue its Christian subjects and vassals, it would never have had recourse to such extreme measures as the awakening of Mussulman fanaticism, knowing very well that it thus ran the risk of alienating all the Powers. Its policy was that of despair. For the rest, the stirring up of fanaticism had results which were slender enough in a military point of view, but immense and fatal in a social and political sense. The Sophtas, the Circassians, and the Bashi-Bazouks were neither very numerous nor very eager to take up arms; and they showed themselves very bad soldiers, much more fanatical for rapine than for religion. To them is due the impassable abyss which has been dug between the Turkish and the Christian populations of the state, and the conviction, moreover, which has been forced upon all Europe, that such an empire can no longer subsist on European soil. In letting loose the ferocity of these savages, the Porte committed moral suicide before the civilised world.

But the present war has had other results not less fatal for Turkey. Besides weakening her military resources, it has absolutely exhausted her finances. Material bankruptcy and moral bankruptcy have gone hand in hand. Such is my view of the asserted vitality of



the Ottoman Empire; and it is shared by all the Eastern Christians.

The Porte has always been the artificer of its own misfortunes, and is now more so than ever. In spite of the miserable and desperate condition to which it finds itself reduced, it persists with inconceivable obstinacy in refusing to accede to the armistice asked for by all the Powers. It does not even seem to recognise the gravity of the danger which menaces it; and its organs in the Turkish language threaten in their frenzy to exterminate not only all the Christians of the empire, but all the European nations, including the English. This outburst of rage took place on its becoming known at Constantinople that Serbia had refused the prolongation of the truce. But to whom was the refusal due? To Russia, reply those who see in all things and everywhere the secret intrigues of the St. Petersburg cabinet. But since the Turks behaved treacherously during the first eight days of the truce, attacking the Servian troops at six different points, and throwing two bridges over the Morava, no Russian intrigues were necessary to make the Servians understand that such a truce was but a trap, into which it would be folly to fall a second time. The Turkish ministers then took a more roundabout way to invalidate the armistice which the Powers continued to require. They accepted it, but in such a manner as to render it unacceptable to the Servians and Montenegrins, who, having no troops but the national militia, snatched away from agriculture, handicraft, and commerce, could not accept an armistice of six months (which might end in renewal of war) without ruining themselves in every respect. To this a continuation of the war would be infinitely preferable.

But the manœuvres of the Porte did not end there. To elude the proposition of autonomy which the Powers had made in favour of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, it made the counter proposition of a general reform of the empire. Putting aside the innate absur-

dity of the idea of constitutional government in a Mohammedan country, the project as conceived by the Porte revealed a covert intention of rendering its results as barren as those of all preceding reforms have been. The National Council, proposed with so much gravity by the statesmen of Stamboul, was to consist of a hundred and twenty members, of whom fifty-one would be Christians and sixty-nine Mussulmans; thirty-five to be elected at Constantinople, fifty-five to be elected in the rest of the empire, and thirty to be named by the Government! One may safely say that in such a council, even with all personal security for freedom of speech, the voice of the Christians would be smothered by the Mussulman majority. Apart from this drawback, which alone would render such a council valueless for the Christians, in what would its duties consist? In verifying the budget of income and expenditure, in examining questions of public works, and in regulating affairs of internal administration. I am convinced that such an assembly would change absolutely nothing in the actual system of the empire, just as the system of Mussulman autonomy in the vilayets has been powerless to prevent all kinds of injustice and iniquity, of which the natural end was insurrection. It must be admitted once for all that autonomy, with an exclusively Mussulman administration, is impossible in Turkey. It can only give good results both for Christian and Mussulman inhabitants if the administrators are exclusively or in great majority Christians, and not directly dependent on the Central Government at Constantinople. The empire, to be really regenerated in Europe, must be decentralised in an administrative point of view, as it was in the days of the first sultans, who left to all the provinces which had formed part of the ancient Servian kingdom the right of governing themselves, in consideration of paying tribute and furnishing a military contingent in time of war. In the course of centuries the Porte has destroyed, partly by stratagem, partly by violence, the internal

liberty of these provinces, so that insurrection has now become almost their normal condition. To recover itself the Porte must return to the system which formerly constituted its strength, and apply it to all its Slavo-Greek provinces in Europe. In Asia alone can it maintain the centralising system with the introduction of such modifications as a Mussulman state may be able to admit.

Notwithstanding the pride, ill-founded as it may be, of the Turks, and their extreme blindness, it is impossible to explain the obstinacy with which for a month and a half they have resisted the representations of all Europe, except on the supposition that in spite of the apparent agreement between the Powers, they must be secretly encouraged by some of them. Austro-Hungary is known not to be favourable to the introduction of autonomy in the insurgent provinces. Mr. Disraeli has apparently accepted the idea, but probably less from conviction than from the pressure of public opinion in England. The cabinets of Vienna and London are accordingly thought, rightly or wrongly, to be urging the Porte in an underhand manner to persist in its attitude of resistance. This suspicion on the part of the Eastern Christians has been strongly confirmed, since it has been seen that the *Levant Herald*, the organ of the English Embassy at Constantinople, is the first to advise the Porte to adopt a compromise, "in order to avoid the grave proposals of the guaranteeing Powers, and to save the honour and interests of the empire." "Why," asks the *Levant Herald*, "have an administrative autonomy for these provinces and not for all?" . . . "The Turkish Government may reply that Albania, Macedonia, Thessaly, Epirus, and Thrace are as important in its eyes as the Herzegovina, Bosnia, or Bulgaria, and that there is no reason why one province should be preferred to another, still less why insurrections should be rewarded. Let the Porte forestall the Great Powers by granting a general administrative reform, and the mouths of its advisers are closed." The

*Forakir*, an Armenian journal, caught up the ball set flying by the *Levant Herald*, and, adopting its proposition, continued, "Why in Europe alone, and not in Asia? Are there not Christians also in this country, and do they not suffer from the same persecutions?"

The suggestion of the *Levant Herald*, taken up by the *Forakir*, was the star of safety for the Porte, whose high functionaries rejected the propositions of the Great Powers by proposing instead the creation of local administrations in each province, with a central elective and mixed assembly for foreign affairs and for the empire as a whole.

These facts need no comment, and they justify the suspicions entertained by the Eastern Christians, that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and, above all, the English cabinet, in spite of the wishes of the nation, are seeking at Constantinople to interpose obstacles that shall prevent the success of European diplomacy. The English cabinet, first by rejecting openly the Berlin Memorandum, and now by secretly undermining the propositions to which it has adhered, has done much to cause both the outbreak and the continuance of the Turko-Servian war, and to render itself morally responsible for ulterior events. Burning with desire to outwit Prince Gortchakoff, the cabinet does not perceive that it may end by becoming his dupe.

Count Andrassy is in the same position. Opposing all idea of extending the frontiers of Servia by the annexation of Bosnia, under the pretext that a Slavonian state of any considerable extent would be dangerous for Austro-Hungary, he is far from keeping in view the true interests of his empire, and does but favour the passions and projects, as ambitious as they are impracticable, of the Magyars in regard to the South Slavonians. A state much more vast, and much more populous, has been formed on the eastern frontier of Austria, under the name of Roumania. Austria opposed the union of Moldavia with Wallachia, as she now opposes that



of Bosnia with Servia.<sup>1</sup> But the first combination has not injured it, nor would the second. The Servian state, even when increased by all the territory of Bosnia, would scarcely number three million souls, and to appear to dread such a state is to give Europe a bad idea of the consistency of an empire so great as that of the Hapsburgs. Count Andrassy's policy is singularly undecided; it is without any clear or practical aim. The Austro-Hungarian Chancellor rejects all idea of the annexation of Bosnia and of the Herzegovina to Austria; he certainly would not like to see the Russians established in these provinces; nor will he hear of the formation of a Servian state. What then would he have? "*A status quo ameliorated*;" that is to say, the impracticable, the impossible.

Thus the cabinet of Vienna, not less than that of London, is a great hindrance to the other Powers in the way of re-establishing and consolidating the peace of Eastern Europe. Through the fault of these two cabinets, Europe is wandering further and further from its object. The insurrection and the war do not cease; new complications may be expected through the popular movement that has at last begun in Greece, and now threatens the East with a general conflagration; while the Emperor Alexander, in his turn recognising the impossibility of resisting much longer the impulses of his people, is already meditating the occupation of Bulgaria, leaving that of the Herzegovina and Bosnia to Austro-Hungary. The more plans are altered, the more decisions are delayed, the more is the peace of Europe imperilled, and the more are the Eastern populations made to suffer. That is what the policy of England and of Austro-Hungary is leading to.

A politician belonging to this latter state, consulted not long ago as to the motives which had induced the cabinet of Vienna to reject the proposition of

Russia to occupy, conjointly with Austria, the insurgent provinces of Turkey, gave the following reasons:—"Admitting even that the proposition was made—which I think very doubtful—the cabinet of Vienna could not have accepted it without falling out on one side with the Magyars, and without, on the other, helping Russia to put an end to the Ottoman rule in Europe, as well as to sap the foundations of our monarchy. It is said that this occupation would only amount to a guarantee for the execution of the reforms demanded from the Porte. Now as these reforms would be realised either too late or not at all, Russia would have a pretext for remaining a long time in Bulgaria; and its occupation would soon take the form of conquest. We should do the same, you would say, in Bosnia and in the Herzegovina. But of what advantage would that be if Russia had once succeeded in installing herself definitively in a portion of the Balkan peninsula. From that point to the realisation of a Panslavonian Empire, which would swallow up Austro-Hungary, there is but a step. It would be preferable for Russia to declare war against the Porte on her own account, provided she engaged formally to claim no increase of territory for herself."

If this should really happen, if Russia should take up the noble mission of rescuing the Slavonians of Turkey from a yoke which is insupportable to them, and is constantly threatening the peace of the world, and that without any ulterior ambition or selfish aim—the triumph of its policy over that of England and Austria would be not less complete, and certainly much more honourable, than in the case of a war ending with territorial aggrandisements. In lieu of a material, she would gain a moral advantage, and one that would be immense and full of consequences in the future. Her influence in the East would be almost equivalent to dominion, without raising the embarrassments by which actual dominion could not fail to be

<sup>1</sup> It had been argued that Austria's Wallachian subjects in Transylvania would be dangerously agitated by the formation of a Wallachian state in their close vicinity.—*Ed.*

accompanied. Such is at bottom the true motive which urges the cabinet of Vienna to oppose the formation of any more Slavonian states in its immediate neighbourhood, and which makes Mr. Disraeli fear that their frail and ephemeral existence would after a time disappear in the waves of the Russian Ocean, which would gradually extend to the Straits of the Dardanelles.

In this apprehension on the part of England and Austria there is nothing to blame. But is there no other way of meeting the danger anticipated than by condemning ten millions of Eastern Christians to the continuance of a degrading slavery, which they will no longer tolerate, and thus supporting the cause of an empire which it is impossible to save by administrative

plasterings on paper? Instead of little autonomous states, easily influenced, separated by petty rivalries, and incapable of real progress, through a thousand internal causes, why not create a Bulgaro-Servian state and a Greek state, without destroying the integrity of the Ottoman empire? Then in place of a divided, feeble East, accessible to all influences, you would have a compact powerful East, with important interests to defend, which it would be capable of defending with success. In this manner you would have erected a strong barrier against all the ambitions which you fear, and would have re-established the East on its natural foundations, while at once securing the happiness of the Christian populations and regenerating the Ottoman empire.

BELGRADE, Oct. 16.

*To be continued.*





Punjab government. This passport system was considerably modified many years ago. I believe also that the restriction on European British subjects entering Cashmere during the winter have been, or will be, somewhat modified.

As regards the travellers being tied down by local rules as to rates, &c., if this be matter of complaint, the party to blame is not the Maharaja so much as the British Government. If Sir Charles Dilke had travelled in Hazara, Kullu, Simla, or any other of the Himalayan districts, he would have found himself tied down by local rules of quite as stringent a character as those in Cashmere. From the circumstances of all travelling in the hills, it is absolutely necessary to make regulations and to fix rates. As an Englishman and a member of Parliament has been allowed to speak out freely against supposed abuses, I hope that in a spirit of fairness you will allow me to give the words of the feudatory chieftain who has been thus attacked. The Maharaja has thus expressed himself in writing:—

"The Europeans, when they enter my dominions, press my officials most authoritatively at every place to provide coolies from Kohala to Srinuggur, and throughout their rambles in the country; and it is necessary, or rather it is a duty of mine, to procure willingly or unwillingly coolies, even from great distances. It may be said that the coolie is paid his wages, but you can well imagine what on an average a poor man receives when he is brought to the stage on the road from twenty miles distant, by which he loses five days in coming from and returning to his home, and is paid only four annas (not quite sixpence of English money) for one working day. Even supposing he is

only brought ten miles, he still loses three days, for which he gets four annas, not sufficient to keep the body and soul together during that time. Besides which, his domestic affairs, such as agricultural operations, are thrown out, and instances are not wanting of places being laid waste through the self-same cause. This is the case with the district through which the Kohala road passes, and with the district of Lall. Dr. Bellew's book confirms what I have adduced here. Though I have constructed a good road in the said districts, yet European visitors take coolies; and even if they hire ponies and mules, still the poor owners have to go through the same hardships as before described. Particularly when Europeans go on shooting or other excursions on the steep mountains, and take their supplies and luggage with them on the heads of the coolies, the sufferings of the Cashmere people may well be conceived. I fear, if the Cashmere people have to act as coolies in the winter months, they will suffer fearfully from the cold, besides having to submit to the total derangement of their domestic affairs. There are also difficulties in this as regards political affairs, because Europeans come into this country as superiors and as guests, not as my subjects go into British territory, and my officials are responsible for their shortcomings and for any kind of inconvenience the visitor might receive."

A great deal might be written regarding the policy to be adopted towards the most influential and at heart one of the most loyal of all the semi-independent chieftains who hail with pleasure the assumption of the imperial title by her most gracious Majesty; but on the present occasion it is only necessary to give facts, as I have done, to show that any comparison between the results of British influence in China and of the same influence in Cashmere must be immeasurably in favour of Maharaja Runbir Singh.

October 21, 1876.

T. DOUGLAS FORSYTH.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1876.

## MADCAP VIOLET.

### CHAPTER XLIV.

#### JOY AND FEAR.

WAS this man mad, that he, an invalid, propped up in his chair, and scarcely able to move a wine-glass out of his way, should play pranks with the whole created order of things, tossing about solar systems as if they were no more than juggler's balls, and making universal systems of philosophy jump through hoops as if he were a lion-tamer in a den? These poor women did not know where to catch him. Violet used to say that he was like a prism, taking the ordinary daylight of life and splitting it up into a thousand gay and glancing colours. That was all very well as a spectacular exhibition; but how when he was apparently instructing them in some serious matter? Was it fair to these tender creatures who had so lovingly nursed him that he should assume the airs of a teacher, and gravely lead out his trusting disciples into the desert places of the earth, when his only object was to get them into a bog and then suddenly reveal himself as a will-o'-the-wisp, laughing at them with a fiendish joy?

What, for example, was all this nonsense about the land-question—about the impossibility of settling it in England so long as the superstitious regard for land existed in the English mind? They were quite ready to believe him. They deprecated that superstition most sincerely. They could

not understand why a moneyed Englishman's first impulse was to go and buy land; they could give no reason for the delusion existing in the bosom of every Englishman that he, if no one else, could make money out of the occupation of a farm that had ruined a dozen men in succession. All this was very well; but what were they to make of his suddenly turning round and defending that superstition as the most beautiful sentiment in human nature? It was, according to him, the sublimest manifestation of filial love—the instinct of affection for the great mother of us all. And then the flowers became our small sisters and brothers; and the dumb look of appeal in a horse's eye, and the singing of the thrush at the break of day—these were but portions of the inarticulate language now no longer known to us. What was any human being to make of this rambling nonsense?

It all came of the dress-coat, and of his childish vanity in his white wristbands. It was the occasion on which he had ceremoniously dressed for dinner; and Violet had come over; and he was as proud of his high and stiff collar and of his white neck-tie as if they had been the ribbon and star of a royal order. And then they were all going off the next morning—Miss North included—to a strange little place on the southern side of the Isle of Wight; and he had gone "clean daft" with the delight of expectation. There was nothing sacred from his mischievous fancy. He would have made fun of a bishop. In fact, he

did ; for, happening to talk of inarticulate language, he described having seen, "the other day," in Buckingham Palace Road, a bishop who was looking at some china in a shop window ; and he went on to declare how a young person driving a perambulator, and too earnestly occupied with a sentry on the other side of the road, incontinently drove that perambulator right on to the carefully-swathed toes of the bishop ; and then he devoted himself to analysing the awful language which he saw on the afflicted man's face.

"But, uncle," said Amy Warrener, with the delightful freshness of fifteen, "how could you see anybody in Buckingham Palace Road the other day, when you haven't been out of the house for months ?"

"How ?" said he, not a whit abashed—"how could I see him ? I don't know, but I tell you I did see him. With my eyes, of course."

He lost his temper, however, after all.

"To-morrow," he was saying, "I bid good-bye to my doctor. I bear him no malice : may he long be spared from having to meet in the next world the people he sent there before him ! But look here, Violet—to-morrow evening we shall be FREE !—and we shall celebrate our freedom, and our first glimpse of a sea-shore, in Scotch whisky—in hot Scotch whisky—in Scotch whisky with the boilingest of boiling water just caught at the proper point of cooling. You don't know that point ; I will teach you : it is perfection. Don't you know that we have just caught the cooling point of the earth—just that point in its transition from being a molten mass to its becoming a chilled and played-out stone that admits of our living——"

"But, uncle," said Amy, "I thought the earth used to be far colder then it is now. Remember the glacial period," added this profound student of physics.

This was too much.

"Dear, dear me !" he exclaimed. "Am I to be brought up at every second by a pert school-girl, when I am ex-

pounding the mysteries of life ? What have your twopenny-halfpenny science primers to do with the grand secret of toddy ? I tell you we must CATCH IT AT THE COOLING POINT ; and then, Violet—for you are a respectful and attentive student—if the evening is fine, and the air warm, and the windows open and looking out to the south—do you think the doctor could object to that one first, faint trial of a cigarette, just to make us think we are up again in the August nights—off Isle Ornsay—with Alec up at the bow singing that hideous and melancholy song of his, and the *Sea-Pyot* slowly creeping along by the black islands——"

She did not answer at all ; but for a brief moment her lip trembled. Amid all this merriment she had sate with a troubled face, and with a sore and heavy heart. She had seen in it but a pathetic bravado. He would drink Scotch whisky—he would once more light a cigarette—merely to assure her that he was getting thoroughly well again ; his laughter, his jokes, his wild sallies were all meant, and she knew it, to give her strength of heart and cheerfulness. She sate and listened, with her eyes cast down. When she heard him talk lightly and playfully of all that he meant to do her heart throbbed, and she dared not lift her eyes to his face, lest they should suddenly reveal to him that awful conflict within of wild, and piteous, and agonising doubt.

Then that reference to their wanderings in the northern seas—he did not know how she trembled as he spoke. She could never even think of that strange time she had spent up there, and of the terrible things that had come of it, without a shudder. If she could have cut it out of her life and memory altogether, that would have been well ; but how could she forget the agony of that awful farewell, the sense of utter loneliness with which she saw the shores recede, the conviction then borne in upon her—and never wholly eradicated from her mind—that some mysterious doom had overtaken her, from which there was no escape. The influence of



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that time, and of the time that succeeded it, still dwelt upon her, and overshadowed her with its gloom. She had almost lost the instinct of hope. She never doubted, when they carried young Dowse into that silent room, but that he would die; was it not her province to bring misery to all who were associated with her? And she had got so reconciled to this notion that she did not argue the matter with herself; she had, for example, no sense of bitterness in contrasting this apparent "destiny" of hers with the most deeply-rooted feeling in her heart—namely, a perfectly honest readiness to give up her own life if only that could secure the happiness of those she loved. She did not even feel injured because this was impossible. Things were so; and she accepted them.

But sometimes, in the darkness of her room, in the silence of the night-time, when her heart seemed to be literally breaking with its conflict of anxious love and returning despair, some wild notion of propitiation—doubtless derived from ancient legends—would flash across her mind; and she would cry in her agony, "If one must be taken, let it be me! The world cares for him: what am I?" If she could only go out into the open place of the city, and bare her bosom to the knife of the priest, and call on the people to see how she had saved the life of her beloved: surely that would be to die happy. What she had done, now that she came to look back over it, seemed but too poor an expression of her great love and admiration. What mattered it that a girl should give up her friends and her home? Her life—her very life—that was what she desired, when these wild fancies possessed her, to surrender freely, if only she could know that she was rescuing him from the awful portals that her despairing dread saw open before him, and was giving him back—as she bade him a last farewell—to health, and joy, and the comfort of many friends.

With other wrestlings in spirit, far more eager and real than these mere

fancies derived from myths, it was within the province of the present writer to deal; they are not for the house-tops or the marketplaces. But it may be said that in all directions the gloomy influences of that past time pursued her; wherever she went she was haunted by a morbid fear that all her resolute will could not shake off. Where, for example, could she go for sweeter consolation, for more cheering solace, than to the simple and reassuring services of the Church?—but before she entered, eager to hear words of hope and strengthening, there was the graveyard to pass through, with the misery of generations recorded on its melancholy stones.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

"O GENTLE WIND THAT BLOWETH SOUTH."

BUT if this girl, partly through her great and yearning love, and partly through the overshadowing of her past sufferings, was haunted by a mysterious dread, that was not the prevailing feeling within this small household which was now pulling itself together for a flight to the south. Even she caught something of the brisk and cheerful spirit awakened by all the bustle of departure; and when her father, who had come to London Bridge Station to see the whole of them off, noticed the business-like fashion in which she ordered everybody about, so that the invalid should have his smallest comforts attended to, he could not help saying, with a laugh—

"Well, Violet, this is better than starting for America all by yourself, isn't it? But I don't think you would have been much put out by that either."

A smart young man came up, and was for entering the carriage.

"I beg your pardon," said she, respectfully but firmly. "This carriage is reserved."

The young man looked at both windows.

"I don't see that it is," he retorted coolly.

He took hold of the handle of the door, when she immediately rose and stood before him, an awful politeness and decorum on her face, but the fire of Brünhilde the warrior-maiden in her eyes.

"You will please call the guard before coming in here. The carriage is reserved."

At this moment her father came forward—not a little inclined to laugh:

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the carriage is really reserved. There was a written paper put up—it has fallen down, I suppose—there it is."

So the smart young man went away; but was it fair, after this notable victory, that they should all begin to make fun of her fierce and majestic bearing, and that the very person for whose sake she had confronted the enemy should begin to make ridiculous rhymes about her, such as these—

"Then out spake Violet Northimus—  
Of Euston Square was she—  
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And guard the door with thee!'"

Violet Northimus did not reply. She wore the modesty of a victor. She was ready at any moment to meet six hundred such as he; and she was not to be put out, after the discomfiture of her enemy, by a joke.

Then they slowly rolled and grated out of the station; and by and by the swinging pace increased; and they were out in the clearer light and the fresher air, with a windy April sky showing flashes of blue from time to time. They went down through a succession of thoroughly English-looking landscapes—quiet valleys with red-tiled cottages in them, bare heights green with the young corn, long stretches of brown and almost leafless woods, with the rough banks outside all starred with the pale, clear primrose. There was one in that carriage who had had no lack of flowers that spring—flowers brought by many a kindly hand to brighten the look of the sick-room; but surely it was something more wonderful to see the flowers

themselves, growing here in this actual and outside world, which had been to him for many a weary week but a dimly-imagined dreamland. There were primroses under the hedges; primroses along the high banks; primroses shining pale and clear within the leafless woods, among the russet leaves of the previous autumn. And then the life and motion of the sky: the south-westerly winds; the black and lowering clouds suddenly followed by a wild and dazzling gleam of sunlight; the greys and purples flying on, and leaving behind them a welcome expanse of shining April blue.

The day was certainly squally enough, and might turn to showers; but the gusts of wind that blew through the carriage were singularly sweet and mild; and again and again Mr. Drummond, who had been raised by all this new life and light into the very highest spirits, declared with much solemnity that he could already detect the smell of the salt-sea air. They had their quarrels, of course. It pleased a certain young lady to treat the south coast of England with much supercilious contempt; you would have imagined from her talk that there was something criminal in one's living even within twenty miles of the bleak downs, the shabby precipices, and the muddy sea which, according to her, were the only recognisable features of our southern shores. She would not admit indeed that there was any sea at all there; there was only churned chalk. Was it fair to say, even under the exasperation of continual goading, that the Isle of Wight was only a trumpery toy-shop; that its "scenery" was fitly adorned with bazaars for the sale of sham jewellery; that its amusements were on a par with those of Rosherville Gardens; that its rocks were made of mud and its sea of powdered lime?

"By Heavens!" exclaimed her antagonist, "I will stand this no longer. I will call upon Neptune to raise such a storm in the Solent as shall convince you that there is quite enough sea surrounding that pearl of islands, that



paradise, that world's wonder we are going to visit——"

"Yes, I have no doubt," said she, with sweet sarcasm, "that if you stirred the Solent with a teaspoon, you would frighten the yachtsmen there out of their wits——"

"Oh, Violet," cried another young lady, "you know you were dreadfully frightened that night in Tobermory Bay, when the equinoctial gales caught us, and the men were tramping overhead all night long——"

"I should be more frightened down here," was the retort, "because, if we were driven ashore, I should be choked first and drowned afterwards. Fancy going out of the world with a taste of chalk in your mouth——"

Well, at this moment the fierce discussion was stopped by the arrival of the train at Portsmouth; but here a very singular incident occurred. Violet was the first to step out on to the platform.

"You have a tramway-car that goes down to the pier, have you not?" she asked of the guard.

"Ain't going to-day, miss," was the answer. "Boats can't come in to Southsea—the sea is very high. You'll have to go to Portsea, miss——"

Now what was this man's amazement on seeing this young lady suddenly burst out laughing, as she turned and looked into the carriage.

"Did you hear that?" she cried. "The Solent is raging! They can't come near Southsea! Don't you think, Mrs. Warrener, that it will be very dangerous to go to Portsea?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mrs. Warrener, with a malicious smile, "if a certain young lady I know were to be ill in crossing, she would be a good deal more civil to her native country when she reached the other side."

But in good truth, when they got down to Portsea there was a pretty stiff breeze blowing; and the walk out on the long pier was not a little trying to an invalid who had but lately recovered the use of his limbs. The small steamer, too, was tossing about considerably at her moorings; and Violet pretended

to be greatly alarmed because she did not see half-a-dozen lifeboats on board. Then the word was given; the cables thrown off; and presently the tiny steamer was running out to the windy and grey-green sea, the waves of which not unfrequently sent a shower of spray across her decks. The small party of voyagers crouched behind the funnel, and were well out of the water's way.

"Look there now," cried Mr. Drummond, suddenly pointing to a large bird that was flying by, high up in the air, about a quarter of a mile off, "do you see that? Do you know what that is? That is a wild goose, a grey lag, that has been driven in by bad weather: *now* can you say we have no waves, and winds, and sea in the south?"

Miss Violet was not daunted.

"Perhaps it is a goose," she said, coolly. "I never saw but one flying—you remember you shot it. What farm-yard has this one left?"

"Oh, for shame, Violet," Mrs. Warrener called out, "to rake up old stories!"

She was punished for it. The insulted sportsman was casting about for the cruellest retort he could think of, when, as it happened, Miss Violet bethought her of looking round the corner of the boiler to see whether they were getting near Ryde; and at the same moment it also happened that a heavy wave, striking the bows of the steamer, sent a heap of water whirling down between the paddle-box and the funnel, which caught the young lady on the face with a crack like a whip. As to the shout of laughter which then greeted her, that small party of folks had heard nothing like it for many a day. There was salt-water dripping from her hair; salt-water in her eyes; salt-water running down her tingling and laughing cheeks; and she richly deserved to be asked, as she was immediately asked, whether the Solent was compounded of water and marl or water and chalk, and which brand she preferred.

Was it the balmy southern air that tempered the vehemence of these wanderers as they made their way

across the island, and, getting into a carriage at Ventnor, proceeded to drive along the Undercliff? There was a great quiet prevailing along these southern shores. They drove by underneath the tall and crumbling precipices, with wood-pigeons suddenly shooting out from the clefts, and jackdaws wheeling about far up in the blue. They passed by sheltered woods, bestarred with anemones and primroses, and showing here and there the purple of the as yet half-opened hyacinth; they passed by lush meadows, all ablaze with the golden yellow of the celandine and the purple of the ground ivy; they passed by the broken, picturesque banks where the tender blue of the speedwell was visible from time to time, with the white glimmer of the starwort. And then all this time they had on their left a gleaming and wind-driven sea, full of motion, and light, and colour, and showing the hurrying shadows of the flying clouds.

At last, far away, secluded, and quiet, they came to a quaint little inn, placed high over the sea, and surrounded by sheltering woods and hedges. The sun lay warm on the smooth green lawn in front, where the daisies grew. There were dark shadows—almost black shadows—along the encircling hedge, and under the cedars; but these only showed the more brilliantly the silver lighting of the restless, whirling, wind-swept sea beyond. It was a picturesque little house, with its long veranda half-smothered in ivy and rose-bushes now in bud; with its tangled garden about, green with young hawthorn and sweetened by the perfume of the lilacs; with its patches of uncut grass, where the yellow cowslips drooped. There was an air of dreamy repose about the place; even that whirling and silvery grey sea produced no sound; here the winds were stilled, and the black shadows of the trees on that smooth green lawn only moved with the imperceptible moving of the sun.

Violet went up stairs and into her room, alone; she threw open the small casements, and stood there, looking out with a somewhat vague and distant look.

There was no mischief now in those dark and tender eyes; there was rather an anxious and wistful questioning. And her heart seemed to go out from her to implore these gentle winds, and the soft colours of the sea, and the dreamy stillness of the woods, that now they should, if ever that was possible to them, bring all their sweet and curative influences to bear on him who had come amongst them. Now, if ever! Surely the favourable skies would heed, and the secret healing of the woods would hear, and the bountiful life-giving sea winds would bestir to her prayer!—surely it was not too late!

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### HOPE'S WINGS.

THE long journey had taxed his returning strength to the utmost, and for the remainder of that day he looked worn and fatigued; but on the next morning he was in the best of spirits, and nothing would do but that they should at once set out on their explorations.

"Why not rest here?" said Violet.

They were sitting in the shade of their morning room, the French windows wide open, the pillars and roof of the veranda outside framing in a picture of glowing sunlight and green vegetation, with glimpses of the silvery white sea beyond.

"Why not rest here?" she said; "what is the use of driving about to see bare downs, and little holes in the mud that they call chasms, and waterfalls that are turned on from the kitchen of the hotel above? That is what they consider scenery in the Isle of Wight; and then, before you can see it, you must buy a glass brooch or a china doll."

The fact is, he did not himself particularly care about these excursions, but he was afraid of the place becoming tiresome and monotonous to one whom he would insist on regarding as a visitor. She, on the other hand, affected a profound contempt for the sufficiently pleasant places about the Isle of Wight for the very purpose of inducing him



to rest in the still seclusion of this retreat they had chosen. But here was the carriage at the door.

"Violet," said Amy Warrener, as they were leisurely driving along the quiet ways, under the crumbling grey cliffs, where the jackdaws were flying, "where shall we go for a climb? Don't you think we might come upon another Mount Glorioso?"

"No," said the girl, rather absently, "I don't think we shall see another Mount Glorioso soon again."

"Not this autumn?" cried Mr. Drummond, cheerfully; "not this summer?—for why should we wait for the autumn? Violet, I have the most serious projects with regard to the whole of us. It is high time that I set about recognising the ends of existence; that is to say, before I die I must have a house in Bayswater and two thousand a year. All nice novels end that way. Now, in order that we shall all reach this earthly paradise, what is to be done? I have two projects. A publisher—the first wise man of his race—I will write an epitaph for him quite different from my universal epitaph—this shrewd and crafty person, determined to rescue at least one mute, inglorious Milton from neglect, has written to me. There! He has read my article on "The Astronomical Theory with regard to the Early Religions"; he has perceived the profound wisdom, the research, the illuminating genius of that work—by the way, I don't think I ever fully explained to you my notions on that subject?"

"Oh, no, please don't," said Violet, meekly. "What does the publisher say?"

"Do you see the mean, practical, commercial spirit of these women?" he said, apparently addressing himself; "it is only the money they think of. They don't want to be instructed!"

"I know the article well enough," said Violet, blushing hotly; "I read it—I saw it advertised, and bought the review, when I hadn't much money to spend on such things."

"Did you, Violet?" said he, for-

getting for a moment his nonsense. Then he continued: "The publisher thinks that with some padding of a general and attractive nature, the subject might be made into a book. Why, therefore, should not our fortune be made at once, and the gates of Bayswater thrown open to the Peri? I do believe I could make an interesting book. I will throw in a lot of Irish anecdotes. I wonder if I could have it illustrated with pictures of 'Charles the First in Prison,' the 'Dying Infant,' 'The Sailor's Adieu,' and some such popular things!"

"I think," said Violet, humbly, "we might go on to the other project."

"Ah," said he, thoughtfully, "that requires time and silence first. I must have the inspiration of the mountains before I can resolve it. Do you know what it is?"

"Not yet."

"It is the utilising of a great natural force. That is what all science is trying to do now; and here is one of the mightiest forces in nature of which nothing is made, unless it be that a few barges get floated up and down our rivers. Do you see? The great mass of tidal force, absolutely irresistible in its strength, punctual as the clock itself, always to be calculated on, why should this great natural engine remain unused?"

"But then, uncle," said a certain young lady, "if you made the tide drive machinery at one time of the day, you would have to turn the house round to let it drive it again as it was going back."

"Child, child!" said the inventor, peevishly, "why do you tuck on these petty details to my grand conception? It is the idea I want to sell; other people can use it. Now, will the Government grant me a patent?"

"Certainly," said Violet.

"What royalty on all work executed by utilising the tidal currents?"

"A million per cent."

"How much will that bring in?"

"Three millions a minute!"

"Ah," said he, sinking back with a sigh, "we have then reached the goal

at last. Bayswater, we approach you. Shall the brougham be bottle-green or coffee-coloured?"

"A brougham!" cried Violet; "no—a barge of white and gold, with crimson satin sails, and oars of bronze, towed by a company of snow-white swans——"

"Or mergansers——"

"And floating through the canals of claret which we shall set flowing in the streets. Then the Lord Mayor and the Corporation will come to meet you, and you will get the freedom of the city presented in a gold snuff-box. As for Buckingham Palace—well, a baronetcy would be a nice thing."

"A baronetcy! Three millions a year and only a baronet! By the monuments of Westminster Abbey, I will become a duke and an archbishop rolled into one, and have the right of sending fifteen people a day to be beheaded at the Tower."

"Oh, not that, uncle!"

"And why not?"

"Because there wouldn't be any publishers at the end of the year"

"And here we are at Black Gang Chine!"

Violet would not go down. She positively refused to go down. She called the place Black Gang Sham, and hoped they were pouring enough water down the kitchen-pipe of the hotel to make a foaming cataract. But she begged Mrs. Warrener and Amy, who had not seen the place, to go down, while she remained in the carriage with Mr. Drummond. So these two disappeared into the bazaar.

"You are not really going to Scotland, are you?" she said, simply, her head cast down.

"I have been thinking of it," he answered; "why not?"

"The air here is very sweet and soft," she said, in a hesitating way; "of course, I know the climate on the west coast of Scotland is very mild, and you would get the mountain air as well as the sea air; but don't you think the storms, the gales that blow in the spring——"

"Oh," said he, cheerfully, "I shall

never be pulled together till I get up to the north, I know that. I may have to remain here till I get stronger, but by and by I hope we shall all go up to Scotland together, and that long before the shooting begins."

"I—I am afraid," said she, "that I shall not be of the party."

"You? Not you?" he cried; "you are not going to leave us, Violet, just after we have found you?"

He took her hand, but she still averted her eyes.

"I half promised," she said, "to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. Dowse. They are very lonely. They think they have a claim on me, and they have been very kind."

"You are not going to Mr. and Mrs. Dowse, Violet," said he, promptly. "I pity the poor people, but we have a prior claim on you, and we mean to insist on it. What, just after all this grief of separation, you would go away from us again? No, no! I tell you, Violet, we shall never find you your real self until you have been braced up by the sea-breezes. I mean the real sea-breezes. You want a scamper among the heather, I can see that; for I have been watching you of late, and you are not up to the right mark. The sooner we all go the better. Do you understand that?"

He had been talking lightly and cheerfully, not caring who overheard. She, on the other hand, was anxious and embarrassed, not daring to utter what was on her mind. At last she said——

"Will you get down for a minute or two, and walk along the road? It is very sheltered here, and the sun is warm."

He did so, and she took his arm, and they walked away apart in the sunlight and silence. When they had gone some distance she stopped and said, in a low and earnest voice——

"Don't you know why I cannot go to the Highlands with you? It would kill me. How could I go back to all those places?"

"I understand that well enough, Violet," said he, gently, "but don't you



think you ought to go for the very purpose of conquering that feeling? There is nothing in that part of the country to inspire you with dread. You would see it all again in its accustomed light."

She shook her head.

"Very well, then," said he, for he was determined not to let these gloomy impressions of the girl overcome him; "if not there, somewhere else. We are not tied to Castle Bandbox. There is plenty of space about the West Highlands, or about the Central Highlands for the matter of that. Shall we try to get some lodging in an inn or farmhouse about the Moor of Rannoch? Or will you try the islands—Jura, or Islay, or Mull?"

She did not answer; she seemed to be in a dream.

"Shall I tell you, Violet," he continued, gravely and gently, "why I want you to come with us? I am anxious that you and I should be together as long—as long as that is possible. One never knows what may happen, and lately—well, we need not speak of it, but I don't wish us to be parted, Violet."

She burst into a violent fit of crying and sobbing. She had been struggling bravely to repress this gathering emotion; but his direct reference to the very thought that was overshadowing her mind was too much for her. And along with this wild grief came as keen remorse, for was this the conduct required of an attendant upon an invalid?

"You must forgive me," she sobbed. "I don't know what it is—I have been very nervous of late—and—and—"

"There is nothing to cry about, Violet," said he, gently; "what is to be, is to be; you have not lost your old courage! Only let us be together while we can."

"Oh, my love, my love!" she suddenly cried, taking his hand in both of hers, and looking up to him with her piteous, tear-dimmed eyes, "we will always be together! What is it that you say?—what is it that you mean? Not that you are going away without me! I have courage for anything but that. It does not matter what comes,

only that I must go with you—we two together!"

"Hush, hush, Violet," said he, soothingly, for he saw that the girl was really beside herself with grief and apprehension. "Come, this is not like the brave Violet of old. I thought there was nothing in all the world you were afraid to face. Look up, now."

She released his hand, and a strange expression came over her face. That wild outburst had been an involuntary confession; now a great fear and shame filled her heart that she should have been betrayed into it, and in a despairing, pathetic fashion she tried to explain away her words.

"We shall be together, shall we not?" she said, with an affected cheerfulness, though she was still crying gently. "It does not matter what part of the Highlands you go to—I will go with you. I must write and explain to Mrs. Dowse. It would be a pity that we should separate so soon, after that long time, would it not? And then the brisk air of the hills, and of the yachting, will be better for you than the hot summer here, won't it? And I am sure you will get very well there; that is just the place for you to get strong; and when the time for the shooting comes, we shall all go out, as we used to do, to see you missing every bird that gets up."

She tried to smile, but did not succeed very well.

"And really it does not matter to me so very much what part we go to, for, as you say, one ought to conquer these feelings, and if you prefer Castle Bandbox, I will go there, too—that is, I shall be very proud to go if I am not in the way. And you know I am the only one who can make cartridges for you."

"I don't think I shall trouble the cartridges very much," said he, glad to think she was becoming more cheerful.

"Indeed," she continued, "I don't know what would have become of your gun if I had not looked after it, for you only half cleaned it, and old Peter would not touch it, and the way the sea air rusted the barrels was quite remarkable. Will you have No. 3 or No. 4 shot this year for the sea birds?"

"Well," he answered, gravely, "you see we shall have no yacht this year, and probably no chances of wild duck at all; and it would scarcely be worth while to make cartridges merely to fire away at these harmless and useless sea pyots and things of that sort."

"Oh, but my papa could easily get us a yacht," she said, promptly; "he would be delighted—I know he would be delighted. And I have been told you can get a small yacht for about 40*l.* a month, crew and everything included, and what is that? Indeed, I think it is quite necessary you should have a yacht."

"Forty pounds," said he, "I think we could manage that. But then we should deduct something from the wages of the crew on the strength of our taking our own cook with us. Do you remember that cook? She had a wonderful trick of making apricot-jam puddings; how the dickens she managed to get so much jam crammed in I never could make out. She was just about as good at that as at making cartridges. Did you ever hear of that cook?"

By this time they had walked gently back to the carriage, and now Mrs. Warrener and her daughter made their appearance. The elder woman noticed something strange about Violet's expression, but she did not speak of it, for surely the girl was happy enough! She was, indeed, quite merry. She told Mrs. Warrener she was ready to go with them to the Highlands whenever they chose. She proposed that this time they should go up the Caledonian Canal, and go down by Loch Maree, and then go out and visit the western isles. She said the sooner they went the better; they would get all the beautiful summer of the north; it was only the autumn tourists who complained of the rain of the Highlands.

"But we had little rain last autumn," said Mrs. Warrener.

"Oh, very little indeed," said Violet, quite brightly; "we had charming weather all through. I never enjoyed myself anywhere so much. I think the sooner your brother gets up to the Highlands the better; it will do him a world of good."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### DU SCHMERZENREICHE!

So the long, silent, sunlit days passed, and it seemed to the three patient watchers that the object of their care was slowly recovering health and strength. But if they were all willing and eager to wait on him, it was Violet who was his constant companion and friend, his devoted attendant, his humble scholar. Sometimes when Mrs. Warrener's heart grew sore within her to think of the wrong that had been wrought in the past, the tender little woman tried to solace herself somewhat by regarding these two as they now sate together—he the whimsical, affectionate, playful, and kindly master, she the meek pupil and disciple, forgetting all the proud dignity of her maidenhood, her fire, and audacity, and independence, in the humility and self-surrender of her love. Surely, she thought, this time was making up for much of the past. And if all went well now, what had they to look forward to but a still closer companionship, in which the proud, and loyal, and fearless girl would become the tender and obedient wife? There was no jealousy in the nature of this woman. She would have laughed with joy if she could have heard their marriage bells.

And Violet, too, when the sun lay warm on the daisies and cowslips, when the sweet winds blew the scent of the lilacs about, and when her master and teacher grew strong enough to walk with her along the quiet woodland ways, could she fail to pick up some morsel of cheerfulness and hope. It almost seemed as if she had dropped into a new world; and it was a beautiful world, full of tenderness, and peace, and sunshine. Henceforth there was to be no more George Miller; he had gone clean out of her mind; as far as she was concerned there was no more skirmishing, no more loneliness and almost forgotten world. And when the creasing distances



the brighter look of his face, and the growing courage and carelessness of his habits, then indeed the world became a beautiful world to her, and she was almost inclined to fall in love with those whirling and gleaming southern seas.

It was in the black night time, when all the household but herself were asleep, that she paid the penalty of these transient joys. Haunted by the one terrible fear, she could gain no rest; it was in vain that she tried to reason with herself; her imagination was like some hideous fiend continually whispering to her ear. Then she had no friend with whom to share those terrible doubts; she dared not mention them to any human soul. Why should she disturb the gentle confidence of his sister and her daughter? She could not make them miserable merely to lift from her own mind a portion of its anxiety. She could only lie awake, night after night, and rack her brain with a thousand gloomy forebodings. She recalled certain phrases he had used in moments of pathetic confidence. She recalled the quick look of pain with which he sometimes paused in the middle of his speech, the almost involuntary raising of the hand to the region of the heart, the passing pallor of the face. Had they seen none of those things? Had they no wild, despairing thoughts about them? Was it possible they could go peacefully to sleep with this dread thing hanging over them, with a chance of awaking to a day of bitter anguish and wild heart-broken farewell? This cruel anxiety, kept all to herself, was killing the girl. She grew restless and feverish; sometimes she sat up half the night at the window listening to the moaning of the dark sea outside; she became languid during the day, pale, and *distracted*. But it was not to last long.

One evening these two were together in the small parlour, he lying down, she sitting near him with a book in her hand. The French windows were open; they could hear Mrs. Warrener and her daughter talking in the garden. And, strangely enough, the sick man's thoughts were once more turned to the

far Highlands, and to their life among the hills, and the pleasant merry-making on board the *Sea-Pyot*.

"The air of this place does not agree with you at all, Violet," he was saying. "You are not looking nearly so well as you did when we came down. You are the only one who has not benefited by the change. Now that won't do; we cannot have a succession of invalids—a Greek frieze of patients, all carrying phials of medicine. We must get off to the Highlands at once. What do you say—a fortnight hence?"

She knelt down beside him, and took his hand, and said in a low voice—

"Do not be angry with me—it is very unreasonable, I know—but I have a strange dread of the Highlands. I have dreamt so often lately of being up there—and of being swept away on a dark sea—in the middle of the night."

She shuddered. He put his hand gently on her head.

"There is no wonder you should dream of that," he said with a smile. "That is only part of the story which you made us all believe. But we have got a brighter finish for it now. You have not been overwhelmed in that dark flood yet——"

He paused.

"Violet!—my love!" he suddenly cried.

He let go her hand, and made a wild grasp at his left breast; his face grew white with pain. What made her instinctively throw her arms round him, with terror in her eyes?

"Violet!—what is this?—kiss me!"

It was but one second after that that a piercing shriek rang through the place. The girl had sprung up like a deer shot through the heart; her eyes dilated, her face wild and pale. Mrs. Warrener came running in; but paused, and almost retreated in fear from the awful spectacle before her; for the girl still held the dead man's hand, and she was laughing merrily. The dark sea that she had dreaded had overtaken her at last.

But one more scene—months afterwards. It is the breakfast-room in

Lady North's house in Euston Square ; and Anatolia is sitting there alone. The door opens, and a tall young girl, dressed in a white morning costume comes silently in ; there is a strange and piteous look of trouble in her dark eyes. Anatolia goes over to her, and takes her hand very tenderly, and leads her to the easy-chair she had herself just quitted.

"There is not any letter yet?" she asks, having looked all round the table with a sad and wearied air.

"No, dear, not yet," says Anatolia, who, unlovely though she may be, has a sympathetic heart ; and her lip trembles as she speaks. "You must be patient, Violet."

"It is another morning gone, and there is no letter, and I cannot understand it," says the girl, apparently to herself, and then she begins to cry silently, while her half-sister goes to her, and puts her arm round her neck, and tries to soothe her.

Lady North comes into the room. Some changes have happened within these few months ; it is "Mother" and "My child" now between the enemies of yore. And as she bids Violet good-morning, and gently kisses her, the girl renews her complaint.

"Mother, why do they keep back his letter? I know he must have written to me long ago ; and I cannot go to him until I get the letter ! and he will wonder why I am not coming. Morning after morning I listen for the post-man—I can hear him in the street—from house to house—and they all get their letters, but I don't get this one that is worth all the world to me. And I never neglected anything that he said—and I was always very obedient to him—and he will wonder now that I don't go to him, and perhaps he will think that I am among my other friends now and have forgotten—No, he will not think that. I have not forgotten."

"My child, you must not vex yourself," says Lady North with all the tenderness of which she is capable—

and Anatolia is bitterly crying all the while. "It will be all right. And you must not look sad to-day ; for you know Mrs. Warrener and your friend Amy are coming to see you——"

She does not seem to pay much heed.

"Shall we go for the flowers to-day?" she asks, with her dark wet eyes raised for the first time.

"My darling, this is not the day we go for the flowers ; that is to-morrow."

"And what is the use of it?" she says, letting her head sink sadly again. "Every time I go over to Nunhead I listen—all by myself—and I know he is not there at all. The flowers look pretty, because his name is over them ; but he is not there at all—he is far away—and he was to send me a message—and every day I wait for it—and they keep the letter back. Mother, are all my dresses ready?"

"Yes, Violet."

"You are quite sure?"

"They are all ready, Violet ; don't trouble about that."

"It is the white satin one he will like the best ; and he will be pleased that I am not in black like the others. Mother, Mrs. Warrener and Amy surely cannot mean to come to the wedding in black?"

"Surely not, Violet ! But come, dear, to your breakfast."

She took her place quite calmly and humbly ; but her mind was still wandering towards that picture.

"I hope they will strew the church-yard with flowers as we pass through it—not for me, but for him, for he will be pleased with that ; and there is more than all that is in the Prayer-book that I will promise to be to him, when we two are kneeling together. You are quite sure, mother, that everything is ready?"

"Everything, my darling."

"And you think the message from him will come soon now?"

"I think it will come soon now, Violet," was the answer, given with trembling lips.



## COLONEL BARRÉ AND HIS TIMES.

THE *Life of Lord Shelburne*, by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of which the concluding volume has just made its appearance, has brought the latter end of the eighteenth century so prominently before the public that no apology is necessary for offering a slight sketch of one of Lord Shelburne's greatest friends—Colonel Barré. In framing the following article much of the material has necessarily been drawn from the same sources with those of Lord Shelburne's *Life*. The *Grenville Correspondence*, the *Bedford Correspondence*, the *Chatham Correspondence*, Walpole's works, the *Life of Lord Rockingham*, Bancroft's *History of America*, the Parliamentary Debates, and numerous other books and pamphlets bearing upon the history of the time have been consulted. The passages relating to the communications which passed between Pitt and Bute are taken from the unpublished MS. of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was on a confidential footing with both Pitt and Bute. What occurred on these occasions curiously evinces how little Bute's professions were to be relied on. We may now turn to our narrative.

Isaac Barré was born in Dublin in 1726. His father, Peter Barré, and his mother, Miss Raboteau, were both natives of the district of Rochelle, and both had fled before that tempest of persecution which in 1685 completed the annihilation of French Protestantism. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, when fertile districts and populous towns were converted into deserts, when oppressions equally cruel with and much less defensible than those of Titelmann or Torquemada had turned Languedoc into a waste, and had driven its wretched inhabitants to find a friendly shelter in the caves of the Pyrenees or the thickets of the Ardennes, they, with many of

their unfortunate countrymen, took refuge in Ireland.

The escape of Miss Raboteau was not made without difficulty. Heavy penalties were placed upon emigration. Ships of war guarded the coast. Troops patrolled the frontier, and chains and the galleys were reserved for the fugitive. Miss Raboteau, in her home near Rochelle, was offered the alternative of marrying a Catholic gentleman for whom she did not care, or of life-long devotion to a religion which she detested. There was only one means of escape. Her uncle, who had some time before settled in Dublin as a merchant, was in the habit of paying occasional trading visits in his own vessel to Rochelle. His niece informed him of her miserable plight, and implored his assistance. He concealed her in Rochelle till the time for embarkation drew nigh, and then, placing her in an empty cask, transported her on board his ship. In Dublin, whither he carried her, she married Peter Barré.

Little is known of the early life of the Barrés. From the nature of their exile it is probable they were poor. It is stated that through the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher, whose child Mrs. Barré had nursed, they were established in a small grocer's shop; but this account must be accepted with reserve, as it was made many years afterwards, when Barré's first appearance on the political stage and his celebrated attack on Pitt might incline people to exaggerate his insignificance for the purpose of heightening his audacity.

If Barré's parents were poor, their means were at all events sufficient to afford their son a good education. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a scholar, and graduated in 1745. The bar was the profession selected for him by his parents. Garrick,

charmed with displays of his acting, recommended the stage, and coupled the proposition with the liberal offer of a thousand a year. Barré himself chose the army. The war of the Austrian succession was then raging on the Continent. As far as the English contingent was concerned, it had been carried on with uniform want of success. Dissensions in the camp had already threatened the existence of the army. Divisions in the cabinet precluded any hope that these dissensions would ever be entirely healed. But Barré's nature was both ardent and sanguine, and he probably looked upon a military career as the quickest road to fame. In 1746 he received his commission as an ensign in the 32nd regiment, then stationed in Flanders.

The profession which Barré thus embraced, and of which he was destined for many years to remain an active but undistinguished member, was, during the middle of the last century, at its worst period. Political corruption had sapped every branch and every rank of the service. Commissions, promotions, favours, were placed in one great mart, and sold to the highest political bidder. The discipline of the army was sacrificed to the discipline of the House of Commons. For a young man like Barré, without means and without connections, to enter the army was simply to doom himself to years of mortification and disappointment.

The internal condition of the army was no better than its administration. Barré, like Wolfe, must often have abhorred the society into which he was cast. To the favoured few indeed many rewards were offered. There were perquisites the very names of which are now almost forgotten. There was nearly complete immunity from service. Many officers spent more time at Ranelagh than they did with their regiments. But to Barré, and men like Barré, who had no favours to receive, the army presented a very different aspect. They had no society but that of their brother officers; no reward but in the efficiency of their regiments. There was little in the officer of that day to recommend him. He was badly edu-

cated, very often profligate. He was the butt of satirists. Sometimes he was a schoolboy, who staggered under the weight of his cockade, sometimes a shopman, attempting a military bluster. As for the discipline of the men, nothing could be worse. In the March of the Guards to Finchley, Hogarth has presented to us the wildest scene of confusion and licentiousness.

To a young and aspiring man like Barré the first charms of such a profession must soon have yielded to a bitter sense of mortification. Crushed by the wealth of more fortunate comrades, with neither influence to command favour nor means to purchase it, his future prospects must have appeared most disheartening. It is true that many of the statesmen of that and of a later time—Henry Pelham, Conway, Shelburne, the great Pitt himself—were, or had been, soldiers, but these men were all favoured by political connection, and of political connection Barré was entirely destitute.

After protracted negotiations the war was concluded in 1748 by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and with it disappeared Barré's chance of snatching fame from any fortunate exploit. For nine years we now lose sight of him. We know that he spent part of that time with his regiment in Scotland and at Gibraltar, but of his manner of life we are entirely ignorant. Walpole asserts that he employed the intervals of duty in assiduous study, and it is likely enough that this was the case, as no man could have acquired such a mastery of speaking, unless he had studied literature carefully, and cultivated the art of composition. It is not till 1757 that, as a volunteer in Wolfe's regiment, on the expedition against Rochefort, he again comes prominently before the eye.

The years which followed the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle supplied many proofs that it would not endure. British India was attacked by Dupleix. The American colonies were threatened by M. la Jonquière. Large forces of soldiers and sailors were collected by the French government. England regarded these signs with alarm. In 1754 Pelham died.



Newcastle excluded Pitt from the administration. War with France broke out. Alarm became converted into a panic. The people trusted Pitt as much as they distrusted Newcastle. They determined to support Pitt. The history of the short but violent struggle which ensued is well known: how the king wavered, how Newcastle cringed, how Pitt, at first inexorable, at length bent, and how Fox, omitting to calculate what had hardly before entered into the calculations of a minister, the power of public opinion, sank into a humble placeman.

Pitt was the man who personified this revolution in popular power. The hope, the force, and the enterprise of the nation looked to him for support. Pitt, and only Pitt, could save the country from what, to a people conscious of its own strength and its own resources, must have seemed a living death. While Newcastle was minister the most heroic efforts could be attended but by greater failure; while his placemen filled the offices the most lavish grants would but accumulate their illicit treasure. The voice of virtue, which Pitt alone had raised, and which died without an echo on the level wilderness of official corruption, had found an answer in the hearts of the people. In June, 1757, he became to all intents and purposes prime minister.

Pitt at once proceeded to take vigorous measures against France. First of all he organised an expedition against Rochefort. As has already been said, Barré was attached to it in the capacity of a volunteer. The expedition terminated ingloriously; but it marks the turning point in Barré's life. The two men who did more for him than anybody else in the world were attached to the same regiment. Wolfe rescued him from obscurity after he had lingered a subaltern for eleven years. Shelburne in after life brought him into parliament, and became his patron and friend.

Wolfe was the only officer whose conduct at Rochefort had made him conspicuous. Pitt, with his wonderful insight into character, selected him in the following year to accompany General

Amherst as brigadier in the expedition against Cape Breton. By the influence of Wolfe, Barré was also appointed to the same expedition as major of brigade, though Wolfe himself states that at that time he hardly knew Barré by sight, or had spoken ten words to him. Early in June the English fleet appeared off Louisburg. Louisburg was perhaps the most important French stronghold in America. It stood like a sentinel in the Atlantic to guard the maritime road to Canada, and was the first and strongest link of that chain of fortresses which had been destined to bind the rugged shores of the St. Lawrence with the sunny and fruitful regions of the Mississippi. But the glory of France in America was setting, the days of her ambition were departed, and dreams of conquest and empire had passed into realities of bitterness and humiliation. A few forts, a few towns, a few citadels still acknowledged her sovereignty, but these, which had once been the guardians of her prosperity, were now left the fragments of her decay. Louisburg was doomed. Nothing could save it; neither the fogs which shrouded it, nor the iron barrier of rugged rocks which encircled it, nor the wall of felled pine-trees which hedged in the shore, and through whose branches the defenders poured a murderous fire. Nature and art failed to afford it protection, and Louisburg was compelled to capitulate.

Fortune had destined that Barré should be a participator in the final subjugation of Canada. The capture of Louisburg was the first step towards its accomplishment, the second was the attack upon Quebec. In 1759 the expedition under Wolfe was organised. Barré's abilities had from the very first commanded the respect of Wolfe. Common dangers and common successes had probably won his regard. Barré was appointed to the expedition. The post of adjutant-general was conferred upon him, with the rank of captain in the army. In June the fleet sailed into the St. Lawrence under French colours. Great was the exultation of the Canadians on beholding the friendly ensign.

The discovery of the deception overwhelmed them with grief. The whole province was in consternation. The zeal of religion, the fervour of patriotism, the ferocity of the savage, and the valour of a few veteran troops were arrayed under Montcalm to defend an impregnable city. The difficulties of the English appeared insurmountable. The charts of the St. Lawrence were imperfect; its shoals intricate; its storms destructive; its rapid current floated down fire-ships on the fleet. At length, when every effort had been baffled, when the lines of the enemy seemed impenetrable, when Wolfe in his despondency had prepared the government for impending failure, triumph rose from the shadows of disaster. After a lapse of more than a hundred years the memory of the exploit is not dimmed. Once more we behold the busy but noiseless embarkation; again we feel the breathless silence which reigns over the dark river; again we see the intrepid ascent of its lofty and rocky bank; and we again hear the thunder of the volley which, while it decided the fate of the battle, rang over the grave of the French empire in America.

The battle of Quebec was unfortunate for Barré. A severe wound in his cheek injured his sight, and the death of Wolfe withdrew the protection of a friend and patron. He wrote to Pitt, but Pitt seldom favoured such applications for promotion or office. The answer was unsatisfactory, and Barré was once more compelled to lean upon his friends. In September, 1760, Amherst sent him home with despatches notifying the capture of Montreal. With his return to England commenced a new epoch in his life. On the field of Quebec he had lost his greatest friend. With Pitt's reply his hopes of promotion had vanished. He was now to find in Lord Fitzmaurice a more powerful patron, and in parliament a wider field for his ambition.

Walpole says that it was the custom of Lord Fitzmaurice to collect a knot of young orators at his house, and that

Barré, who formed one of the band, soon overtopped the others. However this may be, Lord Fitzmaurice, on succeeding to his father, Lord Shelburne, in 1761, nominated Barré to the vacant family borough of Wycombe.

When Barré took his seat in the House of Commons, the strong ministry of Pitt had at length fallen. Little more than a year before, its unanimity and its concord had appeared complete. The king seemed hale and hearty, and everything portended a prolonged administration. But fortune had decreed that Pitt's glory as a minister should be eclipsed at the moment of culmination.

Machiavelli, in tracing the history of Florence, describes how happiness and ruin swept in waves over the city; how war bred peace, and how repose engendered strife. In the same way, the unanimity of Pitt's government contained the seeds of its own destruction. The paramount ascendancy of Pitt's will could alone produce had money; and Pitt's will, while it ruler-despotically, excited the jealousy and the fear of his colleagues. The first stroke of misfortune was the death of George II., the commencement of Pitt's decline the council held by George III. on the day of his father's decease. The council continued to sit during the whole day, and it was not till seven o'clock in the evening that its members, harassed with anxiety, and weary of conjectures for the future, were permitted to adjourn. Late as was the hour, Bute at once demanded an interview with Pitt. A few months before he had employed Elliot, then at the Board of Admiralty, to effect an interview with Pitt for the purpose, as he expressed it, of renewing that fraternal union which had once existed between them. To this request Pitt had, in a conversation with Elliot, returned a positive, and a not very courteous, refusal. Bute desired to be at the head of the treasury, though in the capacity of a cipher; Pitt would not listen to such a proposal. He believed Bute's character to be imperious and grasping; he suspected him of a desire to meddle



with the war, and he declared he would permit not the colour, not the shadow of a change in its conduct. If he was not to direct, he would retire; he would not be rid with a check-rein. He concluded with the following words:—"By distrusting his friends, he will become dependent on his enemies. I will make way for his greatness—I will assist it—only I cannot make part of it."

In the conversation on the evening of the death of George II. Bute reminded Pitt of this former overture. Great changes had occurred, but he was still, he said, ready to stretch out the hand of friendship. He assured him that he had laid aside all thoughts of being First Lord of the Treasury—that he meant to be a private man by the side of the king, and that he approved of the system of the war. Pitt thanked Bute for his expressions of friendship, but said he must distinguish between a public and a private friendship; the latter was a virtue, the former was often faction and cabal. He must remain completely independent. His politics, like his religion, would admit of no accommodation. If only the country were saved, he would agree with Bute in wishing to retire. "The only difference between them," he said, "was that his lordship would practise his philosophy in a court, he in a village." So the two rivals parted: Pitt to continue for a little longer his high career of inflexible command—Bute to plot, to undermine, and to divide the government.

The first blow fell upon Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Legge was a good man of business. His speeches were pointed and concise. He is described on one occasion as the only man in the House who seemed to have learned his troy-weight—no very great compliment to other members. In 1756 he had thrown up his office in the government to join Pitt, and had shared with Pitt the shower of gold boxes which had rewarded their zeal. He had, however, offended the king, when Prince of Wales, by not sup-

porting a political enemy at a Hampshire election; consequently in March, 1761, he was dismissed. His future life, he said to the king, would show his zeal. "Nothing but your future life," replied the monarch, "can eradicate the bad impression I have received of you."

The next to fall was Holderness. Holderness had originally been brought into office by Newcastle. Newcastle described him as taciturn, dexterous enough, and most punctual in the execution of his orders. He was in reality a dull man of fashion, who had married a Dutch bride, who gave splendid *fêtes*, who, in conjunction with Lord Middlesex, had at one time managed the opera, and who now late in life was still struggling for the garter. Pitt had placed him in the cabinet as a cipher. He had been a cipher for nearly twenty years, and it might have been supposed had become used to his trade. Now, for the first time, he resented being passed over, and offered Bute to procure his own resignation by quarrelling with his colleagues. When a convenient moment presented itself, Holderness was dismissed, and exchanged his office for a rich sinecure. Bute succeeded to the seals.

While these changes affected the outer appearance of the government, the discord within it was fast producing rupture. Bedford had early in the year resigned the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland in consequence of some difficulties upon which he and Pitt had taken different views. Bedford, though a violent and a headstrong man, was also a courageous one, and well knew how to prize the same quality in another. He seems to have had a real admiration for Pitt's character, but the flame of dissension was carefully fanned by Rigby, and the negotiations with France finally raised an insurmountable barrier between the two statesmen. He therefore joined in an alliance with Bute.

George Grenville was another malcontent. He, too, hated the war. He had never cordially liked Pitt. For years he thought that his own services had been disregarded. As long ago as

the time of Pelham, he had stated his grievances to Pitt, and Pitt had ignored them. Pitt, he said, had brought division and unhappiness into his family, and he seemed even to look upon Pitt's marriage to his sister as an injury to himself. Bute carefully cultivated the friendship of Grenville. He made him a cabinet minister, and hinted at future favours. Of the remainder of the council, Granville had never been a friend of Pitt, and Newcastle, timid and fickle, at heart desired peace, and was at all times ready to sacrifice his friends to himself.

The rupture with Spain brought matters to a crisis. Pitt joined issue with his colleagues on the simple question of peace or war. He was beaten, and with Temple at once resigned.

Bute's authority in the cabinet was now absolute, but it was necessary that arrangements should be made for the approaching session. Parliament would meet in less than a month. The government had not a single speaker in the House of Commons upon whom it could rely. There was literally nobody who would venture to withstand the eloquence and invective of Pitt, now driven into opposition, and the recollection of Pitt in opposition, his scorn, his satire, and his vehemence, still rankled in the mind of many a victim. Bute had expected much of George Grenville. A message was sent to hurry him from Wotton. Every flattery was blandished upon him. He was offered the seals of the secretary and the leadership of the House of Commons. He must not think of the Speakership. He was far too valuable a servant to the king to be allowed to retire from active politics. He was to receive all the support that the authority of the crown could bestow. His honour was to be the king's honour, his disgrace to be the king's disgrace. Only one condition was imposed upon him. He was never to mention the name of Fox. Grenville for the moment refused the seals, but accepted the leadership of the House of Commons. The union was scarcely complete before it began slowly, though surely, to dissolve. In fact

Grenville was not a man who ever could work satisfactorily with others. He had a very high notion of his own capacity; he was very sensitive; and he was very domineering. He soon showed symptoms of jealousy both of Fox and of Bute; and his sensitiveness was wounded in its tenderest part by Temple, who ordered his hall-porter to close the door in his face, and who rudely turned his back upon him at the Privy Council.

Before the meeting of parliament the adhesion of another powerful supporter was secured. This, extraordinary as it may appear after Bute's conversation with Grenville, was no other than Fox. His venal services were now purchased upon the promise of a peerage at an early date to his wife, Lady Caroline.

The negotiations with Fox had been conducted by Barré's patron, the young Lord Shelburne. Shelburne was then perhaps the most sincere friend whom Bute possessed. He was seriously convinced of the necessity of peace, and was much more consistent than Bute in its pursuit. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, but had already given signs of ability, and had expressed a desire for political employment. With the intolerance of youth, he could see nothing in anybody else's opinions but his own. Rigby, who, whatever his other merits were, could not boast of a high political morality, contemptuously observed that Shelburne seemed to think that virtue was confined to himself and his friends; and Fox, likewise, admonished him that there was more honesty in the world than he gave it credit for. The sneers of Rigby and the lectures of Fox give us the most reasonable assurance of the sincerity of Shelburne. In the impending struggle he was prepared to throw his whole weight into the scale of the government.

Such was the condition of parties when Barré took his seat in the House of Commons. Much was expected during the session. Scarcely ever had matters of greater importance been placed before parliament. The defence of an old war, the reasons against a new one, were to be debated with all the



acrimony which broken party faith and broken family ties could inspire. In the Commons the government was supported by a large majority, but it was for the most part a timid and dull herd. Pitt's eloquence awed them. His sarcasm scared them. Not one dared to enter the lists against him. Before the Christmas recess Barré had broken the spell. He had overwhelmed Pitt's person with abuse and his measures with reproach. He was a profligate minister, the execration of the people of England. "There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table—that sacrilegious hand, that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country." Pitt maintained a haughty but discreet silence. He, at all events, was not the man to cast the first stone. Perhaps his mind wandered back through the memories of nigh twenty years. He may have recollected the same grave assembly convulsed by an angry and acrimonious debate. The shadows of faces now passed away may again have surrounded him; and the voice of Sandys imploring him to spare the rank and authority of Carteret may have once more rung in his ears. This speech was applauded by Fox and by Rigby, but the House was disgusted. It was too savage for the bitterest partizan. On its conclusion Barré was seen to eat a biscuit. "Does it eat biscuit?" said Charles Townshend, "I thought it ate nothing but raw flesh." The court alone was pleased.

Horace Walpole was a witness of this curious scene. As he approached the House of Commons the tones of a new voice struck upon his ear, as he passed the door the figure of a new speaker fell upon his eye. The House which for the last few years had scarcely ventured on a great debate, and which Pitt had tamed into such absolute submission, that, as Walpole himself had once remarked, a No! was as likely to be heard from the House of Commons as from an old woman, presented a scene of the most violent confusion. Walpole de-

scribes Barré as a black, robust, middle-aged man, of a military figure, a bullet, lodged loosely in his cheek, had distorted his face, and had imparted a savage glare to one eye; but unprepossessing as was his appearance, Walpole admits that his diction was both classic and eloquent. The harsh chord which Barré first struck never ceased to vibrate. Through his parliamentary career his speeches were marked by remorseless severity. Could anything have instilled a drop of mercy into his gall, it would have been the amiability of Lord North, surrounded as he was by the most unprecedented difficulties. But Lord North experienced no compassion. He was a wretch, a corrupter, a sycophant. Nothing but his head would expiate his iniquities. While these tirades were going on, Lord North probably slumbered peacefully as long as he could, but when he was compelled to answer he did so with a degree of good sense and self-command that must ever do honour to his disposition.

The pre-eminence of Barré as a speaker was due principally to his extraordinary power of invective, but it would be a great injustice to suppose that there was nothing but invective in his speeches. On the contrary, some of them abound with wise maxims and good sound common sense. He was generally on what we should call the constitutional side, and as the great constitutional questions of that day have all been settled in his favour, it is naturally difficult for us to help being struck by his arguments. But Barré does not deserve our unqualified approbation. He was essentially a party man. He spoke *for* his party, and he voted *with* his party. Walpole called him a bravo, and nothing can so well illustrate the dependence of his position as the fact, that clever and eloquent as he was, the first trace we find of his making an original motion was in 1778, seventeen years after he entered parliament. He was one of those mercenaries of the great political leaders of last century, who after a tumultuous life of

parliamentary conflict were content to retire into oblivion upon a pension, men of vast abilities and too often of low morality, who flamed across the political heavens like meteors, and whose brilliant track, already beginning to fade in the lapse of time, alone remains to mark their former splendour.

Thus Barré found himself fighting the battles of the people, and his eloquence was of a sort peculiarly adapted to such warfare. It was of an aggressive character. It is doubtful whether as a ministerial speaker he would ever have risen to any eminence. His mind was fired by all the lofty principles which a popular opposition, whether rightly or wrongly, seems always to inspire. He was the champion of resistance in every form; of mobs against soldiers; of the people against the parliament; of the parliament against the crown. The corporation of London denied the privileges of the House of Commons; he recommended concession. The American colonies rose in rebellion against England; he counselled compliance. His speeches abound with appeals to the moral sympathies. Virtue is eulogised; tyranny, corruption, and fraud meet with proper reprobation. Such themes can never be exhausted, and are always popular. It is doubtful whether his eloquence, stripped of such spangles as these, would ever have shone so brilliantly before the world. But Barré was not always so fortunate as to charm the House with his language, or to terrify it with his invective. He was an Irishman, and his French extraction was unable to save him from the penalties of an Irish birth. On one fatal occasion, when he was speaking on the subject of America, he declared, in stentorian tones, "I think Boston ought to be punished; she is your eldest son." The House, which he had oftener driven to tears than to mirth, naturally exploded into a roar of laughter.

For some time after his first display in the House of Commons, Barré does not seem to have been a frequent speaker. A second attack on Pitt in the following year received the most

marked disapproval, and his voice was almost drowned by the shuffling, talking, and coughing of his audience. In all probability this was the last act of hostility which Barré displayed towards Pitt, as a rapid change in the relations of parties was soon to effect a union that remained unaltered till death.

In May, 1762, the poor old Duke of Newcastle was driven from office. He fell without a word of sympathy. At an age when friends are most needed, he had to retire from a friendless government to a friendless opposition. His levee, once crowded with clients and time-servers, was empty and deserted. The days of his active government with Pelham, the days of his intrigues with Fox, the days of his brilliant subjection to Pitt, were gone—gone, never to return. At all events, he was an old servant of the crown; the king might at least have said one gracious word to him to soften his fall; but the king sent him from the closet with a cold dismissal.

Bute succeeded Newcastle as First Lord of the Treasury, and George Grenville became Secretary of State. The government had no cohesion. Bedford was sent to Paris to negotiate a peace, but Bedford, the ambassador, and Egremont, the secretary, were soon at daggers drawn. Grenville supported Egremont, but Grenville's own position was not secure. He was at an assembly at Egremont's house, when a message arrived from Bute to tell him that Fox was designed for the leadership of the House of Commons. It was in vain that Grenville appealed to the king, and reminded him of his former promises, and of his long-declared enmity to Fox. The king was firm. Bad men, he said, must be called upon to govern bad men, and Grenville, with feelings of anger, was compelled to surrender the lead of the House of Commons, and to exchange the office of the Secretary of State for the Admiralty. The conclusion of peace withdrew the one great bond that had hitherto attached the ministers.

Early in 1763 the position of Bute was most embarrassing. Fox, his ablest



old was her object, and she offered the Inquisition. India, but she too as a source of Lewis XV., prostrate under a remained nearly wealth which

of the English other country was embraced many of between law and the result of great age, and a general neutralization. The colonies in matters of the completely sub- country was in adopted in England not then perceived the mother country any other system of prohibition. to compete with They were to buy English market. thing except in the this was the theory which bound and America. The with the were imposed at piracy courts sat there was a nominal the fruits of the laws which in the I. made it felony to ill spirit, or to feed a which in still later times heaviest penalties upon es, would have led any of the condition of the the condition of the law to England was a nation sunk or blinded by religious the same reader might sup- America was trampled in the the grinding tyranny of the

But the law was not the High duties were imposed in of America, but a of them were never paid.

Shelburne in the House of Lords, and Barré and Conway in the House of Commons, voted against the government. To the king, who considered that officers of the army were also politically servants of the crown, the offence was unpardonable. He determined on making an example. The high rank and court favour of Conway saved him for the moment, but both Barré and Shelburne were dismissed from their military commands.

There is no act in the reign of George III. which is so difficult to excuse as the dismissal of officers for their votes in parliament. It clearly shows either that the king completely misunderstood the English constitution, or that he deliberately intended to destroy it. Even in those days, when political purity was at its lowest ebb, when boroughs were put up for sale, and when the votes of members were bought by scores, there was yet a certain veil drawn over the infamy of the corruption. The old theory of the constitution was maintained. The constituencies were supposed to represent the people, the members were supposed to represent the constituencies, and the House of Commons was supposed to be a disinterested body of gentlemen deliberating for the good of the nation. This was a fiction, no doubt, but it was a very useful one, and went far to attach the people to the forms of a constitution in itself excellent. If a Frenchman had told an Englishman in 1763 that he was governed by a dozen great lords and a few court favourites, he would have considered his nation insulted and the Frenchman a fool. But in fact, though this was not generally admitted, it was very nearly the case. It was left for George III. to say boldly what most Englishmen had shrunk from saying. He avowedly considered every member of the House of Commons who drew a public salary his own particular representative. In his own words, those who voted against the court had deserted him, and must be punished. The evil precedent of Lord Cobham, who was dismissed in 1733

for his vote against the Excise Bill, affords no exculpation. The dismissal of Cobham was the act of the minister, and unconstitutional and impolitic as such a dismissal was, it was still the act of a minister who could be ejected and impeached at the discretion of the majority. Even Rigby, who was no stickler for scruples when some advantage was to be obtained, expressed a strong hope, on the occasion of the Whig proscription by Fox, that military officers would not be included within its operation. Though Grenville must bear a portion of the blame, this arbitrary act chiefly emanated from the king.

During the session which followed the dismissal of Barré, his reputation as a speaker rose rapidly higher and higher. The times were such as to afford great opportunities for a bold and clever man to earn distinction. The question of the legality of general warrants redivided parties, and offered opportunities for new alliances. Barré seized the occasion to evince his new attachment to Pitt, and to excuse his past conduct.

As Pitt gradually withdrew from the world, his place, to a certain extent, became filled by Barré. Barré had all the bitterness of invective and a great deal of the fire and declamation of the older statesman. He possessed the power of making himself feared, and he was feared. The brilliant but volatile Townshend felt the force of his strong will, and immediately paid him that respect which nothing but resolution and firmness could wring from his talents. The rank of Sandwich could not protect him. As he sat in the gallery of the House of Commons he heard himself compared to Nero, and retired to fresh intrigues with new-born feelings of astonishment; and North first learnt to dread the voice which in later years became the scourge of his own government. Before the ministry went out Barré had established his reputation as a great opposition speaker.

But before the resignation of Grenville many events of great importance occurred. Some of these, though they



profoundly agitated the public mind at the time, are now almost forgotten. Others, in their birth regarded but with slender interest, were destined for ever to change the history of England. The Regency Bill and the quarrels between the king and Grenville lived but a day. We look back and see in them nothing but indications of what men once thought, and how they once acted. The questions themselves are dead, and have no more connection with our living constitution than the sapless branch has with the green tree. Out of the dispute with America arose a new and operative principle in the English constitution, and with American independence the name of Barré is inseparably connected.

The peace of 1763 had made a great change in the condition of England in America. England had more than fulfilled the wildest schemes of French ambition. The burning sea of Mexico, the frozen shore of the Hudson's Bay, the steaming swamps and gloomy-headed palmetto forests of Florida, the sombre pine-woods of Canada, the prairies of the Mississippi, and the rocks of the St. Lawrence—all were hers, and all acknowledged George III. as their king. So great an empire had never since the days of Rome been united under a single sceptre. How was this great territory, half subject, half ally to be governed? History afforded no example to guide the groping mind of the statesman. Athens had been president of a national league; she quickly assumed the authority of an imperial despot. The grant of free allies was soon regarded as the rent of tributaries, and the wealth of Delos crowned the Akropolis with temples of marble, whose broken columns still gaze upon the blue gulf and misty mountains of Attica. Rome afforded no examples. Her colonies were usually planted with a military object, and were like sons in a Roman family, unalterably subject. Spain had colonised. She had beaten and trampled down a subject race that her grandees might ride in coaches acquired with gold, drawn by horses

shod with silver. Gold was her object, and in exchange for gold she offered the ghostly advantages of the Inquisition. France, also, had colonies, but she too regarded them merely as a source of wealth, and in the reign of Lewis XV., when the country was prostrate under a bad government, they remained nearly the only source of wealth which existed.

The connection of the English colonies with the mother country was very peculiar, and embraced many of those inconsistencies between law and practice which are the result of great individual independence, and a general disposition to decentralisation. The doctrine that the colonies in matters of commerce should be completely subordinate to the mother country was in 1765 as generally accepted in England as in France. It was not then perceived that advantages to the mother country could be obtained by any other system than one of strict colonial prohibition. The colonies were not to compete with English industries. They were to buy nothing except in the English market. They were to sell nothing except in the English market. This was the theory of the commercial system which bound together England and America. The law was in accordance with the theory. Customs were imposed at the ports. Vice-admiralty courts sat to try offences, and there was a nominal revenue collected as the fruits of the system. As the laws which in the reign of George II. made it felony to consult with an evil spirit, or to feed a hobgoblin, or which in still later times inflicted the heaviest penalties upon Roman Catholics, would have led any one who judged of the condition of the people from the condition of the law to suppose that England was a nation sunk in superstition, or blinded by religious bigotry, so the same reader might suppose that America was trampled in the dust under the grinding tyranny of the trade laws. But the law was not the practice. High duties were imposed in the continental ports of America, but a large part of them were never paid.

By law no tea might be sold in America except what had been exported from England. In fact the export of English tea to America declined, while the consumption of tea in America rapidly increased. Officers of customs were appointed to enforce the law; but everybody knew that what made the place of an officer of customs so lucrative to him was his connivance at its breach. In 1765, to collect a revenue in America of 2,000*l.*, cost England a sum of 8,000*l.* The time had clearly come for some change in the laws of trade, but this change was unfortunately connected with another and fatal circumstance. It was determined to tax America for the purpose of raising an army.

The defence of the colonies had always been a difficult question both in England and in America. Many years before the Stamp Act, England had declared that she would not bear the sole burthen of colonial defence. The jealousies of the colonies prevented a general combination, and might have proved their ruin, had not England cast out her broad shield as a shelter. The peace of Paris left England with an increased army and an increased debt. A portion of the army was for the defence of America, and this portion it was proposed that America should maintain. There were two methods of raising a revenue, either by decreasing the nominal amount of the custom duties, and by enforcing the collection of the residue, or by direct taxation. So long as the Americans acquiesced in the principle of the trade laws, they could have no reasonable objection to the first method, and as to the second, rash and impolitic as it was, it was certainly in accordance with the highest decisions of English law, and not inconsistent with the high notion held in those days of the power of a parent country over its colony.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the spring of 1765, the government introduced the Stamp Act. It hardly met with any opposition. Shelburne was absent from the House of Lords, Pitt from the House of Commons. Barré was the single champion of any

considerable mark that did battle for the colonies. In a speech, perhaps the best of his many fine speeches on America, he commenced a course of opposition which he consistently pursued to the termination of the war. Probably of his future speeches reported in Cobbett, a full quarter are on the subject of the colonies.

The Grenville administration only survived the passage of the Stamp Act by a few months. The king could tolerate the ministers no longer. They had unpardonably affronted him in the Regency Bill. Bedford was impertinent to him, Grenville lectured him till he cried. He sent for Pitt, but Pitt would not come without Temple. He sent for Lyttelton, but Lyttelton on his way to Hayes found Temple's carriage at Grenville's door, and despaired. Cumberland the mediator retired in disgust to Windsor. All at once the feeble administration of Rockingham rose tottering from the fragments of party. The Bedfords and the Grenvilles went into opposition. Temple was hostile, Pitt lukewarm. The government made overtures both to Shelburne and Barré. To Barré was offered rank in the army, or anything he liked added to the vice-treasurership, but the alliance between Pitt, Shelburne, and Barré was now firm, and the offers were refused.

When parliament opened American difficulties were at a crisis. An English parliament and an English nation had never listened to such accumulated insults as now assailed them. Not a year ago England had passed a measure which she believed she had a right to pass, and which she was convinced she had the power to enforce. "I laugh, sir, I laugh," said Pitt in one of his speeches on the repeal of the Stamp Act, "when it is said that this country cannot coerce America." The country was confident in her strength, rich in her resources, proud of her history. Her recent conquests over the greatest powers of Europe had placed her on the pinnacle of glory; her colonial possessions extended over the world; her fleets and her armies were to be found under



every sun; one pitiful insult from France or Spain, and the sting of pride would have awoke her immense forces into instant retaliation. Yet what had England now to learn? That in two or three colonies, without a union, without an army, without a fleet, her governors had been chased for their lives through the streets, that their houses had been sacked, that their papers had been scattered, that the vice-admiralty courts had been burnt, that the authority of parliament had been openly set at defiance. Any other country in the world but England would have answered with fire and sword, but England sat down quietly to discuss the constitutional right of the Americans to tax themselves.

It was fortunate for the peace of the next few years that the Rockinghams were in office, or the difficulties with America might have been aggravated. Bedford and Grenville would not repeal the Stamp Act. Pitt evolved a scheme which few people in England could understand. Rockingham proposed a policy both comprehensible and effective. He repealed the Stamp Act as he repealed the Cider Tax. They did not work. But he asserted as strongly the right of parliament to tax America as to tax Devonshire.

Barré, co-operating with Pitt and Shelburne, acted neither entirely with the government nor with the opposition. Pitt desired to assert only the legislative supremacy of England as distinct from the power of taxation. When therefore a resolution was proposed in the House of Commons that the king in parliament had power to bind the people of America "in all cases whatsoever," Barré moved that "in all cases whatsoever" should be omitted. As has already been said the idea of a legislative supremacy only was not then thoroughly understood, and there is nothing in the course of after history to lead us to suppose that such a proposition, if carried, would have been attended with success.

The Stamp Act was repealed; and as for the moment it was the most transparent point of dissension, the intelligence was received in America

with the loudest acclamations. Gaols were thrown open, church bells were rung, and at night illuminated figures of the King, Pitt, and Barré were displayed in Boston.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act had scarcely reached America before Barré was actually in the government. Lord Rockingham had found himself utterly unable to contend with the adverse fortune which beset him. Pitt refused to join him. The opposition was bitter and formidable. The king's friends sowed dissension in his camp. Nothing remained for him but to quit a post which force and treachery made untenable. He retired, and was succeeded by Pitt, now created Lord Chatham. In the new arrangement Barré became vice-treasurer for Ireland, and a privy councillor, with his rank in the army restored to him. His patron, Shelburne, at the same time became Secretary of State.

The prospects of Barré now seemed brilliant. He was in office under a great minister for whom the country had long been sighing. That minister was revolving in his mind vast schemes of foreign alliance, and of colonial reform, and Barré was certainly in point of ability, though not in rank, the ablest representative of the government in the House of Commons. It is natural to suppose that he expected to reap some of the glory of their accomplishment. But never was a bright dawn more quickly obscured. In a few months Chatham had disappeared. He still attempted from his retirement to direct the reform of the East India Company, but he did it in such a way as to cause the greatest embarrassment to his friends.

In the debates on India, Barré took a prominent part. He had long taken an interest in the business of India. A few years before, when Sullivan and Clive were striving for supremacy at the India House, it was generally believed that had Sullivan been successful, Barré would have gone to India instead of Clive. A bill was now brought in to regulate the affairs of the

company. Burke and the Rockinghams loudly protested against the infringement of the charter, while Barré became the champion of parliamentary control. The bill, if it fell short of what was originally intended, at all events decided the principle of parliamentary interference.

On another point the opposition were more successful. They forced the government to reduce the land tax. Some equivalent for this loss was necessary. The opposition knew this well. They also knew that Townshend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had declared the practicability of raising a revenue in America. Dowdeswell and the Rockinghams, therefore, who had always resisted American taxation, might have predicted with great precision that the success of their motion would result in fresh American duties. It did so. A revenue act was passed, and all the ill-will, all the terror, all the sedition, which it was hoped had subsided for ever, awoke in America with fresh violence.

It seems strange that Shelburne and Barré, when we consider their disapprobation of the measure, and recollect that it was subsequently one of the chief features of their opposition, should not have at once tendered their resignations. That they did not do so proves either that they were prepared to hold office while the government pursued a policy which they supposed was of vital danger to the country, or that the real consequences of American taxation had not as yet been thoroughly appreciated even by its opponents.

The domestic measures of the government were equally unfortunate. Its own weakness, and the dislike of the king to the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, had gradually led to a fusion with the party of Bedford. No combination could have been more unlucky. The times required men of large views and of firm honest principle. The Bedfords were inveterate enemies of all those sentiments of liberty which were just beginning to germinate among the people. Their leaders were dissolute and interested

men, who still clung to the old system of oligarchical connection, now that quarrels and changes had well nigh obliterated the system itself. In the commencement of 1768 Wilkes returned to England, and was elected a member of the House of Commons. Immediately the passions on both sides burst into a flame. Affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. From acts of folly and violence, the popular party rushed into libels, and very nearly into rebellion. From threats and rigour the government proceeded to frame illegal resolutions in the House of Commons, and to fill the streets of London with troops. The dignity of parliament which generations of corruption, of buying, of selling, and of bullying had never offended, was now declared insulted. The strife was between the new age and the old age, and everything which was worst in both came conspicuously to the front.

The opinions of Shelburne and Barré and the government were now too divergent to permit them to remain members of it any longer. From its very commencement it can hardly be said that Shelburne cordially concurred with a single one of its measures. His advice was seldom taken; he abstained from attending the council. Affronts were heaped upon him; his department was divided; his office was offered to another; his patronage was intruded upon, and he at length only escaped dismissal by a hasty resignation. In the autumn of 1768 Shelburne and Barré threw in their lot with the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, and about the same time the resignation of Chatham left Grafton in name, as he had long been in reality, prime minister.

For the first few years of his opposition Barré found all the materials at hand to make that opposition terrible. The factions of the Grenvilles, of the Rockinghams, and of the Chathams were it is true constantly at variance, but they united in their ranks the most brilliant speakers of the time—Burke, Barré, and Dunning stood almost unrivalled in the House of Commons.

During this period the position of the



government was difficult to the last degree. The law imposed upon it the duty of maintaining order. The police force at its disposal was composed of a few broken-down old men, who became policemen simply because they were too aged or decrepit for other trades. Time and prescription had handed down to the House of Commons a vast mass of privileges which, to a certain extent, the government was bound to protect, or at all events not to see lightly abused. The privileges of the House of Commons were attacked by furious mobs incited by one of the most unprincipled men in England. London became one seething mass of sedition. The days of the Florentine republic, when the companies of arts, the wool-combers, the dyers, and the doublet-makers, trampled on the authority of the seignior, seemed to have revived in the metropolis of England. Not a day passed without its riot. The people rose in their trades. There were mobs of sailors, of weavers, of coal-heavers, of Thames watermen, of tailors, of hatters. The doors of parliament were beset by an unruly multitude, who loudly called for redress, and beat the members whom they considered hostile. The position was critical. Mansfield prophesied there would be a rebellion in ten days. The government called in the troops and the riots were quelled. Barré joined Burke in violent denunciations of the government. They charged the ministers with an unconstitutional attempt to supersede the civil power. The lesson was not forgotten. Eleven years later, when the streets of London were once more thronged with rioters, when houses were being sacked and the bank threatened, the arm of the executive was found to be palsied.

In 1770 Lord North became prime minister, but no change occurred in the policy of the government. Lord North's position was one of no common danger. His safety lay in the discord between the parties of Chatham and of Rockingham. The country seemed united against him. Numberless petitions prayed for a dissolution. A foreign war was im-

minent. The Spaniards laid claim to the sovereignty of one of the Falkland islands. Barré and those acting with him declared that the negligence and facility of the government amounted to little less than treason, and the country was nearly involved in an expensive war for an island which was little better than a barren moor, which had a detestable climate, no inhabitants, no trees, no commercial advantages, and no animals but the snipe and the flocks of wild geese which haunted its bogs.

Next came the quarrels between the House of Commons and the printers. The House of Commons enforced its orders against reporting debates. The newspapers had given the grossest provocation. Their reports were often shameful misrepresentations and distortions. Members who were eager for the suppression of newspaper reports were nevertheless prepared that the proceedings of the House should be made public; but they required that an official reporter should take accurate notes of their speeches. The printers were sent for: some refused to come. A Speaker's warrant for their apprehension was served within the bounds of the city of London. The messenger was taken into custody by the city police, and the House of Commons, instead of wreaking its vengeance upon a few miserable printers, found itself confronted by a grave constitutional dilemma. The question was whether the privilege of the House of Commons could legally invade the liberties of London as declared in its charter. The House proceeded with that irritating mixture of vigour and vacillation which it so often shows when it thinks it necessary to vindicate its dignity. It sent the Lord Mayor to the Tower, but Wilkes, whom it was thoroughly afraid of, it considered too contemptible to touch.

Barré took the most active part in attempting to avert the blow from the Lord Mayor. Our parliamentary usages supply many arts by which a feeble minority can oppose a tyrannous majority. He tried them all. The House

had never divided so often in one night. The Speaker complained that he was tired to death, and did not know how the question would ever be settled. At last, when every expedient had failed, Barré got up and attacked the government. As the speech affords a fair specimen of Barré's declamatory style, and is also an illustration of the violence occasionally introduced into the debates of that day, we may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the following passages:—"What," he said, addressing ministers, "can be your intention in such an attack upon all honour and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men upon a level with yourselves, and to extirpate all honesty and independence? Perhaps you imagine that a vote will settle the whole controversy? Alas! you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured remains a secret to no man. Listen; for, if you are not totally callous, if your consciences are not seared, I will speak daggers to your souls, and awake you to all the hells of a guilty recollection. Guilt, as the poet justly observes, is the source of sorrow; trust me, therefore, your triumph shall not be a pleasing one. I will follow you with whips and with stings through every maze of your unexampled turpitude, and plant eternal thorns beneath the rose of ministerial reprobation. . . . But it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguish every spark of the ancient fire of this isle. The more sacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous will the sons of liberty become. They will multiply like the hydra's head, and hurl down vengeance on your devoted heads. Let others act as they will, while I have a tongue or an arm they shall be free; and that I may not be a witness of this monstrous proceeding, I will leave the House: nor do I doubt but every independent, every honest man, will follow me. These walls are unholy, they are baleful, they are deadly, while a prostitute majority holds the bolt of parliamentary omnipotence, and hurls its vengeance upon the virtuous." As Barré retired from

the House, there were loud cries, "To the bar!" but the ministers wisely declined to increase their embarrassments by calling him to account.

Barré continued steadfast in opposition, but the court was not to be braved with impunity. It had once before driven him from his military commands—it now proceeded to force his resignation by offensively superseding him. In 1773 Barré felt himself compelled to retire from the army. Both Rigby and North expressed regret for the manner in which he had been treated, and there can be little doubt that the course was suggested by the king.

In 1773 opposition was dead. Its members, according to Walpole, were wriggling themselves into court. Not a cloud even the size of a man's hand appeared in the sky. Soon it became known that an Act which had been passed in England as a boon had been regarded in America as a new bond of tyranny, and that hundreds of chests of tea had been thrown into the sea. The outrage was a great one. Even Barré assented to a Bill for closing the port of Boston.

The general expectation was that Boston would submit. But the time for submission was passed, and America was about to be severed from England for ever. Each post brought worse news. Forebodings of evil were wafted on the breath of the coming storm, and blood was spilled before the nation knew that there was likely to be war. Chatham, it was supposed, might still save the country. The Rockinghams were prepared to act with him. North laboured to remove the prejudices of the king; but before a new government could be formed, Lord Chatham had been sent for by a still higher King, and his body was sleeping in Westminster Abbey. It was a strange satire on Barré's life that he, who had first attained parliamentary distinction by attacking William Pitt, should have been the most zealous mourner for the Earl of Chatham.

Shelburne and Barré, with all those who had acted with Chatham, now



ranged themselves with the Rockingham. All the bitterness and invective of which Barré was master were arrayed against the government. There was much fair ground for criticism. The justice of the war was, indeed, a matter of opinion; but the method in which it was conducted, the vast grants of parliament which remained unaccounted for, and the scandalous corruption of contractors were subjects of the justest censure. Barré moved for an inquiry into the public accounts. Lord North was in no position to oppose a motion so plausible. He made the motion his own; and a commission was appointed which naturally languished under ministerial protection. . . .

In 1783 the days of Lord North's administration were numbered. The war alone had preserved the government, but England was now sick of war. In America she had been beaten. In Europe she was confronted not only by active enemies, but by an armed neutrality, which threatened her right of search. At home she was oppressed by taxation, and was looking to economical reform. In Ireland she beheld all the symptoms of rebellion, which seventeen years before she had too fatally neglected in her colonies. A few close divisions took place in the House of Commons, and the king was painfully constrained to send for Rockingham.

Barré's political life now rapidly drew to a close. When Rockingham became prime minister, Barré was appointed treasurer of the navy. In a few months more he was a pensioner. A pension of 3,200*l.* a year was conferred upon him—a sum ten times as large as the government bill then before the House of Commons proposed to allow to any one person. The

pension was attacked, and Barré for the first time found there was something to be said in favour of pensions.

In 1783 a heavy misfortune fell upon him for which no wealth could compensate; he became blind. For several sessions he disappeared from parliament. When he returned all was changed; his place in politics was gone; a new generation of statesmen had sprung up. Pitt, a mere boy, was prime minister. When he did speak, his mind, with the tenacity of advancing years, wandered back into the experiences of the past. He turned for examples to the days of Ligonier and of Wolfe—those days when he had suffered so much, and when fortune had seemed so distant.

In 1790 he retired from parliament. The political convulsions which wrecked so many true friendships did not spare him, and his connection with Shelburne became a thing of the past. But before he died he was destined to behold changes more wonderful than the dissolution of the most sacred friendship. He lived to hear of events of which his own days could afford no parallel. The economic reforms of France, upon which Burke had once lingered so fondly, had been unable to save her from ruin. Revolution broke out, and the cries of its victims appealed to the sympathy of every heart, and to the terror of every imagination. He lived to hear that the bulk of the great Whig party to which he had once belonged had passed over to the government. He lived to hear of England's war with France, to hear of her defeats, and of her distresses; but long before the day of victory had come—a victory greater than that of Pitt or of Wolfe—Barré was no more. He died in 1802, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

HUGH F. ELLIOT.

## A MORE EXCELLENT WAY OF CHARITY.<sup>1</sup>

You have asked me to speak to you to-night, though I am a stranger to your parish, and know nothing of its special needs or special advantages. Why, then, am I here? I suppose I may safely assume that it is mainly because I represent those who have deep care for the poor, and *also* strong conviction that organization and mature thought are necessary to any action which shall be really beneficial to them. I fancy your parish, like many another—like most others that have not passed through the stage and answered the problem—is just now questioning itself as to whether investigation, organization, deliberate and experienced decision, which it feels to be essential if wise relief is to be secured, are, or are not, compatible with gentle and kindly relief; whether charity can be fully of the heart, if it is also of the head. If so, how you are to get the full strength of head and heart. If this is impossible, what in the world you are to do, for you cannot give up either. You ask practically, I fancy, when you invite me here, what I think on these points.

I answer, then, emphatically and decidedly, that my experience confirms me entirely in the belief that charity loses nothing of its lovingness by being entirely wise. Now it cannot be wise without full knowledge of the circumstances of those to be dealt with—hence the necessity of investigation; it cannot come to satisfactory conclusions on those facts unless it employs the help of experienced men—hence the need of a committee for decision; it will not be gracious and gentle, nor fully enter into individual needs, unless it secures the assistance of a good body of visitors. I do not wish to draw your attention to any special form of organization, but I believe you will find, the more you think of it, that

some form is needed, and that whatever it be, it will have to secure those three as essentials—good investigation, decision by a wise committee, and the help of a staff of visitors.

I shall say nothing further on the first head, Investigation, except that I consider it is done best by a good paid officer. A great deal of the preliminary work is quickly and well done by an experienced person, which it would be difficult for a volunteer to do; neither is it a sort of work which it is worth while for a volunteer to undertake. I refer to verifying statements as to residence, earnings, employment, visiting references and employers. The finishing touches of investigation, the little personal facts, the desires and hopes, and to a certain extent the capacities of the applicant, no doubt a volunteer visitor would learn more thoroughly, but that can always be done separately from the preliminary and more formal inquiry.

And now to turn to the consideration of the visitors—those who must be the living links binding your committee with the poor, the interpreters of their decision, the bearers of their alms, the perpetual guardians to prevent renewed falling into want. I have spoken in so many other places of the extreme value of such a body working in concert with a wise committee, and of the mistakes they are likely to make where undirected, that I am unwilling to dwell on either point in much detail here. I will only briefly reiterate that I think no committee can do its work with real individual care unless it contains those who will watch over each family with continuous interest, interpret its decisions intelligently and kindly, and learn all personal detail which may assist the committee in judging rightly. Unhappily, visitors have very seldom any special training for their work, nor is the need of it pointed out to them.

<sup>1</sup> Read at a meeting held in a suburban district in July 1876.



I earnestly wish we could get this recognized; not that any should be deterred from working from want of training, but that in every district some plans for advising and helping the inexperienced visitors, and binding all visitors more together, should be adopted. I have, in the July number of *Good Words*, given a sketch of a practical scheme for securing this end. But even without the help there spoken of, visitors might try to look a little farther into the result of their action. They think of the immediate effect, and very little of the future one. Now in all things we must beware of hasty action. It is not well, in the desire to alleviate an immediate want, to produce worse want in the future. I do not know the poor of your district: there may be many more of them, and they may be poorer, than I suppose; but in really populous poor parishes I have found, and surely you should find here, that an immense deal more might be done by the people for themselves than has been done hitherto. The difficulties of finding work for them must be less than ours were: aim at that first. Try to get them to bring up their children to callings requiring skill, and which will raise them to the higher ranks of labour; help them to save; encourage them to join clubs; lend them books; teach them to cultivate and care for flowers. These and other like influences will indirectly help them far more, even as to outward comforts, than any gifts of necessities. But do not, when a family wants help, hesitate to give largely, if adequate help will secure permanent good. Remember, if you establish people in life so that they can be self-supporting, it is well worth while to do it, cost what it may.

I know little of your parish. But if it be, as I fancy, one in which the rich are many and the poor few compared to other places, I should like to add a word or two to such residents as are in good health and working here, urging them to consider the needs of more desolate districts, and pause to think whether or not they could transfer some of their

time to them. I know it is a difficult question, and one to be judged in each case on its merits. I know well what may be urged on the ground of individual friendships formed with dwellers in your neighbourhood, on the score of want of strength and time, and the claims of your own parish. Weigh these by all means, but think of the other side too, if by chance you can realise it. Friendship with poor old women in your district! Respect its claims; but are there no times when it may be worth while to make a change in work, even if it cause one to see less of friends? Have you ever seen the ward of an East End workhouse, where from year's end to year's end the old women live without any younger life round them, no sons or daughters whose strength may make their feebleness more bearable, no little grandchildren to be cared for, and make the old which is passing forget itself in the young which is coming into vigour! Is your bright young presence not asked for by the gray, monotonous, slowly-ebbing life of those wards? If your strength does not allow you to visit in remote districts, I grant that an unanswerable argument; for strength is meant to be temperately used and not thrown away. Time! Well, it takes time to go backwards and forwards; but isn't one hour where the need is great and the workers very few worth more than many hours in a more favoured district?

Have you ever realised what those acres and acres of crowded, heated, badly-built houses, over which you pass so quickly by train when you go in and out of London, mean? What kind of homes they make? What sort of human beings live and die there? Have you asked yourselves whether your presence, your companionship, is needed there? Whether the little children want your teaching? Whether your gentleness, your refinement, your gaiety, your beauty, are wanted there? Neighbourhood! Oh yes, it has strong claims—some of the best possible; but then we must take care that we let our neighbours come round us naturally, rich and poor. I only know this neighbourhood as I see

it from the station, and it is possible it is otherwise inside, for I know quarters where the poor lodge often escape the eye of a casual observer; but I do know districts which *are* very like what yours *looks*, where the villas cover all the ground, and there is no place for the poor man's cottage. Where the idea of building for him would be mentioned with awed abhorrence by the comfortable residents, and they would talk about the unpleasantness of the poor living so near, chances of infection, &c., &c. Where the few persons required to serve the needs of the residents live in a somewhat pampered and very respectful dependence in small districts decently withdrawn from view, visited and over-visited by ladies who haven't far to go—where the poor say there isn't a house to be had, and the rich say they get everything from a distance.

While you are determined to have the *rich* neighbourhoods, you must have the poor ones elsewhere. When you have gathered the poor round you, built for them, taught them, purified their houses and habits by your near presence, by all means talk about the claims of neighbourhood. But till then you must, I believe, take a wider outlook, and think of the neighbourhoods you have left, where moreover those who indirectly serve you earn their bread. You who are merchants' wives and daughters, nay, even those of you who buy the merchants' goods, have the dock-labourers no claims upon you? If the question, Who is my neighbour? is asked by you, how do you think God answers it from heaven when He looks down and sees the vast multitudes of undisciplined poor by whose labour you live—and the few heroic workers whose lives are being spent for those poor almost forsaken by you.

And if some of you went there to give what little of leisure, what little of strength, you have to spare, would your own neighbourhood suffer? I fancy not. For it seems as if usually where there are few poor and many rich living near together, the former become dependent

in fat unenergetic comfort on the latter; and if this be such a neighbourhood, a few finding a call for their sympathy and help elsewhere might do good to all. It might be a real blessing to the place where you live to transfer to other and needier districts some of the superfluous wealth and unneeded care which from its very abundance may be spoiling and pampering your native poor. What a good thing it might be if each of your congregation here would undertake to help with money and with workers some poor district where wise principles were being strenuously and faithfully worked out. Only remember, though you may send your money, and send it to those who use it wisely, the gift is a very poor one compared with that of yourselves. It is *you* who are wanted there, your love, your knowledge, your sympathy, your resolution: above all, your knowledge; for if you saw, you could not leave things as they are. For instance, on a summer evening fresh as this, there are thousands of families who have no place to sit in but one close room, in which the whole family has eaten, slept, washed, cooked. It is stifling. They go to the door-step; their neighbours are at their steps. It gets hotter, the children swarm in the narrow court; the dust flies everywhere; the heat, the thirst is insufferable, the noise deafening, the crowd bewildering; they go to the public house: do you wonder? It may be there are a few spaces unbuilt over close by, but who will open the gates for them, plant a few flowers, put a few seats? The garden of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields is certainly kept very lovely; but how few eyes are allowed to see it; Red-Lion Square is a howling ugliness; the board-school playgrounds are closed on Saturday; the little graveyard in Drury Lane—half the graveyards in London—are close locked and barred, and left in ugliness too—the Quakers are actually deciding to sell for building purposes their ancient burial-ground near Bunhill-fields. Can they not afford to let the place allotted to their dead be consecrated to the poor and become a place of rest to the weary living before their



pilgrimage is over. Money, money, money, to spend where we see its effect in parks, or villas, or cosy suburban houses, and not a glimpse of what we might do with it in the districts where the poor live and die.

Of course this is only one side of the truth, and no one knows the converse better than I. I know how people are coming forward year by year to do and to feel more and more of their duty to the poor. The interest deepens and spreads, and that rapidly. Haven't I myself such a body of fellow-workers as makes me hardly know how to be thankful enough? And doubtless many of you here are doing exactly what I urge, or better things than I have thought of. But forgive me if the sight of all that is needed sometimes makes me a little impatient, and urge the point with some implied reproach towards those who delay to come and do what it looks as if they might. I daresay they may many of them have better reasons than I know for holding aloof: all have not the same duties; but sure I am that the need is urgent, and that to many such work would add new and deeper interests to life. I only say, "Look for yourselves what the need is, consider what your duty may be, and when seen do it resolutely, quietly, hopefully."

And now, leaving the subject of visitors, let us consider, in conclusion, the third point essential to wise dealing with the poor—the decisions of your committee after the facts are gathered for it by investigating agent and volunteer visitor. Now, to secure right decision, one must have a distinct object in view. What is to be the ultimate object of your decisions respecting relief? Let us at once distinctly clear the way by assuming that it must be the good of the people themselves. We have nothing to do with saving the money of the rich. It is possible—nay, probable—that in our first attempts to put charity on a right footing we may have to spend more than we did before, and make larger demands on the purses of the wealthy. A few substantial gifts wisely bestowed may easily make up a

larger sum than a multitude of petty careless doles. A weekly pension, a grant of a few pounds to help a family to migrate, is more than the money-equivalent of many a random shilling. But if on reflection we decide to withhold gifts of any kind whatsoever, it is only to be done for the sake of the people themselves. If doles, or bread-tickets, or coal-tickets are proved to help the people, we are bound to give them to the extent of our power. If they are proved to injure them, we are bound not to give them, however pleasant it may be, however easy, however it may seem to pave the way for other influences. Do we want to make the poor depend on relief, which is ready at a moment's notice, instead of having the fortitude to save a little to meet a sudden emergency? If so, we shall be always treating cases as urgent, and relieving pending investigation, and assuming that discretionary power of granting instant help must be vested somewhere besides in the relieving-officer. I know parishes where benevolent people plead that starvation or great need may arise if they have a weekly committee and no officer empowered to deal with urgent cases. Suppose we ourselves had lost the pride of independence which does still exist in the middle and upper classes, though the tendency to look for extraneous help is, I sometimes fear, eating gradually upwards; but suppose we had no hesitation on the score of pride in asking our richer neighbour for a meal, or new clothes or boots, or additional blankets, or a ton of coal, would it be better for us to use just the amount of providence necessary for us to go to him a week beforehand and say, "Please, we shall want our dinner next Sunday?" or would it be better for us to be led to expect that if we called on Saturday to tell him the fact, and he was out at a garden-party, when he came home he would say, "Dear me, perhaps they have no dinner, and Sunday too. I dare not wait to see why they are in want; whether there is any member of the family who might be helped to a

place where he can earn more. I'd better send some roast meat. I don't like to be enjoying myself at garden-parties with my wife and daughter, and not consider my poorer neighbours." Do you think that, be our earnings much or little, that kind of help would be likely to be helpful? The smaller the earnings, the more need of providence; and there is no man so poor but he might, by effort, at least have a few shillings in hand for emergency, if he really felt it important. Literally, that is all that is wanted to do away with this clamour about urgency. That every man should at some time of his life put aside five or ten shillings, which should be ready for need, and apply for help directly he saw need to draw upon that, instead of when he hasn't a crust in the house. I don't know whether you are troubled with this great bugbear of "urgency" here; it frightens many districts, but always disappears when approached. Depend upon it, starvation cases are much more likely to arise where we have trained our poor to look for instantaneous help, than where they rely on their own forethought at least to the extent I have mentioned; for if they trust to sudden aid, and any accident removes it, then they have no money, they are in need indeed. Depend on it, the Poor Law, which the poor do not turn to readily, which has, moreover, a strong, permanent machinery in every parish in England, is the only right source of relief for urgent cases. No respectable family but has friends, neighbours, or savings to fall back on just while you look well into their cases. Those who are not respectable want, and, in my estimation, should have, help, but they cannot be helped easily with grants in urgent haste; they need thought, and influence, and much power. If, then, we decide that urgent cases can be left to the Poor Law, your committees will have those only left to deal with whose circumstances they can thoroughly know and deliberately decide upon; and these, I believe, they will find class themselves into cases in which temporary help will

raise the applicants into permanently self-supporting positions, and chronic cases. The first, no doubt, they will try to help liberally, carefully, and kindly. The second they will probably help only if they can do so adequately, which I should fancy here you might easily do if you all heartily and thoughtfully co-operated, and knew each what the other was doing, so that no work was done twice over. Such organization of almsgiving would be, I should think, the limit of your aim at present.

Perhaps you will also add to these relieved persons a very large number of sick, whom I should be glad to see after, say a year's notice, forced into some independent form of sick-club.

For I do not myself believe that we from above can help the people so thoroughly and well in any other way as by helping them to help themselves. This I think they are meant to do—this I believe they can do, by association and by forethought. When they do provide necessities for their own families, I think it leaves our relation to them far better, and enables us to help them more fully in better ways. After all, what are the gifts of these outside things compared to the great gifts of friendship, of teaching, of companionship, of advice, of spiritual help? I know some people think the half-crown, or packet of tea, the best introduction to these. I cannot say I have seen it so. I do not remember a single example in any age or country in which a class in receipt of small occasional doles was in a position of honourable healthy friendship with the givers of such, or fit to receive from them any intelligent teaching. Of course the receipt of alms produces courtesies and respectful welcomes, and perhaps attendances at church or chapel from those who care more for the gifts than for the quiet dignity of independence which is found in many humble people; more for the good tea than for any sermon or service. But how do the better ones feel it? Haven't your gifts absolutely tended to alienate them from churches and chapels?



Do they not scorn them, and desire to be seen to benefit nothing by them? The application for help is nearly always made by the wife, and the respectable husband would no more make it than you or I would, in nine cases out of ten. Only notice what happens whenever the rule is that the man must come up to ask for help: they hardly ever come, but simply earn the needed amount. And among the women, too, the better ones hold aloof from anything that looks like bribery to come to a place of worship. I would ask any clergyman whether he does not think that the mixing of temporal gifts with spiritual teaching has not a direct tendency to lower the value of the teaching in the eyes of the recipient? Of old, when apostles preached, they treated the Gospel as good news which the people would care to receive for itself; they honoured it in treating it as if it were a blessing. Of course it is difficult to distinguish the actions which come from the radiant outpouring of every species of good gift in mere wealth of joyful human love springing from vivid sense of Divine love, which we see in earnest preachers of all ages, from the gift which is meant to be, and felt to be, a bribe. In many cases, probably, the gifts combine a mixture of love and of a purpose to attract, which it would be impossible to separate. But religious teaching, I have no manner of doubt whatever, has suffered of late years incomparably more than it has gained by this confusion. Let the gift, then, stand or fall by its own intrinsic value; if it be helpful in itself, cultivating such right qualities as will make the recipient richer in such outside things as itself, let it be made. If not,

withhold it. And for God's sake let His truth stand on its own merits. If it be a real need of His children, trust Him in His own good time to make this plain to them. Preach it by word, by deed, by patient abiding; but do not use bribes, or even what look like bribes, to make men take it in. Depend on it, it cannot be taken so. It has been accepted in this and other ages by men ready to meet poverty, toil, scorn, death, rather than be false to it; it has been accepted with acclaim by multitudes who felt in it the answer to their difficulties, the great good news for their lives. The lowest natures, when they have received it, have done so through the noble feelings which are latent in the worst of us. It is only through appeal to these—their fortitude, their reverence—that it can come home to them. I cannot believe that God's truth has ever entered one human heart wrapped up in a bribe. Let it speak quietly for itself; it is very strong. Shall we doubt it? Our special form of it, or application of it, may not commend itself to our neighbours. Do not let this disappoint us; let us with single-minded zeal try to get those neighbours to be and to do what they see to be right, and then will be revealed to them gradually whatever form of truth they can comprehend and apply. They will help to form God's Church, which is of many members; and if

“Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be,”

we must remember that the words go on:—

“They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.”

OCTAVIA HILL.

## THE NEW SIRENS.

A PALINODE.

I SHALL not, I hope, be supposed unconscious that in coherency and intelligibility the following poem leaves much to be desired. It was published in 1849 in a small volume without my name, was withdrawn along with that volume, and until now has never been reprinted. But the departed poem had the honour of being followed by the regrets of a most distinguished mourner, Mr. Swinburne, who has more than once revived its memory, and asked for its republication. Mr. Swinburne's generosity towards contemporary verse is well known; and *The New Sirens* may have won his favour the more readily because it had something, perhaps, of that animation of movement and rhythm of which his own poems offer such splendid examples. In addition to Mr. Swinburne, the poem has had also several other friends, less distinguished, who desired its restoration. To a work of his youth, a work produced in long-past days of ardour and emotion, an author can never be very hard-hearted; and after a disappearance of more than twenty-five years, *The New Sirens*, therefore, is here reprinted.

M. A.

In the cedar shadow sleeping,  
Where cool grass and fragrant glooms  
Late at eve had lured me, creeping  
From your darken'd palace rooms;  
I, who in your train at morning  
Stroll'd and sang with joyful mind,  
Heard, in slumber, sounds of warning;  
Saw the hoarse boughs labour in the wind.

Who are they, O pensive Graces,  
—For I dream'd they wore your forms—  
Who on shores and sea-wash'd places  
Scoop the shelves and fret the storms?  
Who, when ships are that way tending,  
Troop across the flushing sands,  
To all reefs and narrows wending,  
With blown tresses, and with beckoning hands?

Yet I see, the howling levels  
Of the deep are not your lair;  
And your tragic-vaunted revels  
Are less lonely than they were.  
Like those Kings with treasure steering  
From the jewell'd lands of dawn,  
Troops, with gold and gits, appearing,  
Stream all day through your enchanted lawn.



And we too, from upland valleys,  
Where some Muse with half-curved frown  
Leans her ear to your mad sallies  
Which the charm'd winds never drown ;  
By faint music guided, ranging  
The scared glens, we wander'd on,  
Left our awful laurels hanging,  
And came heap'd with myrtles to your throne.

From the dragon-warder'd fountains  
Where the springs of knowledge are,  
From the watchers on the mountains,  
And the bright and morning star ;  
We are exiles, we are falling,  
We have lost them at your call—  
O ye false ones, at your calling  
Seeking ceiled chambers and a palace-hall !

Are the accents of your luring  
More melodious than of yore ?  
Are those frail forms more enduring  
Than the charms Ulysses bore ?  
That we sought you with rejoicings,  
Till at evening we descry  
At a pause of Siren voicings  
These vext branches and this howling sky ? . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, your pardon ! The uncouthness  
Of that primal age is gone,  
And the skin of dazzling smoothness  
Screens not now a heart of stone.  
Love has flush'd those cruel faces ;  
And your slacken'd arms forego  
The delight of death-embraces,  
And those whitening bone-mounds do not grow.

"Come," you say ; "the large appearance  
Of man's labour is but vain,  
And we plead as staunch adherence  
Due to pleasure as to pain."  
Pointing to earth's careworn creatures,  
"Come," you murmur with a sigh :  
"Ah ! we own diviner features,  
Loftier bearing, and a prouder eye.

"Come," you say, "the hours were dreary,  
Life without love does but fade ;  
Vain it wastes, and we grew weary  
In the slumbrous cedarn shade.

Round our hearts, with long caresses,  
 With low sighings Silence stole;  
 And her load of steaming tresses  
 Weigh'd, like Ossa, on the aery soul.

"Come," you say, "the soul is fainting  
 Till she search, and learn her own;  
 And the wisdom of man's painting  
 Leaves her riddle half unknown.  
 Come," you say, "the brain is seeking,  
 While the princely heart is dead;  
 Yet this glean'd, when Gods were speaking,  
 Rarer secrets than the toiling head.

"Come," you say, "opinion trembles,  
 Judgment shifts, convictions go;  
 Life dries up, the heart dissembles;  
 Only, what we feel, we know.  
 Hath your wisdom known emotions?  
 Will it weep our burning tears?  
 Hath it drunk of our love-potions  
 Crowning moments with the weight of years?"

I am dumb. Alas, too soon all  
 Man's grave reasons disappear!  
 Yet, I think, at God's tribunal  
 Some large answer you shall hear.  
 But for me, my thoughts are straying  
 Where at sunrise, through your vines,  
 On these lawns I saw you playing,  
 Hanging garlands on the odorous pines;

When your showering locks enwound you,  
 And your heavenly eyes shone through;  
 When the pine-boughs yielded round you,  
 And your brows were starr'd with dew;  
 And immortal forms, to meet you,  
 Down the statued alleys came;  
 And through golden horns, to greet you,  
 Blew such music as a God may frame.

Yes, I muse. And, if the dawning  
 Into daylight never grew,  
 If the glistening wings of morning  
 On the dry noon shook their dew;  
 If the fits of joy were longer,  
 Or the day were sooner done,  
 Or, perhaps, if hope were stronger—  
 No weak nursling of an earthly sun . . .  
 Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,  
 Dusk the hall with yew!



For a bound was set to meetings,  
And the sombre day dragg'd on ;  
And the burst of joyful greetings,  
And the joyful dawn, were gone.  
For the eye was fill'd with gazing,  
And on raptures follow calms ;  
And those warm locks men were praising,  
Droop'd, unbraided, on your listless arms.

Storms unsmooth'd your folded valleys,  
And made all your cedars frown ;  
Leaves were whirling in the alleys  
Which your lovers wander'd down.  
—Sitting cheerless in your bowers,  
The hands propping the sunk head,  
Do they gall you, the long hours,  
And the hungry thought, that must be fed ?

Is the pleasure that is tasted  
Patient of a long review ?  
Will the fire joy hath wasted,  
Mused on, warm the heart anew ?  
—Or, are those old thoughts returning,  
Guests the dull sense never knew,  
Stars, set deep, yet inly burning,  
Germs, your untriumph'd passion overgrew ?

Once, like me, you took your station  
Watchers for a purer fire ;  
But you droop'd in expectation,  
And you wearied in desire.  
When the first rose flush was steeping  
All the frore peak's awful crown,  
Shepherds say, they found you sleeping  
In some windless valley, farther down.

Then you wept, and, slowly raising  
Your dozed eyelids, sought again,  
Half in doubt, they say, and gazing  
Sadly back, the seats of men.  
Snatch'd a turbid inspiration  
From some transient earthly sun,  
And proclaim'd your vain ovation  
For those mimic raptures you had won.

\* \* \* \* \*

With a sad, majestic motion,  
With a stately, slow surprise,  
From their earthward-bound devotion  
Lifting up your languid eyes—

Would you freeze my louder boldness,  
Dumbly smiling as you go?  
One faint frown of distant coldness  
Flitting fast across each marble brow?

Do I brighten at your sorrow  
O sweet Pleaders? doth my lot  
Find assurance in to-morrow  
Of one joy, which you have not?  
O, speak once, and shame my sadness!  
Let this throbbing, Phrygian strain,  
Mock'd and baffled by your gladness,  
Mar the music of your feasts in vain!

\* \* \* \* \*

Scent, and song, and light, and flowers!  
Gust on gust, the harsh winds blow—  
Come, bind up those ringlet showers!  
Roses for that dreaming brow!  
Come, once more that ancient lightness,  
Glancing feet, and eager eyes!  
Let your broad lamps flash the brightness  
Which the sorrow-stricken day denies!

Through black depths of serried shadows,  
Up cold aisles of buried glade;  
In the mist of river-meadows  
Where the looming deer are laid;  
From your dazzled windows streaming,  
From your humming festal room,  
Deep and far, a broken gleaming  
Reels and shivers on the ruffled gloom.

Where I stand, the grass is glowing;  
Doubtless you are passing fair!  
But I hear the north wind blowing,  
And I feel the cold night-air.  
Can I look on your sweet faces,  
And your proud heads backward thrown,  
From this dusk of leaf-strewn places  
With the dumb woods and the night alone?

But, indeed, this flux of guesses—  
Mad delight, and frozen calms—  
Mirth to-day and vine-bound tresses,  
And to-morrow—folded palms—  
Is this all? this balanced measure?  
Could life run no happier way?  
Joyous, at the height of pleasure,  
Passive, at the nadir of dismay?



But, indeed, this proud possession—  
This far-reaching, magic chain,  
Linking in a mad succession  
Fits of joy and fits of pain—  
Have you seen it at the closing  
Have you track'd its clouded ways?  
Can your eyes, while fools are dozing,  
Drop, with mine, adown life's latter days?

When a dreary light is wading  
Through this waste of sunless greens—  
When the flashing lights are fading  
On the peerless cheek of queens—  
When the mean shall no more sorrow,  
And the proudest no more smile—  
While the dawning of the morrow  
Widens slowly westward all that while?

Then, when change itself is over,  
When the slow tide sets one way,  
Shall you find the radiant lover,  
Even by moments, of to-day?  
The eye wanders, faith is failing;  
O, loose hands, and let it be!  
Proudly, like a king bewailing,  
O, let fall one tear, and set us free!

All true speech and large avowal  
Which the jealous soul concedes;  
All man's heart, which brooks bestowal,  
All frank faith, which passion breeds—  
These we had, and we gave truly;  
Doubt not, what we had, we gave!  
False we were not, nor unruly;  
Lodgers in the forest and the cave.

Long we wander'd with you, feeding  
Our rapt souls on your replies,  
In a wistful silence reading  
All the meaning of your eyes;  
By moss-border'd statues sitting,  
By well-heads, in summer days.  
But we turn, our eyes are flitting—  
See, the white east, and the morning rays!

And you too, O worshipp'd Graces,  
Sylvan Gods of this fair shade!  
Is there doubt on divine faces?  
Are the blessed Gods dismay'd?  
Can men worship the wan features,  
The sunk eyes, the wailing tone,  
Of unsphered, discrowned creatures,  
Souls as little godlike as their own?

Come, loose hands! The winged fleetness  
Of immortal feet is gone;  
And your scents have shed their sweetness,  
And your flowers are overblown;  
And your jewell'd gauds surrender  
Half their glories to the day;  
Freely did they flash their splendour,  
Freely gave it—but it dies away.

In the pines the thrush is waking—  
Lo, yon orient hill in flames!  
Scores of true love knots are breaking  
At divorce which it proclaims.  
When the lamps are paled at morning,  
Heart quits heart and hand quits hand.  
Cold in that unlovely dawning,  
Loveless, rayless, joyless you shall stand.

Pluck no more red roses, maidens,  
Leave the lilies in their dew—  
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens,  
Dusk, oh, dusk the hall with yew!  
—Shall I seek, that I may scorn her,  
Her I loved at eventide?  
Shall I ask, what faded mourner  
Stands, at daybreak, weeping by my side?  
Pluck, pluck cypress, O pale maidens!  
Dusk the hall with yew!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.



## NATIONAL EDUCATION : PRACTICAL AIMS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF LIBERAL POLICY.<sup>1</sup>

WHENEVER a great social question is subjected to legislative treatment before the principles upon which legislation should be based have been worked out carefully in thought by the more educated, or have been grasped by those plain instincts which in a free country so often wisely guide the general mind, the resulting confusion presents peculiar obstacles in the way of any reforms which a liberal policy may require.

Nothing is more difficult to meet than a new vested interest, created for the protection of an ancient wrong, but veiled beneath the verbal admission of a principle antagonistic to itself.

When an intricate compromise has been effected, the strength of opposition evoked by flagrant injustice is broken, and a halting and hesitating resistance takes the place of determined action.

Details, almost unnoticed in preliminary debates, are frequently found to exercise a directing power over the general order of the world's affairs; and the battle lost by the opponents of progress on the ground of principle is won in practice by diligent attention to the thousand and one complications and subtleties of method as well as by skilful management of the personal jealousies and ambitions with which the working of an Act of Parliament is invariably accompanied.

In England, political and social necessities have rendered educational legislation imperative; but in the midst of class interests, the rival claims of ecclesiastical authorities, and the struggles of politicians for name and place,

scant pains have been taken to examine the principles upon which the work to be accomplished should be based, to calculate carefully the directions which the forces employed in its performance will naturally take, or to weigh the character of the problems springing from those new social conditions the act of legislation itself creates.

The commercial policy of England during these later years has been nobly determined by the thorough and general comprehension of the principle upon which the repeal of the Corn Laws was demanded and obtained. Years were spent upon the political education of the people in the principle of Free Trade. The result was, that the repeal of the Corn Laws inaugurated a great commercial policy by which the happiness and prosperity of the people have been largely increased. If, however, it be asked respecting educational legislation, "By what principle should it be guided? Towards what definite end should legislation tend?" the question is met in many quarters with undisguised scorn. "Let the people learn to read and write and cipher," plead some, "in any practicable way. We do not care about the method. Our only desire is that they shall be educated." So be it. But there are methods by which the highest standard of education can be attained, and the life of the nation in every direction in which life is worth living quickened; and there are methods by which the standard of education may be dwarfed to its minimum, and the life of the nation surrendered to ecclesiastical control.

Those who claim to belong to no party with respect to the principles on which educational legislation should rest are not and cannot be neutral. Their silence is itself a power, and a power upon the

<sup>1</sup> Read before the "Liberal Social Union," October 26th, 1876. The author of this paper is solely responsible for the opinions it expresses. It is published in this magazine as a contribution towards the free and thorough discussion of a subject of national interest and importance.

side of sectarianism. The forces in possession of the ground are sectarian forces; by them all the vantage grounds of attack are occupied; the citadels and high places are in their hands. A profession of neutrality is a virtual submission to their authority.

Another objection to any large consideration of the requirements of a national system is urged to the following effect:—"We must pay chief regard to what is practical. In the complex antagonisms of English society statesmen must adapt their plans to possibilities. It is useless to discuss what would be abstractedly right; we must content ourselves with a little less than justice in order that our people may be educated."

Assuredly no sane man would propose to treat England as though it were a newly-colonised country, and insist either upon leaving the people in ignorance, or following a course altogether independent of the great historic lines of its development. But it cannot be an impertinence of irreconcilable Radicals to ask statesmen to have a policy leading to foreseen results, and to indicate the direction in which they propose to guide the intellectual destinies of the nation.

It is one thing for statesmen to study the characteristics of the state of society for which they legislate, in order that they may understand the ground over which they have to move, and prepare in the desert a highway for the purpose they would accomplish; it is quite another thing to attempt to unite in one Act of Parliament utterly antagonistic principles. Mr. Forster's Education Act (1870) was a collection of contradictory policies so blended that in its working the balance of power is always struck in favour of an ecclesiastical interest. A national system was provisionally established, but a sectarian system was pampered with such rich gifts as to give it power and mastery; the clerical management of schools was taken away by one hand and reimposed by another with reinvigorated authority; local government was granted, and

limited by restrictions so irksome as to destroy half its worth.

The policy of liberal men in England for a hundred years past has had two great aims—first, the removal of the burden of ecclesiastical restraints from affairs in which the welfare of the whole nation as a nation is involved; and second, the establishment of a thoroughly representative system of government.

The author of the Education Act of 1870 is on the horns of a dilemma; he has either consciously and deliberately reversed the Liberal policy of his party, or he is only a "statesman" in the sense in which King Philip and the Archduke of Austria were warriors when they made the famous arrangement at which Philip Faulconbridge laughed.

"K. Philip. Say, where will you assault?"

K. John. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

Austria. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder  
from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

East. O prudent discipline! From north  
to south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's  
mouth."

It is frequently pleaded in defence of the Education Act of 1870 that it represents what was alone practicable at that time. It is rather the monument of the kind of legislation which becomes possible when, through timidity, or indifference, or carelessness, or statecraft in its meaner form, or the hurry caused by the pressure of many affairs, no appeal is made to the general principles upon which the problems at issue should be solved.

If the Liberal statesmen of 1870 had determined that a national system of education should be ultimately established under the direct control of school boards, they could have laid down its broad foundations.

Existing schools could have been left under existing conditions; but it could have been provided that all new schools, to which government grants should be



made, should be public schools under the management of representative bodies. I believe—and I speak not without some knowledge of the state of parties—that a Liberal majority could have been secured for such a scheme. At that time the existing schools were manageable in number. *The great growth of the sectarian system has been under the Act of 1870 itself*;—indefinite scope having been provided for its extension by the continuance of grants of public money to new schools under private direction, as well as by the “time of grace,” which became a time not merely for actual building, but for the reception of plans and proposals.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following statistics show the development of the sectarian system under recent legislation. If Nonconformists generally had regarded National Education as the proper work of their church organisations, no one can doubt that they could and would have built a much larger number of schools:—

#### I. SCHOOLS CONNECTED WITH THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OR CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1875. Schools Inspected . . .	9,466
1869. “ “ . . .	6,103
Increase	3,363
1875. Scholars in, on attendance	1,184,760
1869. “ “ “	808,364
Increase	376,396
1875. Government Grant . . .	£679,748
1869. “ “ “	343,330
Increase	£336,418

#### II. BRITISH, WESLEYAN, AND OTHER SCHOOLS NOT CONNECTED WITH THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1875. Schools Inspected . . .	2,086
1869. “ “ . . .	1,414
Increase	672

#### III. ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

1875. Schools Inspected . . .	598
1869. “ “ . . .	328
Increase	270
1875. Government Grant . . .	£62,176
1869. “ “ “	27,951
Increase	£34,225

#### IV. BOARD SCHOOLS.

1875. Schools Inspected . . .	1,140
1875. Government Grant . . .	£78,531

Lord Sandon's Act is the natural development of Mr. Forster's. It contains no new principle whatever. Any argument against the increase of the grant to sectarian schools applies to the subsidising of these schools. If the twenty-fifth clause of the Act of 1870 be defensible, so is the tenth clause of the Act of 1876.

The organic connection between Mr. Forster's Act and Lord Sandon's is but another proof that the Act of 1870 failed to establish a national system, not because the temper of the age rendered it impracticable; but because those who acted as Liberal leaders did not admit the principle that the schools of the country should be organised as national institutions, and placed under representative control.

In inviting the members of the “Liberal Social Union” to consider what principles should guide the policy of the friends of a national system of education, I do not speak as a doctrinaire defending an abstract system on abstract grounds, but as one who believes that a practical policy can alone be determined by those who walk in the light of the principles at stake.

One party in the state thoroughly understands its own ends and aims: namely, the party on the side of ecclesiasticism; and in season and out of season, openly or secretly, boldly advancing or quietly retreating as occasion demands, it follows a definite purpose.

If the Liberal party of the England of to-day does not as clearly understand the direction in which to guide its policy, it will leave to the future the legacy of an unnecessary and dangerous conflict.

The future of this nation belongs to those who work for it, and who know the objects for which they toil, whether they be Whigs, or Tories, or Radicals; Catholics or Protestants; advanced thinkers or reactionary Conservatives.

*The first point to be decided is whether the education of England is to be in*

*charge of sectarian organisations, or of the representatives of the community.*

The object of those in charge of the Education Act of 1870 was to educate the country through the denominations to the utmost extent to which the denominations would undertake the work. National schools were only to be erected in cases of emergency; and to render these cases as few as possible, provisions were made which reduced the expenses of any sect choosing to conduct a day-school to a minimum, while any publication of its accounts in its own neighbourhood was deliberately refused.

Nonconformists in general, believing that education ought not to be left under sectarian charge, favoured in every locality the building of public schools. The Church of England seized upon the golden opportunity so unexpectedly presented, and has covered the country with its schools. The Roman Catholic Church took the same course according to its power. Lord Sandon has carried out to its legitimate results the policy of his predecessor. The last obstacle in the way of the growth of a Sectarian system has been removed by his amendment of the conditions of the Annual Parliamentary Grant (Cl. 19). A school may now be managed entirely by a sect; and as entirely supported by money, not one penny of which need be provided by the sect at all.

The Church of England is rewarded for its opposition to a national system of education by being freely provided with money to conduct under its own auspices the greater number of the schools of the country; while the Roman Catholic Church, with its customary astuteness, has gladly accepted the position of a subsidised educational body. The Nonconformists are rewarded for their refusal to make sectarian capital out of education, and the cessation of their efforts to erect denominational in opposition to public schools, by being compelled in many districts to send their children to schools established, and sustained, and managed by the Church of England in its own ecclesias-

tical interests, and in which hardly any Nonconformist would be accepted as a teacher.<sup>1</sup>

It must now be regarded as an established historical fact that the larger part of the education of England has been handed over by the distinct action of the legislation of 1870 and 1876 to the charge of one ecclesiastical body.

It is time for the Liberals of England to resolve that no grants from the public treasury should be given to schools which are not during their secular hours under the direct control of the representatives of the ratepayers.

To place public money in the hands of local committees not elected by the people with whom they have to deal is a proceeding at variance with every principle on which representative government depends; and when those self-constituted committees are recognised as educational authorities, the danger is grave and vital.

No ecclesiastical body is fit to be

<sup>1</sup> It is no doubt true that many Nonconformists accept as "unsectarian" the teaching of doctrines which substantially divide Christendom, and even when acting on school boards, sanction teaching which is denominational to all intents and purposes. The following suggestive passage occurs in the General Report presented by Mr. Noble to the London School Board (August, 1875, to July, 31st, 1876):—"I have inquired of many teachers whether they make any—and if any, what—difference in the Bible lessons they give in board from those they formerly gave in voluntary schools. The answers have been invariably to the effect that, except the omission of denominational catechisms and formularies, they make no difference whatever. One schoolmaster very recently told me he was for twelve and a half years head teacher of a large Church school, and had for the last two years been lay reader in his Church, and he solemnly assured me that his Scripture teaching was never so thorough as in his present (board) school" (p. 6). It is equally true, however, that the general body of Nonconformists have accepted the principle of the management of public schools by representative authorities, and are not engaged in erecting new schools of their own, not through indifference to education, but because of the sincerity of their faith in a national system, and the loyalty of their allegiance to its requirements.



entrusted with the charge of the education of a free country. Under this system education in England has been dwarfed in its standard. The fear of lessening the amount a school could earn by "passes" has lightened a "revised code" of its educational burdens. The profession of a teacher in England is rapidly becoming a closed profession. When what is called religious teaching is given by the regular masters of the schools, it means that the masters must profess the creed of the managers. An honest man who happens to be a heretic is finding increasing difficulty in the way of employment. He is shut out from all those schools connected with the society which calls itself "National."

Two-thirds of the board schools of England are closed to him. In cases when men dare not publicly catechise, private sources of information are sought to make sure of the "creed." It is no light condemnation of the present system that it is rapidly sectarianising the scholastic profession.

A connection between an ecclesiastical body and the public schools adds largely to its power as an ecclesiastical body apart from its intellectual strength. Those Liberals who maintain this connection must not be surprised if it results in the wider diffusion of prejudices touching every free religious thought which is sacred to their consciences and dear to their hearts.

The political influences of ecclesiastical domination are intense. The working classes of this country are as various in character and disposition as the members of any other class. Sectarian passions strike across class boundaries. Any union between the "rough" of the large town, the pauper, the semi-pauper, and the hodman, and a compact ecclesiastical organisation, means mischief to the Liberal government of the country.

The separation of the parents' public life from the management of the school is an educational evil—its identification an unmitigated gain. The very voting

for a school board unites the parents with the schools, to the advantage of teachers and taught.

The aim suggested—the direct management of public schools during the hours of secular teaching by a representative body—is thoroughly practicable.

The Conscience Clause distinctly separates religious observances and instruction in religious subjects from the general work of the school. It is enacted that "The time or times during which any religious observance is practised, or instruction in religious subjects is given, at any meeting of the school, shall be either at the beginning or at the end, or at the beginning and the end of such meeting." (Elementary Education Act, Clause 7, 1870.)

An ecclesiastical body can only desire to retain the management of a school supported by public money for one or other of the following reasons:—(1) to diffuse through the whole school the influence of its theology—in this case the Conscience Clause is illegally disregarded; (2) to obtain the appointment of teachers—in this case the teachers of national schools become a semi-clerical caste, and a test is enforced upon entrance to the scholastic profession; or (3) to secure for itself, as an ecclesiastical body, a general influence over the community; and in *this* case there is as unjust a perversion of educational appliances to sectarian purposes as there would be should any one church obtain in any town a monopoly for the sale of books, and refuse to supply any but those that bore its own imprimatur.

The second practical aim of a Liberal policy should be to *establish a system of graded schools.*

Upon this point, however, in this assembly there will be no difference of opinion; and I need not this evening enter upon its discussion.

The third aim of a liberal policy, I further submit, should be to take away from school boards any charge of religious instruction, and leave with them the one great responsibility of

*providing for the general secular education of the people.*

The argument that it is impossible to separate the "secular" from the "religious," is answered by the very existence of a conscience clause. However difficult theoretically, there is a sufficiently clear, practical distinction which the law of England already recognises. During certain consecutive hours it is illegal for Catholic or Protestant to give what the Act terms "instruction in religious subjects." *By law, any and every public elementary school is a secular school for a specified period of the day.*

A new interpretation has been given to the term "religious liberty" in these modern days to meet the necessities of the argument. It is seriously contended that religious liberty does not exist unless "liberty" is granted to each sect to appropriate a share of the public funds to its own objects.

Conscience is said to be outraged when those "conscientiously" desiring state support for the teachings of their dogmas are not permitted to receive it. According to this theory, the perfection of religious liberty was attained when those who "conscientiously" believed heretics ought to be burnt had authority to burn. The "consciences" of some were offended while the heretic lived; and if we accept this modern doctrine, the state outraged their consciences when it prevented them from lighting the fire around the stake! Liberty of conscience is an individual right—to be enjoyed within the range of personal responsibility—and cannot be interpreted as the liberty of one man to appropriate the goods or interfere with the welfare of another.

The teaching of creeds and catechisms as a part of the common school routine has proved a conspicuous failure as a religious influence. Those of our working classes who have passed through the religious "grind" in an elementary school are not distinguished by faith, but by indifference.

The objection to mixing dogmatic

teaching with ordinary school work is not that it makes proselytes for a sect, but that it deadens the soul. While the government of the school gives an ecclesiastical body political power, its attempt at religious teaching unites that power with a popular indifference to religion itself.

The employment of the Bible alone is proving equally unsatisfactory. To prepare for an examination in "the life of Adam" is no more a religious exercise than to do a sum in arithmetic. To answer all the questions in Mr. Peak's Examination Papers does not require a more religious spirit than to answer an examination paper in grammar. Pure and undefiled religion involves reverence, love, penitence, and immortal hope. By the attempt to resolve it into a school lesson its essential spirit is put to flight.

In what way, moreover, is the Bible being taught in elementary schools? Without doubt to a large extent literally and uncritically.

If Bible teaching were in the hands of voluntary teachers, each teacher would be answerable for his own work, and there would be opportunity for the free play of thought; but when it is given in public schools by legally appointed authorities, the credit of the nation is involved in its character, and every individual citizen is compromised by it.

A large number of cultivated men are responsible for the Bible teaching carried on in board schools by public officers, through which the mass of the people are kept in ignorance of what they themselves believe to be scientifically true and morally right. By the present plan of relying upon the elementary school for religious instruction the responsibility is taken from those to whom it rightly belongs and by whom it can best be imparted.

Parents are taught to believe that their children obtain their religion just as they learn to read and write, while the churches of the country are not devoting their full energies to that high and sacred task.

The great "religious difficulty" is not to



be found in the scruples of parents, but in the struggle for spiritual supremacy. In two ways the vexed problem, "How to give religious education?" could be readily solved, and if this country in its wisdom would free itself from bondage to ecclesiastical methods of procedure, these two ways would, without doubt, be widely adopted and largely prosper:—

(1) Let each school board afford opportunities for believers in religion to teach it, the board itself taking no part, but making fair arrangements for the representatives of various forms of faith—the plan in actual operation in Birmingham.

The following are the regulations adopted by the Birmingham School Board, at a meeting held on 11th February, 1874, to consider an application from a purely voluntary organisation, called "The Religious Education Society."

"That facilities should be afforded for the giving of religious instruction by voluntary agency, in the school buildings belonging to the board, to children attending the board schools.

"That in every case the wish of the parents or guardians should determine whether a child shall receive religious instruction, and whether a child shall receive any specific religious instruction that may be provided.

"That any persons proposing to give religious instruction shall be required to pay to the board a rent for the use of the building proportionate to the number of the children to whom the religious instruction is given, and the time occupied in giving the instruction.

"That the opportunity for giving religious instruction shall be given on Tuesday and Friday morning in every week.

"That on Tuesday and Friday mornings the schools shall be opened, under the management of the board, three-quarters of an hour later than on other days.

"That the application of the Religious Education Society, as representing a considerable number of religious communities in the town, be complied with on the terms prescribed by these resolutions, and that the Education and School Management Committee be authorised to complete the arrangements, and report to the board.

"That any future application for the use of the school buildings, for the giving of religious instruction in accordance with these regulations, be referred to the Education and School Management Committee, for them to report to

the board; with the understanding that these applications may be made either—

- "1. By the committee of any similar society, representing one or more of the religious communities of the town; or
- "2. By ministers of religion in charge of congregations in the town; or
- "3. By any person willing to give instruction, when the application is sustained by the signatures of the parents of at least twenty children in regular attendance at one of the departments of any board school."

(2) Let Sunday schools be more generously and wisely developed; men of thought and culture taking part in the noble task of rendering religion interesting, delightful, and beautiful to young minds and hearts.

The Bishop of Lichfield, in a speech delivered in the Midland counties (January, 1875), said—"He had lately been over to the United States, and had been able to see the effect of a system of secular education. He could not say the result was favourable, though it had pleased God, as was usually the case when any mistake was made, to impart benefit in another way, and the effect of this secular education had been overruled by the act of Providence, by far greater earnestness in the work of Sunday schools than prevailed in this country." The work of an overruling Providence is surely not bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the east and the Pacific on the west. The principles which I have roughly sketched *contribute*, I venture to claim, *thoroughly practical aims for the guidance of Liberal policy*. They have actually formed the basis of educational legislation in one great town, and what has been done in Birmingham could be accomplished elsewhere, if similar means were adopted to secure the ends in view. The Liberal party in Birmingham has both distinctly known its own mind and studied the methods of organisation by which practical effect can be given to its educational principles.

As a political axiom, it may be asserted that the Nonconformists and the working men of almost any centre

of industry can carry any election. This union can be brought about if sufficient trouble be taken; and that "trouble" must be of an educational character. The people at large must be educated in the principles at stake. This education can be effected in a definite time and directed to practical results, if cultivated men would but esteem the task of sufficient importance to be undertaken. In Birmingham we have worked hard to teach our people the principles we believe; and this has been the sole secret of our triumph. We have taken concert-halls, rooms in public-houses, chapels, schoolrooms—any room in fact in which there could be a meeting at all,—and our educated men, not unassisted by educated ladies, have gone down and argued matters out face to face with the people themselves.

A Liberal school board could, I believe, be elected in nearly every district of the country if the same kind of work were done with the same energy.

*The necessity for such work is grave and pressing.*

Without looking upon the social condition of our country with the eyes of a Cassandra, sources of anxiety are sufficiently patent. Eloquent summaries of the mighty signs of material greatness cannot hide the fact that barbarism subsists beneath the gloss of civilisa-

tion. A very large proportion of the population of England is outside of its religious organisations. Capitalists and workmen are dealing with each other as distinct orders of men. Questions are being asked in those quiet places in which political energies gather strength touching the most ancient ecclesiastical and political institutions of our country—questions which will inevitably fill the life of the next century with passions of incalculable intensity. The shadow of the ecclesiastical reaction darkening over Europe is falling upon England, and pretensions are being maintained with an emphasis unequalled since the period preceding the French Revolution, fatal alike to personal independence and social peace. To crown all, only prudish eyes can be blind to the evidences of a moral corruption which has not the poor excuse to be made for those whose homes are dark while the public-house is bright, but which money lavishly pampers and tasteful skill adorns.

For myself, the only hopes I dare cherish are those based upon the possibility of bestowing a generous breadth upon our nation's culture, and of uniting with a generous breadth of culture that healthful religious life which spiritual freedom can alone sustain.

HENRY W. CROSSKEY.



## EARLY MEDIÆVAL PAINTING IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

IN the opening sentence of the life of Giotto, Giorgio Vasari remarks that when the style and the processes of good painting had been buried for so long a time beneath the ruin caused by continual warfare, Giotto alone, though born amidst unskilled craftsmen, was enabled, through a special gift of God, to restore the art which had strayed from the right path and to give it a worthy form; "and truly," he goes on to say, "it was a great miracle that a rude and uncultured period should have been able to work by the hand of Giotto with such skill that the art of design, of which the men of that period had little or no real knowledge, was by his means restored to complete life."

This opinion of Vasari has been so often repeated by subsequent writers on art that it has come to be an established doctrine, which few out of Italy ever venture to call in question.

It is not, however, to be supposed that in a country where each province has its own particular patriotic pretensions, such a statement could pass unchallenged. Eminent writers, such as Tiraboschi, Cicognara, and now-a-days De Rossi, have suggested that the revival of painting is not to be placed altogether in Tuscany or in the thirteenth century, that other portions and other epochs of Italian art history remain still to be investigated. They and others hint at the existence in Southern Italy of a national art akin to but independent of that "*arte greca*" well characterised by Vasari as "*goffa, scabrosa ed ordinaria tutto piena di linee e di profili.*"

The South Italian provinces have been always strangely neglected. The cause of this may perhaps be found in their history ever since the thirteenth century; for then it was that they fell a prey to the rapacity and igno-

rance of an alien government. To the hated yoke of the House of Anjou succeeded the narrow spirit, the jealous exclusiveness, of the Spaniards. The artistic activity which produced and promised so much in the centuries preceding their intrusion received its death-blow at the very time when Giotto showed the way towards the consummation achieved by Michael Angelo and Raphael. Only a gleam of that most brilliant Italian epoch, and but scant scatterings of the enfeebled culture and progress of the time that followed, found their way to Lower Italy. The curse of foreign rule kept that part far behind the rest of the peninsula in letters, in art, and in all the means and appliances of civilized life. In modern times bad roads and want of security kept travellers from venturing far beyond Naples, where the miserable productions of the later Neapolitan school did not give promise of much to attract the artist into the interior of the country.

In this way monuments full of instruction and interest have remained unvisited and unknown, and we are yet far from possessing an adequate history of the arts, the political institutions, the civil and monastic life of the kingdom of Naples, and of the working of the various influences received and imposed there by the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Normans.

The works of Schulz and Haillard-Bréholles are well known to most investigators, but the latest and by far the most valuable contribution to the history of Neapolitan early art is a work of which only a portion has been published, entitled, "*Studi sui Monumenti dell'Italia Meridionale, dal iv. al xiii. secolo,*" by Signor Demetrio Salazaro," head of the National Picture Gallery of Naples. In this work he purposes to refute the erroneous ideas handed down through Vasari,

by exhibiting in a new light the story of the Revival of Painting. A man of great energy and enthusiasm, he has devoted years of industry and research to recover from the forgetfulness and neglect into which it had fallen an important era of early art. From remote and unfrequented localities, from out-of-the-way convents and churches, he has brought back water-colour drawings of remarkable wall-paintings and altar-pieces of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. As far as the present writer has seen the originals the copies are faithful, and the coloured lithographs are intelligently and satisfactorily executed. The book is one of new and peculiar interest, containing, besides illustrations, copies of inscriptions, extracts from ancient documents, and various information gathered from unusual sources.

Signor Salazar undertakes to show that far from having followed a movement begun in Tuscany in the thirteenth century, Southern Italy inspired that movement and gave it birth—that painting not only flourished there when it was dead elsewhere, but had continued an uninterrupted tradition of its own quite independent of the later Greeks, and had assumed by degrees a form more expressive of the robust spirit of a western people. He endeavours to prove that during three centuries before Giotto the Italians of the southern provinces had turned from conventionalism to nature, had found new technical methods, and had begun to break away from mere plastic representation to seek the inner meaning and soul elements of their subjects.

Apart from the proofs thus adduced there is much to render the statement not improbable. Historians, among whom are Giannone and Sismondi, when they come to treat of the earlier middle ages in the kingdom of Naples, lay stress on the extreme paucity of records, and confess themselves at fault amidst the darkness which surrounds it. Nevertheless Sismondi finds evidence enough for maintaining that while the rest of Italy was devastated by foreign war and civil strife,

the South enjoyed comparative peace, and the freedom of the ancient republican institutions left them by Greeks and Romans. He surmises, even, that these were carried northward by the Pisans and Genoese to lay the basis of those republics which afterwards grew to be famous. It suited the indolence of the Byzantines to let Magna Græcia govern itself in its own way.

Of so-called barbarians the only important invasion was that of the Lombards, whose settlement in the country was probably a gain. The infusion of Northern energy and vitality into an ancient somewhat enervated race could not but have been of use. Policy led the Lombards not to disturb the social order of the people among whom they came; they fostered learning, they encouraged art, they built churches, and they founded convents. The Revival of the eleventh century found in South Italy a country in happier conditions than its neighbours. The preceding century had been perhaps the darkest of those dark ages. Dreams of a millennium had taken possession of the minds of men. Overshadowed by it they lost all vigour and fell into languor and inaction. But the terrible foreboding passed away, and there ensued a great joy of deliverance and a renewed spirit of freedom. The paralysis of despair cast off, men and women seemed to revive to a quicker life. The people of Apulia and the Terra d'Otranto could no longer endure the depressing influence of Byzantine inertness, they hailed the Normans as friends and deliverers. Energies that only smouldered were aroused by their advent, and the final impulse was given by the Emperor Frederick II. A long-compressed individuality began to assert itself, the popular sentiment took shape.

Hence this period produced works wherein the so-called Byzantine element tends to vanish by degrees. What was best was retained. For though the art carried by Constantine from Rome to Byzantium altered its character there through foreign contact, something of the old classic beauty remained ever



clinging to it. This was the art into which the Italians carried their new-born spirit at a time when the Lower Empire, pulseless and effete, was sinking into decay. Without soldiers or ships, its inner condition utterly disordered, it was not likely in its artistic productions to keep pace with those of Italy. The bronze doors of Monte Sant' Angelo and Amalfi, executed at Constantinople about the year 1,000, are far surpassed by those of Ravallo and Trani, Benevento and Troja, works of the Italians Barisano di Trani and Oderisio Beneventano.

In this eleventh century Revival sprang up those cathedrals in which is so much picturesque beauty, so much attractive detail, such varied interest, where crypts and bell-towers, cloisters and doorways, capitals and string-courses, preserve in stone and marble the mark of races so different and vicissitudes of such romantic strangeness.

There can be no doubt that the Southern Italians of that age were before the rest of their country in sculpture, however much opinions may differ as to the value and merit of their pictorial productions. The great Father of the Tuscan Revival, in whose works Giotto sought the lost ideals of the antique, was Niccolò Pisano. But it was not at the sarcophagus of the Countess Matilda in the Campo Santo that Nicholas learnt his art, nor yet was he a man Heaven-sent, Heaven-inspired, such as appears but seldom in any age; he was, as well as can be ascertained, a native of Foggia in Apulia, and there he had been formed by the models that surrounded him. We trace his style in the classic lines and sweet archaism of Sigelgaita Rufolo at Ravello, in the pulpit of Sessa, and in the storied sculptures of Bitetto.

Where in Northern and Central Italy shall we find of the same period the delicate chiselling, the nice proportion, the subtle classicism, the justness of execution, the grace, the refinement of sculptured slabs and tombs, paschal candlesticks, ambones, capitals and archivolts, such as are to be seen at Salerno, Ravello, Trani, Canosa, Bitetto, Sessa,

Troja, Benevento, and many another town of the South? It is not possible to see these remains of the two or three centuries preceding the fourteenth without feeling a growing conviction that the Revival in Tuscany was forestalled.

The sister arts go hand in hand, however much Painting, the younger one, may lag behind. Less directly imitative, no longer treating things as they palpably and actually are, having to proceed after abstract methods, Painting has always required a more thorough intellectual development than sculpture. In the early stage referred to here it lacked certain scientific principles necessary to its progress, and had to await the exceptional intuition of a Giotto.

Signor Salazaro dwells much on the circumstance that the Order of St. Benedict had always regarded the preservation of letters as a part of its rule. He considers it to have been at the same time the guardian and promoter of art, and undoubtedly we owe to it much that is best and most noteworthy in South Italy.

As strangers may have neither time nor inclination to go through the discomforts of Neapolitan travelling, it will be useful to cite what can be most easily visited.

A few hours from Naples, on the mountain-side, three or four miles outside Capua, is the eleventh-century church of Sant' Angelo in Formis, built and decorated by the famous Benedictine Desiderius of Monte Cassino. Of the paintings with which its walls were covered, only about one-half has been retrieved from white-wash, and that is in fair enough condition. On the semi-dome of the middle apse is to be seen our Lord enthroned with saints on either side, among whom is the Abbot Desiderius, and above are the symbols of the Evangelists. Scenes from the life of Christ cover the lower course of the nave walls, and above them are Bible stories, a few of which only are discernible. On the spandrels of the arches are prophets and kings of the Old Testament, and the Last Judgment occupies nearly the entire of

the western wall. It is the earliest representation of the subject known, and in arrangement and conception is very much what became afterwards generally adopted.

In these frescoes Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle see only the art of Byzantium in its deformity, emptiness, and ugly conventionalism. Signor Salazaro, on the contrary, finds there originality, grace and beauty, a sentiment of devotion unknown to Byzantines, and the promise of a free and independent style. Time and care given to the examination of these frescoes incline one to think that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle may have been somewhat hasty and perhaps prejudiced.

Much that is grotesque and absurd no doubt there is—heads heavy and ill put on, an emptiness of expression, figures in wild over-vehement movement, garish colour, and a general effect of patchwork; but, nevertheless, here and there are to be found bits of graceful nature and a love and seeking for beautiful lines. There are attitudes not devoid of pathos and emotion, and draperies that fall in natural folds without confusion. Some veiled figures have an antique type of grace and dignity, the hands are often excellent for the period, and the grand angel of the Last Judgment seems to have suggested many a one in later times. The holy personages adorning the spandrels stand firmly on both feet instead of seeming suspended in the air, as is general in pictures of the period. There is a sweet serenity in the Madonna over the outer door, and two angels float about her with a graceful ethereal movement.

In the Abruzzi, near the coast of the Adriatic, not many miles off the line of railway from Ancona to Foggia, is the ancient and at one time vast and important Benedictine Convent of San Giovanni in Venere. The crypt of the church still preserves on its walls paintings ascribed by Signor Salazaro to the twelfth century. They are of a mixed character, but that which mostly predominates brings one near to Giotto. There is a freedom in the draperies and

in the movement, a power of expression which shows an art on the eve of emancipation. The subjects are monotonous, being chiefly various representations of Christ or the Virgin enthroned between angels or saints. In some of the heads there is much sentiment and refinement, and an approach to the giottesque type and manner which is very remarkable for the period.

To return nearer to Naples, there lies on the roadside approaching Amalfi, surrounded by indescribable filth and squalor, the dilapidated Abbey of Majuri. In the ancient crypt or catacomb of the church are wall paintings attributed by Signor Salazaro to the seventh or eighth century. The colours are fresh, the drawing is free and natural. They show a refined rendering of nature and a remarkable character of sentiments and devotion recalling what is best in early Christian art.

Again, on the heights above Amalfi, at Scala, in the crypt of the church of the Annunziata are several interesting wall-paintings, where are patent an invention and originality not to be found in purely Byzantine works. Here the painter throws off traditional methods and gives play to his fancy. We have events represented much as we may imagine them to have happened. There are a Nativity and a Visitation full of vivacity and naive incident, a sturdy lifelike St. Nicholas, and a St. George firmly planted on both legs as he leans on his shield, much in the manner so grandly carried out by Donatello. At Calvi, Foro Claudio, Barletta, Bisceglie, and Brindisi are also remains of what once must have been considerable wall paintings, all showing an independent effort at representation, a seeking after the reality of objects, a life, an energy quite foreign to the dead traditional methods of the Constantinople Greeks.

But more interesting than the generally damaged and defaced wall paintings are the altar-pieces and easel pictures to be found in almost every place of importance throughout the country. One of the most noteworthy is in the



beautiful old crypt of the eleventh-century cathedral of Trani, where we find the rude vehement fancies of the Lombard sculptured with all the skilled and delicate handicraft of the Greek. We find an altarpiece of very singular and especial interest. In the centre stands San Niccola Pellegrino, dressed in a short tunic, one hand opens as if in the act of begging, and in the other holding the cross. Below is a group of children with their heads and hands uplifted towards him in supplication. Many of the heads are individualized with a natural, well-rendered expression. The draperies have breadth and freedom and indicate a true movement of the figure. Light and shade are no longer produced by lines of gold and black, but are laid on in broad tints. There is little trace of the Byzantine style in this painting, and yet it is not giottesque. The central figure of the saint is unlike what is found in mediæval art; its round face and oval forehead, the full lips, the thick nose, and the massive modelling of the legs point rather to the early Christian frescoes still to be seen in the catacombs of Naples.

The sixteen small compartments which surround the central figure represent legends from the life of the saint. They are neatly composed and well told with animation and a good deal of poetic fancy. The colour is deep and rich, with a free use of pure red. Here and there a rigid cast of drapery, a grotesqueness of movement reminiscent of the Byzantines, are mixed up with much that is so well expressed as to remind one forcibly of Duccio's famous panel in the Duomo of Siena.

The interest of the beholder is pleasantly aroused by finding subjects of an unfamiliar nature treated in an unconventional manner, apart from the traditional arrangement which he has seen so often repeated. Having to deal with new matter, the painter had to draw on his imagination, and has produced an original work. If this picture be, as is asserted, of the same date as the

church, it is undoubtedly a striking proof of the progress attained in Lower Italy by painters of the eleventh or twelfth century. Signor Salazaro affirms that the vehicle used is oil.

There is also a considerable picture in the house of a peasant proprietor on the mountain-side above Amalfi, called the Madonna del Rosario, or Santa Maria de Flumine. It is in good preservation, the colours still bright, and is executed in a medium asserted to be oil, which is spread on a layer of intonaco covering a stretched canvas.

The head of the Madonna is not the traditional one, but has a portrait character, and is said to resemble a miniature of the Empress Constance in an old manuscript. The dress is also different from that usual to devotional pictures, and was most probably the regalarb of the period. Over an inner tight-fitting garment is a sort of robe of blue ornamented with little flowers. Falling over it is a purple mantle with a charming border, in which the eagle alternates with a carefully wrought delicate design. Coming down from and half covering the shoulders is a red stole, on whose end is the imperial two-headed eagle as a prominent ornament. No religious character whatever strikes one in the picture, and it may fairly be supposed, as suggested by Signor Salazaro, to represent the Empress Constance and her boy Frederick II. in the character of the Madonna and Child. The attitude is not much different from that usual to Byzantine Madonnas, but the large rather staring face has a livelier expression, the colour is bright and harmonious; here and there are attempts at shading. Altogether it is a figure of great dignity and imposing proportion, and whoever painted it had a distinct personality in view, and a conception of his own as to reproducing it.

Another remarkable specimen has been lately sent to Naples from the church of San Stefano at Monopoli, in Apulia. It is a large altar-piece in several compartments, very clearly and brightly painted. In the centre is the Virgin enthroned holding the child, and

on either side of her stand St. Stephen, St. John the Baptist, St. Nicholas, and St. Christopher. Signor Salazaro considers this painting to be of the eleventh century. It shows a palpable struggling between the old formal style of the Byzantines and the higher aspiration and freer methods of the Italians. The Virgin has a good deal of the old type; her attitude and that of the child, the arrangement of the drapery, and even its gold ornamental fringe, are almost identical with those in two pictures by a certain Richo de Candia—one in the Uffizi the other in the Museum of Naples. St. Nicholas and St. John have the heavy heads, the sad stupid faces of the old style, but the younger saints, St. Christopher and St. Stephen, are comely, with some grace and correctness of form, and a certain spiritual beauty of expression.

In the Naples Museum are several small pictures catalogued "*Italo-Greek*," which are marked by a distinct difference of style from the purely Byzantine, and in many towns through the country others are to be found in a very fair state of preservation.

A careful examination of these various works, or of Signor Salazaro's excellent copies, would seem to establish a sufficiently marked superiority between them and what was done in the rest of Italy during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, to warrant the assertion that Painting had revived in Naples before Giotto appeared in Tuscany. It is difficult not to admit that they are in advance of the best works then existing elsewhere in Italy, such as those in S. Urbano alla Cafferella, not to mention the rude performances in the Lower Church of San Clemente, the feeble attempts of the Lower Church of Assisi, the wild distortions of Parma, or of San Pietro in Grado near Pisa.

In the paintings of Lower Italy the neo-Greek influence may doubtless be persistent and obvious; nevertheless there are to be found combined with it a refinement and elegance, an occasional beauty, a tradition of antique grace, to be found nowhere in the Northern or Central Provinces. They do not altogether ignore true movement or correct drawing, and there is often a suggestion of sentiment and thought which prefigures Giotto.

Southern Italy has been too little studied or visited. A land of stirring memories, pathetic episodes, and brilliant adventure, it unites the spell of romance to the interest of history. For study and speculation it is a fruitful ground, where at every step are to be found the marks of its successive occupants. An inscription here, a bit of sculpture there, a mountain or sea-shore fastness, picturesque cathedrals, big strong bell-towers seen through lovely cloisters of intersecting arches, will at every moment summon out of the past the Oriental in his subtlety and inertness, the Lombard all rude honest passion, the fantastic poetry-loving Saracen, the versatile Norman.

Forests of olive-trees centuries old, such as are found nowhere else in Italy, their trunks all gnarled and split up; wide plains of pasture bounded by mountain and sea; great unreclaimed wastes blooming with odoriferous shrubs and the untrodden brilliancy of abundant wild flowers; bountiful expanses of grain and rich well-cultivated vineyards—amidst all these are to be found towns which rarely fail in artistic or historic interest. As they shine dazzlingly in their sunlit whitewash, with their flat roofs and tile-covered domes and low-walled scanty-windowed houses, one feels brought very near the East, and one becomes half pervaded by its mysterious never-failing charm.

JULIA BALL.



# GERMAN CRADLE SONGS.

IN no country has Christmas preserved a more poetical character than in Germany. Our English Christmas has little or no poetry about it, except, perhaps, in some out-of-the-way country house, untainted as yet by our prosaic civilisation. The first part of the day passes drearily enough in a dimly-lit church, decorated with more abundance than taste, listening to a sermon neither ornamental nor useful. The afternoon is no improvement upon the morning. The streets are well nigh deserted, and the closed shops, with their shutters up, give one the impression of a city stricken by the plague. At last the dinner-hour arrives, and we are ushered into a room with guests, all more or less pretending to be cheerful. We take our seat at the table, with a roaring fire behind. However, as the dinner proceeds, our spirits keep rising, and we are duly prepared for the climax, the plum-pudding. Having had our share of the poetry of an English Christmas, we go home, the probable victims of an attack of indigestion. But the German "Weihnachten" is in truth a "holy night." There is a solemn gladness about it unfelt at any other time of the year. On that one day of the year there is a feeling akin to religious fervour; the pews of the church are filled with worshippers; the beautiful chorals express the gratitude of many hearts. In the streets there are everywhere the signs of life, activity, and joy. Everyone has a friendly greeting for his neighbour; no one dares be uncharitable on the day of goodwill and peace. And at home—the little child is taught from his earliest days to look forward to the season as one of special gladness, so that in after days, when youthful impressions have faded away, and his heart has become a stranger to childlike emotions, the most softening influences are the recollections of the Christmas eve spent in the midst of a

cheerful family circle gathered round the brilliant Christmas tree.

It is but natural that in connection with such a night there should have been numberless traditions, legends, and practices. It was said that when Christ was born winter gave suddenly way to spring. The snow vanished from the ground, flowers—among which the rose of Jericho was specially singled out—sprang up in every direction, fruit-trees, above all apple-trees, began to blossom, as they had never done before, the sun leaped twice for joy, the springs sent forth streams of oil, the rivers were changed into wine, the beasts knelt down in their stables to adore, the very stones were moved, and the bells broke forth into a merry peal. Sometimes, however, they sounded the death-knell, as in the case of that city to whose inhabitants our Lord, clad in the garb of a beggar, appealed in vain. As He approached the last door on His fruitless errand the ground was seen to open, and the city was buried. Whereupon the bells began to toll—a sound which is repeated every Christmas night. But this was an exceptional instance; the sound of the bells was generally a lucky event, for it was said to put the devil to flight. Everything had during that night a mysterious power attached to it, either for good or for evil. Each place had its local traditions of spots to be shunned and acts to be avoided; or, on the other hand, of places to be visited, and deeds the performance of which was supposed to bring luck. Thus the night was spent in innocent and poetical superstition.

But there were some practices not confined to a district, and of a more than local significance. The theatre of these was the church, where, long before the introduction of the famous Christmas plays, it had become customary to have dramatic representations of the birth of Christ. The exhibition of the child in

the manger dates from the earliest times. The child was pictured in a grotto or in a stable, with Mary and Joseph kneeling before it, the one putting the child to rest, the other, with hands crossed on his breast, looking on in reverent awe. So some of the saints had been vouchsafed the privilege of seeing the child in the manger. Thus we are told of Francis of Assisi, how, on a certain Christmas day, when he was addressing the crowds which had come together to hear him, there suddenly appeared a wonderful child. Preacher and crowd gazed at it in silence, and as they were about to touch it, it vanished out of their sight. Such miracles were obviously as scarce as the saints in whose behalf they were wrought. The ordinary congregations had to be satisfied with a large doll which was placed on the altar. The general practice appears to have been as follows:—A manger was placed behind the altar, on which a picture of the Virgin had been put. A boy, representing the angel, now made his appearance to announce the birth which had taken place. Thereupon the doors of the choir opened, and men, dressed as shepherds, came in to look for the child. When they had at last found it the priest asked them, "Quem vidistis pastores?" upon which they answered—"Natum vidimus." Then followed dialogues and sundry conversations, winding up with hymns sung by boys and girls, who were allowed to dance round the altar. To these were added in time secular songs, but generally under ecclesiastical protest; and stories were told of how some who had ventured to continue the practice in the face of the priests' warning had been condemned to dance in the churchyard during a whole year. All attempts to deliver them were in vain, and when at last they were released, they either died or continued in trembling fits for the remainder of their lives.

A special kind of sacred songs, chiefly collected by Weinhold and Hoffmann, went under the name of "Kindelwiegenlieder." During a certain part of the performance, or, more strictly speaking, of

the religious service, the holy child was rocked in its cradle, whilst the children sang a lullaby. The Latin hymns were those in earliest use, such as from *En Trinitatis Speculum*—

"Hic jacet in cœnabulis,  
Puer admirabilis,  
De cœlo laudabilis,  
Et nobis amabilis.  
Voce pii nunc hilari,  
Modulantes atque pari,  
Canite prudenter,  
Psallite constanter."

Or from the popular *Resonet in Laudibus*, which was afterwards, along with some others, sung in translation—

"Resonet in laudibus,  
Cum jucundis plausibus  
Sion cum fidelibus:  
Apparuit quem genuit Maria."

The next stanza was sung by the children, who danced and clapped their hands:—

"Sunt impleta  
Quæ prædixit Gabriel,  
Eia, Eia, Virgo Deum genuit,  
Quem divina voluit Clementia."

One of the earliest specimens was a Latin-German hymn—*In Dulci Jubilo*—to which a heavenly origin was attributed. I give the first and last verses in the Latin-Dutch form as a curiosity:—

"In dulci iubilo  
Singhet ende weset vro,  
Al onse hertenwonne,  
Leit in presepio,  
Dat lichtet als die sonne.  
In matris gremio  
Ergo merito,  
Des sullen alle herten,  
Sweven in gaudio."

"Maria nostra spes,  
Helpt ons joncfroue des,  
Verghevet onse sonden  
Noch meer dan septies  
Op dat wi salich werden  
In u progenies,  
Vitam nobis des  
Dat ons te deele worde  
Eterna requies."

But the German productions are by far the most interesting. The most popular of these seems to have been one beginning with the words, "Joseph, lieber neve mein," for Joseph is scarcely ever spoken of as the Virgin's husband. Mary sings the first verse, requesting Joseph to assist her in rocking the child,



and telling him that God will reward him for his labour. Joseph expresses his readiness to help her in a second verse, and then the choir falls in, with an invitation to behold the manger, concluding with words of adoration—

“Es sollte alle Menschen zwar,  
Mit ganzen Freuden kommen dar  
Da man int der selen nar.  
Die uns gebar,  
Die reine Mait Maria.  
Ewiger Vater, ewigs Wort,  
Gott, Vater, Mensch der Tugende hort  
In Himel, in Erde, hier und dort,  
Der sãlden port,  
Den uns gebar Maria.”

This is the simplest form in which the scene is represented. In the plays, which contain generally a cradle scene, and which we pass over in this paper, several other personages step in; in some of the cradle-songs, however, the host of the inn, which is said to have had a signboard *à la crèche*, makes his appearance as the type of hardheartedness. But generally the scene is prolonged by a discussion between Joseph and Mary. Joseph is pictured as an old, feeble man, to whom stooping is a matter of great difficulty. The chief complaint is the coldness of the night. Both Joseph and Mary are repeatedly heard asking for a light, so as to be able to make a fire. Joseph, being a man, and therefore less capable of suffering than a woman, expresses his grief most emphatically: he complains of stiffness in the back and rheumatism in the fingers, which render it a matter of difficulty to comply with Mary's request. The belief in the extraordinary severity of Christmas night is given vent to more than once in the cradle songs. Heartfelt sympathy is expressed with the child, which is lying down naked, and shivering with cold. There was an old tradition, based on a mistranslation of two prophecies in the Old Testament, which represented two animals, an ox and an ass, sometimes a horse, as standing near the manger and acknowledging the child, whilst the world kept aloof. It was believed that the breath of the animals brought the child to life; under the influence of their warmth the child opened its eyes and

uttered its first cry. This touching episode, for which we ought to be truly grateful to the blundering translators, is mentioned continually in the cradle songs. Hence the interest which the animals are supposed to take in the birth of Christ, and the honour which is paid them in some of the mediæval poems. During Christmas night they do not sleep, but talk all night long of the wondrous event. Those who have committed mortal sin are unable to understand them; but one more fortunate than the generality of men has interpreted their language:—

“*Vacca, Puer natus clamabat nocte sub ipsa,  
Qua Christus pura virgine natus homo est;  
Sed quia dicenti nunquam bene creditur uni,  
Addebat facti testis, asellus, ita  
Dumque aiebat ubi clamoso gutture gallus,  
In Betlem, Betlem, vox geminabat ovis.*”  
*Felices nimum pecudes, pecorumque magistri,  
Qui norunt dominum concelebrare suum.*”

But there are other complaints besides those of the severity of the weather, as we learn from a curious specimen in Weinhold, beginning as follows:—

“*Maria, Joseph, o lieber Joseph mein,  
Nun soll ich gebären das Kindelein.  
Joseph. Was ist's, o Jungfrau rein?  
So muss im Stall sein Herberg sein.  
Maria. Nun so sei's, nun so sei's, Joseph  
mein,  
So müssen wir im Stall hinein.*”

Thus the dialogue proceeds, Joseph giving an example of unique resignation, and Mary affording an equally unique instance of wifely obedience. The next complaint is, that the child is bitterly cold, whereupon Joseph hands her an old piece of blanket, which she accepts gratefully. The difficulty now arises that she has no basin to make the pap in; Joseph is therefore sent out and returns with a potsherd, which is made to serve the purpose. Having at length got a little more settled, she discovers the ass and the ox, and asks naturally, what right they have to be there. Joseph replies in the words of Scripture, “The ass knoweth his master's crib,” and Mary answers, perhaps somewhat sarcastically:—

“*Nun so sei's, du Joseph mein,  
Dies soll der Menschen Lehrer sein.*”

And with regard to the ox,

"Nun so sei's du Joseph mein,  
Es soll der Welt ein Spiegel sein."

But the final objection and its answer are so delightful, that it is impossible to omit them:—

"*Maria.* Joseph, o lieber Joseph mein,  
Der Stall ist ganz offen, es soll ein  
Vorhang sein.

*Joseph.* Was ist's, o Jungfrau rein?  
Das Heil ist aller Welt gemein.

*Maria.* Nun so sei's, du Joseph mein,  
So schau die ganze Welt hinein."

The form of the dialogue was not always kept up; sometimes the story was told by Mary without Joseph. The hymn was, in fact, a paraphrase of the Gospel narrative, with a verse or two added for the choir, in which either the triumph of Mary or the greatness of her child was celebrated. At other times Mary was supposed to address her child, trying to lull it asleep:—

"Sleep, my child; sleep, my boy,  
The pure virgin mother sings.  
Sleep, dear heart, be quiet, little treasure,  
Tenderly says the father too."

Or

"Come, my child, look at the little bed  
Which is prepared for thee;  
Come, my boy, step in the manger,  
Which is covered with hay;  
Shut your eyes, cover your little hands,  
For a keen wind is blowing outside;  
Sleep, my child, the ass  
And the ox will give thee warmth."

Frequently, too, the lullaby was sung by the choir, which either called upon Mary to take the child in her arms, or tried to soothe it with sundry promises:—

"Sausa minne, Gotes minne (Hush, my dear,  
beloved by God).  
Be quiet and at rest.  
If it please thee, we are ready to obey thy  
behest;  
Exalted, noble prince, be quiet, and do not  
cry;  
Be quiet, and we shall know that all is well."

As the practice became more general, the youthful portion of the congregation was called upon to join in the act. After the invitation of the choir the children sang:—

"Be welcome, thou tender little child;  
We rock thee, we rock thee gently.  
How wretched and hard is thy manger!"

And whilst the rocking proceeded the choir fell in:—

"Let us sing with resounding voice  
In honour of the little child,  
Precious Jesus,  
Holy Christ,  
Son of Mary."

After which a voice was heard calling on those present to prepare a bed for the child. And the children answered:—

"We rock, we rock thee  
In our heart and in our simple faith,"

followed, as usual, by the choir's refrain.

At the close of the century before the Reformation the rocking of the cradle was in general vogue, both in the churches and at home. Catholic Martin Luther had a sincere liking for the poetry of the people. In his well-known hymn, "Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her," he embodies the popular tradition which represents Christ riding about on Christmas night, attended by an angel, or, as in the Lowlands, by St. Nicholas, and in the North, by St. Stephen—names chosen because of their symbolical meaning—to inquire into the conduct of the children during the past year. The child, which commonly carries a rod, introduces itself, telling the children that if they pray and sing diligently they will receive beautiful presents; but that if they do not they will get a beating. The angel then gives in the report, and after the due distribution of rewards and meting out of punishments the child takes its departure with the naive farewell:—

"Gute Nacht, gute Nacht in aller Frist,  
Wir sind der heilige Krist,  
Und haben wir was nicht recht gemacht,  
So wünschen wir eine gute Nacht.  
Gute Nacht, wir müssen scheiden,  
Die Zeit will uns nicht leiden,  
Gute Nacht, wir müssen fort,  
An einem andern Ort."

But the hymn also alludes to the cradle song:—

"Davon ich allezeit fröhlich sei,  
Zu springen, singen immer frei,  
Das rechte Susannine schon,  
Mit Herzenlust den süßen Ton."

After Luther's death a change made itself gradually felt. Sour-visaged Pro-



testantism, as might have been expected, frowned upon the proceedings, denouncing them as a rag of popery. The additions made to the existing collection were few and far between, and the old songs were spoiled by Protestant additions and omissions. The spell was broken once for all; it was impossible to revive it. Before another century the "Kindelwiegen" had become a thing of the past, though its memories lingered here and there, as for instance in Tübingen, where it was customary to rock a cradle on Christmas night, the people joining in an appropriate choral.

It has shared the fate of many a hallowed custom and beautiful practice, doomed to death on the plea of superstition. The one solitary relic of those days

which remains throughout the length and breadth of the "Fatherland" is the ever-green Christmas tree. Rooted in the old Teutonic love of those grand forests, under whose shadow superhuman forms loved to take up their abode, and the wisest and best of the people met in council—grown up in connection with the symbolism of Christianity—the mythical tree in Paradise lost, the mystical tree of the Cross, the mysterious tree in Paradise regained—it points to the day when, religion having ceased to be a dogma, will have become once more simple poetry, and, as such, the common inheritance of the pure in heart and the childlike in spirit.

A. SCHWARTZ.

# *LETTY'S GLOBE,*

## OR SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,  
And her young artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere  
To show her earth, that she might mark and know  
The world's extent, all its sea and land.  
She gazed, and said, "O world; old Empires peep'd  
From thy bosom; How she leap'd,  
And settled, in her pride of bliss!  
Her sweet unlearned eye  
Said a joyous cry,  
"Where's home is there!"  
And England with a kiss,  
Her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## THE EASTERN QUESTION FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE EASTERN CHRISTIANS.<sup>1</sup>

BY A SERVIAN.

### PART II.

THE sufferings undergone by the Eastern Christians are not the sole cause of their insurrections. The recollections of their historical past, in the days before the Mussulman domination, have never been extinguished in their breasts, not even by a slavery of five centuries. Indeed these recollections have gained strength, and seem to be constantly urging the Christians towards the restoration of their ancient national life. But the various branches of the Servian race, besides historical recollections, possess incontestable political rights, which they have preserved more or less perfectly under the Turkish domination down to the present time. These rights date from the second half of the fourteenth century, when for the first time the Servian kings acknowledged themselves vassals of the Sultans. The Servian state then extended from Sophia to Durazzo on the Adriatic Sea, and thence to the Save and the Danube; thus including a portion of what is now called Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Northern Albania, Montenegro, a portion of Herzegovina, Old Servia, and the Servian Principality of the present day. By the side of this very considerable kingdom existed the Servo-Bosniac kingdom, which comprised Bosnia and the western part of the Herzegovina.

King Lazar, though subdued by the Turks and made their vassal, attempted after a few years to reconquer his full independence, and for that purpose formed an alliance with the King of Bosnia. The two Servian sovereigns were overcome in the battle of Kossovo, 1389, in which both Lazar and Sultan Amurat I. were killed. The successor of Lazar made peace on

the same conditions as his father, but with an increase in the tribute and the military contingent due to the Sultan. George Brancovitch, who succeeded Lazar, renewed the struggle against the Turks, and lost his states, but like his predecessors reconquered them. In the treaty of peace which he then concluded with the Sultan Amurat II., Sophia was fixed as the extreme point of the Servian possessions on the eastern side, and the Herzegovina on the western. This treaty is cited by Von Hammer. The descendants of Brancovitch became extinct in the male line, and the one Servian princess who represented the family married Stephen Thomaschevitch, heir to the throne of Bosnia. Thus the Servian countries found themselves once more united under the same king. In virtue of this marriage, the Roman Curia and the Hungarian diet recognised Thomaschevitch as legitimate inheritor of all the rights of the Servian crown. This last of the national kings wished in his turn to render himself independent. But he was conquered, made prisoner and beheaded. The Servian nobility could only preserve its political and feudal rights by embracing Islamism. Those nobles who refused to deny the faith of their ancestors abandoned their native land. In this manner the ancient Servian state lost its national kings. The nobility had always been the true depositary of power, and continued to be so even under the Sultans, after it had adopted Islam. The mass of the Christian population, deprived of its chiefs, suffered more than ever from the despotism of the renegades. The renegades, in their turn had to defend their autonomic rights against the continued attacks of the Sultans. Thence arose a continual struggle be-

<sup>1</sup> Continued from *Macmillan* for November.



tween the Christians and their feudal lords on one side, and the feudal lords and the Sultans on the other. The provinces formerly composing the Servian kingdom were alone the theatre of these struggles. The other parts of the Balkan Peninsula, which did not possess the same rights, submitted quietly to the yoke of the Porte.

To come to the present time, in 1804, the population of what is now called Serbia, rose in a body under Karageorge, against the renegades. The Sultans at first encouraged the rising, hoping by means of the people to deprive the nobility of their ancient political rights. But perceiving that the Christian peasantry wished to replace the Mussulman proprietors in the enjoyment of those rights, they turned against them. The first Servian war of emancipation lasted nine years; the second, under Milosch, about as many months. But that part of the ancient Servian kingdom now called the Principality of Serbia, at last reconquered its Christian administration and internal independence as in the time of King Lazar. Since then Ali Pasha of Zanina (formerly subject to the Servians), and the Beys of Northern Albania, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, have frequently risen to defend the autonomic rights which the Sultans had so often confirmed to them as an inheritance from the ancient Servian state. They were however gradually reduced. Every one knows the end of Ali Pasha. Reschid Pasha, when Grand Vizier, put an end to the privileges of Albania (excepting a shadow of their ancient independence left to the Mirdites); and the Serdar-Akrem, Omar Pasha, in 1853, did the same to Bosnia and the Herzegovina. The Beys were entirely deprived of the right of administering the provinces, and left in the enjoyment of their feudal rights alone. Then for the first time these provinces were occupied by garrisons and officials sent from Constantinople. By this the sufferings of the Christians were doubled. To the insults, exactions, and violence of all kinds on the part of the native Beys were added those of the functionaries

and soldiers of the Porte. The state of insurrection thus became permanent. The renegades, finding themselves threatened in their last stronghold, and in danger of losing even their feudal rights, were forced, notwithstanding their hatred of the Porte, to make common cause with it; while the Christians had no hope but in union with Serbia and Montenegro. Thus the ancient idea of restoring the Serbia of Lazar and Thomaschevitch, and consolidating the political unity of the whole race, once more came to the surface. But the system is no longer the ancient feudal one, with the ownership of the soil reserved for the nobility, it is a democratic system, under which every one has a right to become proprietor. Consequently there are two sides to the Servo-Bosniac question, the political side and the social side, intimately connected and incapable of being separated. Without the political fusion of the races under an enlightened Christian government (such as that of the great majority of the nation would be), social equality between Christians and Mussulmans is impossible. The Bulgarians having been completely conquered by the sword, have no legal basis on which to claim from the Porte political rights akin to those formerly possessed by the Servians; but their aspirations to national emancipation are no less legitimate.

That the reader may understand the Slavonian question in its entirety so far as Turkey is concerned, we will for a moment go back to the ethnographic origin of the various Christian populations in European Turkey which are called after the geographical name of the provinces they inhabit—Servians, Old Servians, Montenegrins, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Bulgarians, Macedonians—though at the same time bearing one and all the genetic name of Slavonians.

This population, which exceeds in number all the other races of the peninsula taken together—for it alone amounts to from eight to nine millions, whilst the others do not exceed

four millions and a half—has inhabited from time immemorial three-fourths of the territory. Peaceful and laborious, occupying itself since a remote period exclusively with agriculture and domestic industry, it fell an easy prey to foreign invaders; the more so as the political organization of the country consisted in an infinity of little republics united by no common tie, and all theoretically belonging to the Eastern Empire. After the Huns, Goths, and Avars, two warlike tribes established themselves in the seventh century as the superiors of the primitive Slavonian population—the Servian tribe from Galicia, itself Slavonian, and very numerous; and the Bulgarian tribe, of Finnish origin, and deriving its name from the river Volga, whence it had migrated. The Servians spread themselves through Macedonia, a part of Northern Albania, and Upper Mœsia (Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina), penetrating also into Eastern Dalmatia. The Bulgarian tribe installed itself in Bulgaria properly so-called, that is to say, in Lower Mœsia, comprised between the Balkans, the Black Sea, the Danube, and the Morava. Each of the two founded a dynasty. But the Servian kings, according to the ancient Slavonian custom, shared the governing power with the chiefs of their different provinces; whereas the Bulgarian kings, according to the genius of the Finnish race, kept the power concentrated in their own hands. The two dynasties were soon at war. The Servian state, the weaker of the two, ended by succumbing, and the Bulgarian kings then ruled for some time the whole territory from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, and even attacked the Slavonians of Thrace, whom the Greek emperors defended more or less effectively. At last the Servians reconquered their liberty. But the emperors, profiting by the rivalry between the two nations, stirred them up against each other, weakened them, and often succeeded in imposing upon them the domination or suzerainty of the Empire. At last these struggles exhausted the Bulgarians. The Finnish dynasty with

the warriors of its race disappeared, and the Slavonian population over which it had reigned fell beneath the yoke of the Greek emperors. Under the influence of the dominant race, its language had undergone numerous modifications, which converted it into a special dialect, Slavonic in the main, but mixed with Finnish words and forms, and marked by a particular accent; this is the dialect actually spoken in Bulgaria properly so called. The name, moreover, of the Bulgarian conquerors remained with the people. Meanwhile the Bulgaro-Slavonians had become warlike; they rose against the Byzantines and founded for themselves a national dynasty, which flourished for a short time and then gradually became enfeebled.

At the same time the power of the Servian dynasty of the Nemagnas was increasing. The kings of this house conquered successively Macedonia, Albania, Epirus, and the greater part of Thrace, and reduced the possessions of the Byzantine empire in Europe to the triangle described by Salonica, Adrianople, and Bourgas on the Black Sea. Having thus extended his dominions, Douchan the Powerful, whom the kings of Bulgaria obeyed as vassals, caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of the Slavonians and of the Greeks, and at the head of 80,000 men marched upon Byzantium. On his way he suddenly died (possibly poisoned by his Greek doctor), and the army retraced its steps. Under his successor, a weak ruler, the governors of the vast provinces became almost independent. King Lazar, of whom we have already spoken, proposed to reduce them one after the other. But the Turks, profiting by the disunion in the Servian empire, attacked it, and imposed tribute upon it.

The result of these ethnographic mixtures and historical alternations has been the following. The Slavonians of Turkey, amounting in all to nine million souls, form at present three distinct groups. The Servian group, of about three millions and a half, inhabits the principality of Servia, Old Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and



part of Northern Albania (the Zenta). In all these provinces the Servian dialect is spoken; the finest and most sonorous, and by far the richest from a literary point of view, of all the Slavonic dialects of these lands. The Bulgarian group, numbering four millions and a half, inhabits Bulgaria properly so called, and extends beyond the Balkans, and so far into Thrace that its colonies almost approach Constantinople. All the northern part of Thrace may be said to belong to it. We have seen that the dialect of this group, Slavonian in its ancient basis, was modified by the Bulgarian tribe from the Volga. The Bulgarian tongue however lost itself in the Slavonian ocean, and left little behind but its name. We may add that the Slavo-Bulgarians and Slavo-Servians understand one another as the Great and Little Russians do. The third group, called, according to its place of habitation, Bulgarian or Servian, is the Macedonian, numbering one million and a half, and claimed equally by Bulgarians and Servians. In a historical point of view, both dynasties having reigned alternately over this province, the arguments are as good on one side as on the other. As to the linguistic question, the dialect spoken in Macedonia occupies a position precisely midway between the Bulgarian and Servian dialects. It is almost the exact language in which the liturgical books of the Slavonians are written, and in which the official acts of the Servian kings were couched. Of this Mr. Verkovich's collection of the popular songs of Macedonia furnishes sufficient proof. The Bulgaro-Servians, who constitute the majority of the population in Macedonia, are in a genetic and linguistic point of view a true link between the two great branches, Bulgarian and Servian.

In the midst of this Slavonian mass of nine millions in Turkey, belonging entirely to the Orthodox religion, there are at the outside 700,000 Mussulmans, descended from renegades, and 200,000 or 300,000 Catholics; altogether from 1,000,000 to 1,100,000

not professing the Orthodox church—that is to say, a ninth part of the whole. The Mussulmans and Catholics are quite ignorant of Turkish, and speak the national language only.

The English reader will now have a just idea of the distribution of the Slavonians of Turkey, ethnographically, geographically, statistically, and religiously considered. Several political and social questions remain to be elucidated which might produce confusion in the minds of foreigners if they were passed over in silence.

The Greeks assert that the province of Macedonia belongs to them. But on what do they base this strange claim? On the historical fact that it formerly belonged to the Byzantine empire, as it did to the Bulgarian kingdom, and afterwards to the Servian empire. Historical facts tell equally in favour of the Bulgarians and the Servians, but it is by existing ethnographical facts that the formation of new states is at present decided; and it is only necessary to cast a glance on the ethnographical map of the races of the Balkan Peninsula, by M. Lejean, the best map of the kind that exists, to be convinced that the Greek and gipsy colonies in the country are mere microscopic points, lost in the mass of the Slavonian population. The grand Hellenic idea is at this moment as impracticable and impossible as the grand Bulgarian or Servian idea. Three nations have turn by turn dominated the peninsula, and it is precisely because their domination had not an ethnographical basis, the only natural and solid one, that they have exhausted themselves in eternal struggles, and one by one have fallen under the Ottoman yoke. While however the Greek and gipsy colonies are so limited in number, and so thinly dispersed among the Slavonian population of the Peninsula—just as there are Bulgarian colonies lost in the midst of the Greek population—the Slavonians are found in a compact mass. People in Europe exaggerate the difficulties arising from the differences of religion. The Slavo-

nian renegade was never a thorough Mohammedan. He embraced Islam from personal interest, and will remain attached to it as long as the Porte defends his feudal privileges. But in place of the Ottoman government let a Christian government be established, and self-interest will bring him back to the faith of his ancestors, of which he has preserved many practices. But this reconversion of the Mohammedan Servian can only take place on condition that the Christian government leaves him the enjoyment of his property. It is precisely the fear of losing it that urges him to make common cause with the Osmanlis, notwithstanding his aristocratic hatred and contempt for the plebeian invaders from Asia. Prince Michael offered to let the Mohammedans retain their property on condition of their submitting to the laws of the country, and they declared themselves willing to accede to this condition. But the Porte, fearing an example so dangerous for the surrounding provinces, insisted on their expatriation, with a slight indemnity for their losses. It may safely be said that Islam has no future in Europe; it will die out.

As for the Slavonian Catholics, whose numbers amount only to some 200,000 or 300,000, and who are dispersed through Bosnia and Herzegovina, they can cause no trouble either by their numbers or their tendencies. Their clergy has obtained special privileges from the sultans; but is not for that reason attached to the Porte. It hesitates between Servia and Austria, approaching now its brethren by race, now its brethren by religion, but offering nothing tangible to either. By means of the Catholic clergy Austria would make people believe that she exercises sufficient influence in Bosnia to discredit in the eyes of Europe the annexation of this province to the Servian principality, an annexation which the Bosnian insurgents had proclaimed. Her consul, Herr Wallart, made the round of the Franciscan monasteries in order to obtain from the

reverend fathers a protestation against this revolutionary act. The fathers could not refuse their signatures without running the risk of being accused of sympathy with the insurrection; and the *Tagblatt* of Vienna hastened to give publicity to their act, which had been extorted from them, and really signified nothing. The Bosnian insurgents replied to this piece of intrigue on the part of Austria by proclaiming Prince Milan king as soon as the *pronunciamento* of the Servian army came to their knowledge. They declared Belgrade the capital both of Bosnia and Servia, and King Milan heir to the ancient rights of the national sovereigns who had reigned over the two provinces. It must not be forgotten that a Catholic priest, Moussitch, is at this moment at the head of a band of Catholic insurgents. This fact is enough to show the true sentiments of the Catholic clergy and population in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The character of the Servian differs much from that of the Bulgarian. The former is proud, impetuous, active; slow to take a decision, but having once taken it, firm and resolute to carry it out. The Bulgarian is humble, calm, slow, and obstinate. The Servian, a poet above all things, is adventurous, ambitious, fond of luxury, and more inclined for mental work, commerce, and military life than for downright labour; whereas the Bulgarian is practical and laborious, with a preference for agriculture and handicraft. His kindness of heart approaches weakness, and his sobriety avarice. If the Servians are the French of the East, the Bulgarians are in many respects its Belgians. The one people is by its moral and intellectual qualities the complement of the other. United and developed, the two together would form a nation possessed of all that can make the happiness, greatness, and solidity of a state.

Servian literature has in a short time developed considerably; Bulgarian literature is still in its cradle. The same may be said of social life. Notwith-



standing all that the Servians have imbibed from the political institutions, literature, and manners of Western Europe, they preserve in everything a striking originality. The Bulgarian has a greater facility of assimilation. Without energy, and passive beyond measure, the Bulgarians, in the course of so many centuries, have never taken up arms; and the attempts of a few individuals whose patriotism was greater than their intelligence, have led to nothing but local disturbances, in which the nation never took part, and which were put down with the greatest facility. The horrible consequences of the last rising have struck the Bulgarians with such terror that they will for the future only think of safety (though it may be already too late), unless it come to them from the outside. Their patriots, even the most restless and most enterprising, are in a state of despair, and no longer reckon on the armed initiative of their countrymen. The Servians, on the contrary, have by their terrible Heyducs protested continually against the Ottoman domination. They have emigrated in large masses, and have ranged themselves on the side of all the enemies of the Ottoman power with the view of fighting it. The Servians were the first people in the East to raise the standard of national liberty in 1804, when they maintained the struggle for nine years, succumbed, rose again after two years, and finally conquered from the Porte a portion of their ancient rights. Having once attained this end, and possessing a basis of development, they showed themselves as circumspect, patient, and intelligent as they had formerly been rash and restless. They turned all their attention to the political organisation of the country, to its material development, to the diffusion of knowledge, and the creation of a military force which, relatively speaking, was of extraordinary strength. Their political men understood that during the first epoch of formation it would be necessary to act with the strictest attention to law if they would gain respect and sympathy in Europe. For that reason

the Servians did not stir during the Greek insurrection, nor during the numerous other insurrections which took place in the Slavonian provinces of Turkey. They remained neuter during the Turko-Russian war of 1828-29, and took care to avoid the fault committed by the Greeks during the Crimean war. They also remained perfectly tranquil during the last war between the Turks and Montenegrins, and even succeeded in swallowing the pill of the bombardment of Belgrade. No circumstance, however favourable it might appear, no sympathy, no resentment, could drag them from the path they had traced for themselves in order to attain the greatest possible development of their strength. And they would still have waited, but for that unexpected concurrence of circumstances and extraordinary events which foreshadowed both their own ruin and that of their Slavonian neighbours. They did not, however, decide until after a year's hesitation, and repeated endeavours to avoid war. Once persuaded of the uselessness of their efforts and of the danger of their actual situation, they determined resolutely upon action, notwithstanding the warnings of all Europe. Once seriously engaged, Europe may be certain that, in spite of all their diplomatic precautions, and of apparent weakness, they will not soon abandon their object, but will make every possible effort to attain it. Such is the disposition of this people, which the Porte ought never to have driven to extremity. A celebrated Hungarian statesman said on one occasion, "I would rather have ten ordinary Slavonians against me than one Servian."

Besides the Slavonian race there are three other indigenous races in the Balkan Peninsula—the Greeks, who with the population of the kingdom, number 2,500,000 souls; the Albanians, 1,500,000, and the gipsies, who scarcely exceed half a million. The Greeks are too well known in Europe to make it necessary to speak of them here in as much detail as of the Slavonians; but

to carry out my plan, I must state the opinion formed of them by the other races of Eastern Europe.

It is incontestable that after the Slavonians, the Greek element is the only one in the Peninsula which possesses the conditions indispensable for well developed, independent national life. Its great disadvantage is that both in Europe and Asia it is too much scattered, and does not present the compact and imposing mass presented by the Servo-Bulgarians. Beyond the frontiers of Greece it occupies the maritime border of the Peninsula, and has thrown a few colonies into the interior, whose importance in a commercial point of view is undeniable, though from a political point of view they count for nothing. In this latter respect the scattering of the Greeks has much weakened them. This drawback, however, is partly compensated by the genius of the people, which has succeeded in absorbing the half million of gipsies, the greater part of whom speak Greek as well as Zingari, and boast of belonging to the Hellenic nationality. Moreover, in all Southern Albania the influence of the Greek mind preponderates; and the population of that country has tendencies towards Greece as visible as are those of the Northern Albanians towards the Slavonian countries. In this manner the Greek element presents a compact mass in the Archipelago and Greece; in Thessaly, Epirus, and Southern Albania it lines the shore of the Ægean Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus; but it loses itself on the Black Sea in the Bulgarian element, and on the Adriatic in the Servian element.

The qualities of the Greek race are more brilliant than those of the Slavonian, but inferior in solidity, notwithstanding the prestige of the ancient Hellenic civilisation, and that of the middle ages concentrated at Byzantium. In spite of the spiritual influence of the Œcumenic Church of Constantinople, and the schools founded by the Greek prelates throughout the Peninsula, the

Greeks could not make the slightest breach in the Slavonian nationality of the Servians and Bulgarians, who profited by the instruction they had received in the Greek schools to lay the foundation of their national civilisation, which has been since developed under the influence of western culture. Little by little, the Greek schools disappeared among the Servo-Bulgarians, to be replaced by national schools. It was next the turn of the prelates. First came the emancipation of the Servian Church in the principality, then that of the Bulgarian Church. The Roumanians in their turn confiscated the revenues of the Greek converts in their country. And thus the spiritual and intellectual influence of the Greeks receded for ever from the Rouman and Slavonian regions to its natural bed.

The Greeks, finding themselves checked in their attempts to Hellenize the Slavonians and Roumanians, took offence; but instead of wisely accepting accomplished and inevitable facts, and suiting themselves to the new situation so as to derive all possible profit from it for the future, they allowed themselves to be so blinded by passion, as to commit again and again acts of imprudence and folly, of the serious consequences of which they may yet be the first to repent.

One of the great defects of the Greeks is their presumption. It has often injured their policy, and is injuring it now. They exhibit towards the Servians an attitude of superiority, and towards the Bulgarians an attitude of disdain, which nothing would seem to justify. They either do not or pretend not to perceive, that as regards political organisation, wisely combined administration, at once economical and fruitful in results, military organisation, and diplomatic ability, the Servians have already proved their superiority; while in a literary point of view they have little or no cause to envy the modern Greeks. The Servians have shown themselves sufficiently prepared for the events in the East; whereas the Greeks were taken



by surprise, and have been unable at the opportune moment to take an active part in them. If the principalities of Servia and Montenegro were unable by themselves to effect the deliverance of the Eastern Christians, and if grave complications have been brought about, which are at this moment seriously threatening the peace of Europe, the fault lies above all with the want of foresight and inaction of the Greeks. But for that the Turko-Christian quarrel would now be at an end, and Russia would not be forced by the irresistible impulse of the nation to take part in it at the risk of a general war. If such a war were to take place, could it really serve the cause of the Greeks and the other Christians? One cannot say that it would. To lament in the newspapers that the Greeks have been completely forgotten, that all the sympathies of the civilised world are reserved for the Bulgarians and the Servians, to call the former barbarians and the latter semi-barbarians, while they are struggling heroically and generously for the triumph of liberty and civilisation in the East,—is indeed a sad part to play, and an absolute avowal of inferiority.

The Greeks can only raise themselves in the eyes of their Christian brethren and of Europe in general by entering into the struggle, and contributing their part to the deliverance of the East. Their movement might even have the effect of enabling the Christian East to obtain its liberty and independence without aid. A great responsibility weighs on the Greeks as regards the present, and a still greater as regards the future of these regions.

Little as the Greeks have realised the great hopes which the Eastern Christians founded upon them, and imperfectly as they may have replied to the expectation of the Powers, who, in creating the independent kingdom of Greece, believed they were creating a pivot on which the Christian East would be able to turn,—that is no reason why the importance of this element should be ignored, and why, by

the side of the Slavonians, the most important place should not be assigned it in the new combinations which the disappearance of the Ottoman Empire in Europe will necessarily bring about. If Greece, in spite of its many and great advantages has not developed the same force of character, or the same political and military organisation which are enabling Servia to play the first part in the Peninsula, the fault does not rest with the Greeks alone. They have had to struggle against difficulties inseparable from the first epoch of formation; difficulties through which all nations have passed. Then the frontiers of their state are so narrow, so far from being natural frontiers, that instead of being free to breathe, they are suffocated. It is impossible to appreciate the worth of a nation placed in such conditions. To believe that the Greeks could have realised their grand Byzantine idea just when the Slavonian nationality had begun to awaken, was unreasonable. It would be equally so not to believe that, after the Slavonians, they are the most important race, and the only indispensable one in the political organisation of the European East, if a strong and independent East is desired.

I will not speak of the Jews, gipsies, and Armenians of the Peninsula, since in addition to their foreign origin and the smallness of their number, they have no political importance. As for the Tartars and Circassians, after the horrors that they have committed in Bulgaria and Servia, it will not be out of place to republish here what I wrote about them eleven years ago. "Of all the means of repression imagined by the Porte, the most extraordinary, the most wicked, that by which she violated all the rights of her Christian subjects and trampled under foot all the consideration she owed to the western Powers, her benefactors, was no doubt the transference of the Mussulmans to the classic soil of the Balkan Peninsula. First came the Tartars, then the Circassians. Though in Asiatic Turkey there are whole countries uninhabited, and the transmigration in

that direction would have been at once less costly and more natural, from the homogeneity of the social elements, the Porte insisted on introducing these tribes into the midst of European Christians.

"Apart from the burdens officially imposed on the populations destined to receive these half-savage hordes, the Turkish government could not but foresee the horrors that would result from the miserable conditions of existence in which they were placed. Imagine the situation of these unhappy Slavonian Christians! First, the Tartars were sent among them, then the Mohammedans driven out of Servia, then the Circassians; and they were forced to build houses, and to plough and sow the ground for all this multitude, which they fed for an entire year. Is not that enough to ruin the most flourishing provinces? But what did the Porte care? Its object was to reinforce the Mussulman element in Europe, and thus to raise a barrier on one side between itself and the rayahs, and on the other between the rayahs and Servia and Roumania.

"To the Turks the plan seemed as clever as it was perfidious to the Christians. It must be admitted too that it showed a strange forgetfulness of what was due to Europe. But that was permitted to Turkey which would have been permitted to no wise and honest government.

"Such transmigrations of tribes in the nineteenth century on European soil bring us back to the barbarism of the first periods of the Christian era, and we ask all men of good faith whether they do not reduce the native Christians to the level of negro slaves.

"After having shed torrents of blood for the maintenance of Turkish rule, Europe, on the morrow of her victory, proclaimed the admission of Turkey into the family of civilised nations, an act of generosity to which the Turks replied by a double invasion of barbarians. In a solemn treaty, dearly purchased, Europe declared that she took under her protection the cause of

humanity and civilisation in the East. But when on the very next day the Turks commit repeated depredations and massacres; when they cover the European provinces with ferocious hordes, which cannot but increase the number of crimes, and perpetuate them as a tradition—Europe looks on in silence, and without protest allows it to be said that the East is becoming civilised under the paternal rule of the Sultan. Did barbarism ever insult civilisation in a more barefaced manner? Was weakness ever so openly made the sport of brute force?"

Here I may appropriately subjoin the despatch written on this subject by the Servian Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Servian agent at Constantinople just after the transmigration had been effected:—

"BELGRADE, 22nd December, 1859.

"3rd January, 1860.

"SIR,—You know the traditional policy which the Servian government has followed each time that risings have taken place in the Slavonian Provinces of Turkey bordering on our frontiers. You know with what solicitude, chiefly under the late Prince Milosch, it has endeavoured—and by its loyal attitude has in effect helped—to calm the agitation which had spread to Servia itself. From this line of conduct it has never departed, not even when, in place of recognising that fact, we have been made the object at Constantinople of most unfounded rumours. The government is convinced that, by observing a strict neutrality, it has on many occasions rendered eminent services to the Sublime Porte, and this cannot be contested by any one who is acquainted with the affairs of this country, and with the events of which it has been the scene.

"But however loyal may be the action of the Servian government, that action can only be efficacious if it receives the serious co-operation of the Porte. It is from a conviction of this truth that it desires to give the Porte a new proof of its wishes to maintain relations of good neighbourhood, by drawing its attention to the bad effects that may be produced by certain measures recently adopted. Such in the present day is the logic of events that it would be in the highest degree impolitic to let these measures pass unnoticed.

"You know that hundreds of Tartar families have emigrated into the Pashalik of Widdin, at a distance of from two to six hours of the Servian frontier. These Tartars have been established in Bulgarian villages, lodged in Bulgarian houses, and are actually



living more or less at the expense of the Bulgarians.

"The immigration of this foreign element has spread disquiet and fear among the Bulgarians, not only in the localities where the Tartars are established but even in the neighbourhood of our frontier. The rumour that the immigration is to be extended to the Pashalik of Nissa, and even beyond, has contributed to increase the general anxiety, and that no longer among the Bulgarians alone but among all the Christian populations along our line of frontier. In such a state of things nothing is more natural than that these populations should turn towards Servia. Therefore the Servian government can only see in the colonisation of the Tartars a political measure. We see so clearly the inevitable consequences to which it must lead that we cannot even endeavour to escape them, however disastrous they may be for us. The sympathies of our population for the populations in its neighbourhood of the same origin as itself are so strong that no government could openly struggle against them.

"I say nothing about the colonisation of Tartars from our point of view. We have too much confidence in our rights, in the stability of our political institutions, and in the desire of the Sublime Porte not to interfere with them for this colonisation, to have any fears on our own account. I have restricted myself to viewing it in connection with the general interests of the empire. Be good enough, therefore, to explain yourself categorically on this subject to his highness Ali Pasha. Observe to him at the same time that this step must not be regarded either as a complaint or as a protest on our part. The Servian government has the effects of this colonisation under its eyes. It foresees and already feels its inevitable consequences, and it calls the attention of the Porte to the subject in the interest of the empire. We are convinced that on this occasion we are once more rendering a service to the Porte. I request you, therefore, to read this letter to his highness Ali Pasha and to leave him a copy should he desire it.

"(Signed) PHILIP CHRISTITCH."

What reproaches might now be addressed to Europe, when after so many years what had been foreseen at the time, and more than once publicly predicted, has at last taken place? Is it astonishing that the indignation of the whole civilised world, and especially of the Russian, English, and Italian nations, should at last have been roused against the Turkish domination, as well as against those European governments who defend the sanguinary

and outrageous repression of the Bulgarian rising which immediately preceded the Servian declaration of war? The Eastern Christians themselves were for a long time the dupes of the Ottoman reforms. Many of them, including really superior persons, have been known to accept the reforms, and especially the Tanzimat, quite seriously, with all the results which they believed would follow from the solemn engagements assumed by the Porte at the Congress of Paris. In the East this illusion disappeared after a few years; but in Europe it lasted until the beginning of the present crisis. Now at length the eyes of all are opened, and every one has become convinced of the impossibility of introducing European reforms into Turkey. They are in fact as incompatible with the Shariat, which is the unchangeable basis of political and social order in every Mussulman state, as they are with the corrupt morals of the Turks.

"Ottoman reform," I wrote in 1865, "has had three distinct phases. It was sincerely undertaken, but in a not very practical manner, under Mahmoud. It was continued, not without hesitation, under Abdul Medjid, who began to perceive its insurmountable difficulties, and to doubt its success. Under Abdul Aziz the Porte recognised the impossibility of attaining any useful result; and returned to its ancient system of oppression and terrorism; still taking care to preserve the appearances of reform—mere hollow shams, which only served to take in the civilised nations whose support it was necessary to secure."

I may here enumerate the four principal so-called reforms:—

1. The Porte accorded to foreigners the right of holding property in Turkey. But as this concession is essentially in contradiction to the fundamental laws of the Mussulman state, the Porte eluded it by granting rights of ownership to women only, who are regarded by Turks as inferior beings, and do not participate in public life.

2. Religious liberty has been a bitter irony for the Christians, who have seen

the Mussulmans demolish their churches and schools in open day, and forbid service in churches newly constructed, unless on payment of a heavy tax on consecration. No marriage could be contracted without the payment of an arbitrary imposition. It was beneath the shadow of such "religious liberty" as this that in three years three hundred and sixty Christian women were forced to embrace Islamism in the Sandjak of Nisch alone, and thirty-nine young girls in Bosnia.

3. *The decreed equality of all subjects before the law* brings still more strongly into relief the hypocrisy with which the politicians of Turkey have insulted the good faith of the European Cabinets. Equality between Turks and Christians is in fact incompatible with the law of the Shariat. Are the ministers of the Porte ignorant of this? In laying down this grand principle of "equality," did they not know that it could not be recognized or applied by any Ottoman judge or Pasha any more than by themselves? The Christian is looked upon as a being so inferior that his evidence against a Turk possesses no legal value.

4. *The admission of Christians into the ranks of the army* was transformed immediately after its proclamation into an obligatory tax of exoneration from military service. The semblance of a right was granted only as a pretext for a new tax—a singular refinement of political Jesuitism on the Bosphorus! As to the institution of mixed tribunals, and the autonomic administration of the vilayets, are not the promises to introduce these reforms so many proofs that in all such matters the words of the Porte are worthless?

Accordingly in the present crisis the insurgents of Bosnia and Herzegovina have declined to place the least faith in the promises made by the Porte through the medium of the Great Powers. They preferred to die with arms in their hands rather than replace themselves beneath the Mussulman administration. The bad faith of the Turks at last forced the Powers themselves to demand

from the Porte positive guarantees against further deception.

In fact, Christians and Mussulmans are separated by an impassable abyss; and if the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is to be preserved, the only bridge by which that abyss can be crossed is the adoption of the principle of national autonomy for the indigenous races of the Peninsula. Such is the conviction of all the Christians. There is no other means of tranquillizing the East.

The Eastern Christians have always sympathised with every power that was at war with Turkey. Austria had their sympathies during the whole period of her struggles against the Crescent, and thousands of Servians formed themselves into free corps to fight beneath her flag. It was the Servians who rendered the Court of Vienna the great service of clearing Southern Hungary of the Turks. Had Austria persisted in the policy which she inaugurated by the triumphs of Prince Eugene, her empire would now, in all probability, have extended to the Bosphorus, and there would have been no Eastern Question. But her tendency to universality, combined with her exclusive German character, has spoilt everything. The spirit of the eastern populations is incompatible either with the German spirit, or with that of the Italian or Latin race. Moreover, the policy of Austria has since the beginning of the century been adverse to the Christians. It was hostile to the emancipation of Servia and of Greece, to the union of the two Danubian Principalities, and to all the partial risings of Christians against Turks. Whatever tended to aid the regeneration of the East was opposed by the Cabinet of Vienna. Of all the Austrian ministers Count Beust was the first to perceive that German exclusiveness could no longer be maintained by Austria. But instead of rising to the true level of the question, and applying to it the remedy demanded by the internal and external ethnographical conditions of the empire, he dealt with it in the true spirit of a narrow-minded German, by placing the



18 millions of Austrian Slavonians under the joint power of the Germans and Magyars, who together do not number more than 12 millions. And in so doing he satisfied the Hungarians alone, while he left the Germans whom he had dispossessed of their exclusive domination, to compare themselves with united Germany, and the humiliated Slavonians to compare themselves with Russia. Instead of fortifying the empire, this combination has weakened it in every respect; while by the difficult position in which it is placed by its two powerful neighbours, it is rendered incapable of an independent foreign policy. The condition of the Austrian Slavonians is by no means tempting to the Slavonians of the Peninsula; it rather inspires them with repugnance.

The Hungarians have lately changed this repugnance into hatred by the inconsiderate hostility and obstacles of all kinds thrown in the way of the Servians during the present war, and their hatred will increase in proportion as the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet opposes the political organization of the Slavonians of Turkey. Their Cabinet does not seem to perceive that it has no alternative but Russia or the formation of a Slavonian state on its southern frontier. The Slavonians of Turkey, frustrated in their hopes of forming an independent state, will not fail to give themselves body and soul to their northern brethren. Such are the results which the policy of the Cabinet of Vienna towards the Slavonians of Turkey may have for Austro-Hungary, and for all Europe; a policy mainly dictated to it by the narrow prejudices of the Magyars.

The policy of England has always had a bad reputation among the Eastern Christians, for which reason they have been more struck by the recent manifestations of the English nation in their favour. The English nation has at one blow nobly retrieved the mistakes of its former governments towards the Christians; and if the English name is now beginning to be venerated among us, and if English influence

is to make itself felt in these countries, it is to the noble initiative of the English liberals and the English nation that it will be due.

The policy of Lord Beaconsfield seems the more strange, inasmuch as he must be convinced like every one else that the domination of the Osmanlis in Europe has no future, and is fast approaching its end. Before such a prospect the most ordinary sense must indicate to every great nation the course necessary to preserve its credit and influence among the natural successors to the Ottoman inheritance. The English nation, apart from financial and commercial reasons, is politically much more interested than any other power in seeing the inheritance fall exclusively into the hands of the Christians. It is certainly not by counteracting all their aspirations that the English will bar the way of Russia towards the Bosphorus; on the contrary, it may force these very Christians to open it to her. This has been precisely the fault of Count Andrassy; and Lord Beaconsfield has repeated it. If it is really one of the secret intentions of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg to get possession of the Dardanelles, Prince Gortchakoff ought to be much pleased with his English and Austro-Hungarian colleagues, who, without knowing it, are serving his ends to perfection.

Nevertheless it is worthy of remark that even those English journals which have espoused the cause of the Christians have, in my opinion, taken a wrong course in proposing to make separate autonomous provinces of Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. To do this would be to break up the Slavonian race in Turkey, and thus expose it to internal rivalries, and to intrigues of all kinds from the outside.

However the East of Europe may be regenerated, if it be at the same time divided, enfeebled, and exposed to all kinds of foreign influences, it would be in a condition to suit neither England nor any other of the great Powers. In order that the East may no longer be the apple of discord of Europe it must

be solidly organised, independent, and master in its own home. Its organisation must, therefore, not rest on the system of provincial autonomy, but on that of national autonomy. The Slavonians and the Greeks are the only two nationalities of the Balkan Peninsula which possess true vitality and real political centres—Belgrade and Athens. Each must be formed into a compact state; the two states must be bound together by the tie of a purely defensive alliance, under the protection of the great Powers. Thus they will be able to live with their own life, develop their own strength, take their natural direction, and finally deliver Europe from the constant dangers of an Empire which has not strength either to live or to die.

This combination, so simple and easy in our eyes, presents itself to foreigners as surrounded by the greatest difficulties. I will return to this point afterwards; for the present I will take a glance at the policy of Russia as interpreted among us, and at what seems its real character. Russia has always defended the cause of the Eastern Christians with more or less warmth, and has given material assistance to their churches and schools. She has contributed greatly to the emancipation of Servia, the independence of Greece, and the preservation of Montenegro. Her consuls have at all times been energetic defenders of the oppressed Christians, and on occasion their avengers. This unceasing attention and protection has at last gained the heart of the Oriental populations, which are not only grateful to Russia, but are full of hope that she will help them sooner or later to shake off the Mussulman yoke. In the west of Europe they say that without Russia the solution of the Eastern question would be easy. The Eastern Christians say that without Russia the Eastern question would never be solved.

But the sentiments inspired by this power are badly understood if it is thought that the Eastern Christians would even for its sake abandon the hope of liberty. The South Slavonians,

like the Greeks, have an historical past which is too great ever to be forgotten, far less to be willingly sacrificed. Russia may reckon upon them as good friends, but never as blindly devoted servants. It would seem that Russia herself is convinced of this, and that her ancient ideas of domination have been at last replaced by others of a more practical kind; her object now being to procure friends instead of, as before, to find subjects. This change must be regarded as one of the consequences of the Crimean war, and of the manifestations which took place in the East in connection with that struggle. The Crimean war must have convinced the Cabinet of St. Petersburg that whenever it endeavours to lay hands on the Turkish Empire it will have the whole of Europe against it, or, at least, will find itself in a very dangerous state of isolation. Its hesitation in the present crisis, its extreme anxiety to drag forward other powers, and to constitute itself simply their representative, seem to prove the truth of this conjecture. The Eastern populations on their side have followed a line of conduct by no means calculated to encourage the projects of domination with which Russia is usually credited. During the Crimean war neither Servians nor Bulgarians stirred. The Russian general-in-chief offered the Bulgarians arms and money, and called upon them to rise. But they thought it prudent, first of all, to send a deputation to Servia to consult the government. The answer given at Belgrade was, that Servia for her part would observe a strict neutrality, and the Bulgarians accordingly remained quiet. The Greeks, it is true, made common cause with Russia. But when they saw the insurrection of Candia collapse—a result which they attributed to the insufficiency of the aid furnished by Russia—their sympathy soon changed into aversion. Montenegro, raised by the Emperor Nicholas from the rank of Vladicate to that of Principality, alone acted under Russian inspiration. But the influence of Montenegro, with its limited territory and its scanty resources,



did not extend beyond the few Herzegovinian districts on its border.

The influence which Russia exercises on all Eastern Christians from identity of religion, and on the Slavonians in particular from identity of race, is strangely exaggerated in Europe. It is still more strange that on these points the Russians deceive themselves. The fervid and exclusive orthodoxy of the Russians is shared by neither Servians, Bulgarians, nor Greeks. On the contrary, their lukewarmness in this respect must be obvious to any one who has lived among them. More attentive to external forms than to the spirit of religion, long accustomed to associate with Catholics of the same race, and, since the Turkish conquest, with Mohammedans, they are, as regards religion, more tolerant than some nations further advanced in civilisation; in fact without the supremacy of Mohammedanism, and the persecution which it systematically exercises, the populations of Eastern Europe would not be very far from indifference.

But as regards nationality the case is very different. On that point these populations are invincible. Five centuries of the most crushing foreign domination have had no effect either upon their language or their manners. The Slavonian nobility changed its religion, but not its language. It knows nothing of Turkish. Even in its Mohammedanism it has retained some Christian practices. At the beginning of this century the Russians might perhaps have spread their language among the Servo-Bulgarians on account of its affinity with their own, and, above all, on account of the profound ignorance in which the Bulgarians were then plunged. But since the multiplication of Bulgarian and Servian schools both in villages and towns, and the extraordinary development of literature, such a measure has become for ever impossible. At the *Ethnographic Congress of Moscow* in 1867, the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey were received in truly fraternal style and sumptuously entertained. But as soon as the question of a general

Slavonian language was raised, Bohemians, Moravians, Slovaks, Croats, Slovenes, Servians, Bulgarians, all categorically rejected the proposition. The Slavophil Committee of Moscow, which is inspired by the two ideas of Orthodoxy and the spread of the Russian language as the literary language of all Slavonians, is evidently on a wrong track. Instead of helping to realise Panslavism in its own sense it awakened the susceptibilities of each branch of the race, redoubled the love of each for its own particular dialect, and rendered the work of linguistic fusion impossible. There is, however, one kind of Panslavism, the dream of all Slavonians without exception, though it is neither of a genetic, political, nor revolutionary character. It consists in mutual aid and assistance between all the members of the Slavonian race towards liberation, under their respective governments, that none may longer undergo the supremacy of any foreign race. Thus may be explained the struggle carried on by the Bohemo-Moravians and Slovenes against the German element in Austria, and by the Servo-Croato-Slovacks against the Magyar element in Hungary, without any idea of separation; and similarly the Servo-Bulgarians would be contented to have autonomic rights in Turkey without attacking the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Unhappily, neither Austrians, nor Hungarians, nor Turks understand, or apparently wish to understand, the character of this national movement, which tends in Austro-Hungria towards federation, and in Turkey towards vassalage. The ruling races, by repressing the legitimate aspirations of the Slavonians, force them to turn their eyes towards Russia; and have thus caused the apparition of the Pan-Russian phantom, which is turned to such good account by the Germans and Hungarians to maintain the Slavonians in their existing state of subjection. But the movement of this race is too strong and persistent to be much longer kept down. The more it is repressed the more it will

lose its peaceful character and become revolutionary, until it may one day end by making a clean sweep both of Austro-Hungary and European Turkey, or, at least, by swallowing them up in a Pan-slavonian confederation. Such will not improbably be the fruit of the imprudent policy which opposes the legitimate aspirations of an immense race already conscious of its own force and dignity, and each of whose principal members is sufficiently powerful to form a state by itself. From these general considerations suggested by the question of Panславism, on which it is absolutely necessary to touch in speaking of Russia, let us return to the Slavonians of Turkey.

Their adversaries have made all possible efforts to deceive Europe by representing them as too backward, too much in want of the conditions essential for independent political life, divided and fanatical on the subject of religion, harassed by insoluble social complications, and generally unable to produce anything except the anarchy and chaos so favourable to the realization of the ambitious projects of Russia.

It is enough to know the Servo-Bulgarians even superficially to perceive at once that extreme malevolence alone could give rise to such absurdities in respect to them.

The Servo-Bulgarian race is eminently teachable—much more so in regard to modern ideas than the Uralian race of the Magyars. The ideas of equality, justice, and fraternity are born in them; whereas the Magyar still preserves the feudal tastes and tendencies of the middle ages. The Magyar is, with the exception of the Turk, the one heterogeneous element in Europe both in ideas and in ethnographical origin. A proof of this was recently afforded by the Magyar students of Pesth, when, wishing to signalise Turkey as the defender of civilisation in the East, they proposed to offer an ovation to the Turkish Consul. Europe knows nothing of the great development of Servian literature during the half-century that it has existed. Its language

has already attained its highest degree of perfectibility. In poetry, physiology, history, and science, it has produced original works worthy of a high place in European literature. Translations of the masterpieces of Western Europe have been produced in constantly increasing numbers, and the judicious choice made among these works is itself worthy of notice. Finally, the most advanced ideas of the century are accepted and popularized with great facility.

With regard to aptitude for political life, the Principality of Servia alone may show how unfounded are the charges made by the adversaries of the Servo-Bulgarians. It is a modern state in the fullest acceptance of the word. Since 1830, when its political existence was recognised by the Porte, it has been organised constitutionally, and it possesses an administration which for regularity, precision, and economy, may serve as a model to all the East and to Hungary itself. The difficulties placed by both Austria and Turkey in the way of Servian armaments, far from discouraging the Servians, have stimulated their ingenuity and activity. They constructed a powder manufactory, opened and worked mines, and established a cannon foundry and manufactories of small arms and of percussion caps. In short, they created for themselves the military resources which enabled them to raise an army of 120,000 men, and to resist for four months all the forces of the Ottoman empire. Though a very small state, scarcely escaped from slavery, and with limited means, it has done all that has been mentioned in the space of fifty years, and has moreover brought its neglected land into cultivation, lined it in every direction with carriage roads, regularized the course of many of its rivers, erected towns and villages, multiplied schools, hospitals, and benevolent establishments of all kinds. Servia has given proofs of such exuberant life that it is impossible to doubt, much less to deny, its political aptitude. Proofs, moreover, of political skill have been given by the



Servian statesmen who have succeeded little by little in procuring from the Porte the concessions which the country now enjoys—obtaining the cession of the fortresses, and passing always with success through the immense and constantly renewed difficulties of the Eastern question without offending diplomacy, or losing the confidence of their fellow Christians.

Servia has already solved or shown herself able to solve all the social questions about which Europe is troubled in regard to the East. She has granted full liberty to all rites, and has afforded assistance to communities so limited in numbers and resources as to be unable to support their own ministers of religion. Even the Turks have not been excluded. Their mosques and clergy are supported at the expense of the state. On the days of Christian festivals the Turks, equally with the Jews, keep open their shops and counting-houses. The Turks established in Servia, and become Servian subjects, are in no way distinguished from other subjects. The Servian schools are open to them; so are the Servian hospitals. They possess the right to elect and to be elected for public functions, and, like every one else, to acquire property. The proposition of the late Prince Michael at the time of the Mussulman evacuation, to retain the Moslems and leave them in possession of their estates—a proposal which the Porte rejected—proves beyond doubt what would be the conduct of the Servian government towards the Mussulmans of Bosnia and Old Servia. As they are almost exclusively the proprietors of the soil, a partial measure of expropriation in favour of the Christians would be indispensable, but it would be accompanied by a just indemnification guaranteed by the government. Every one would be benefited by such a measure.

Servia then, and Servia alone, has in its ideas and institutions all the civilizing germs of an Eastern Christian and Slavonian state. The same may be said of Greece. These two centres have up to the present time been the

only focuses of oriental civilisation. Their books and journals have carried light among the rayahs; a portion of the youth of the bordering provinces received its education in the establishments of Belgrade and Athens; and a considerable number of Slavonian Greek schools in Turkey are subventioned by the two governments. That of Servia was the first to enter the lists for the deliverance of the Slavonian populations; the government of Athens seems to be following its example with regard to the Greek populations. These states are the Piedmonts of the Balkan Peninsula; and it would be a crying injustice, and moreover an enormous political mistake, to defraud them of the fruits of their labours and sacrifices.

The natural solution of the Eastern Question is the erection, in place of the Ottoman empire in Europe, of three Christian states—the Roumanian, the South-Slavonian, or Servo-Bulgarian, and the Greek—with frontiers marked out in accordance with ethnographical conditions. There is no other means of rendering equal justice to each nationality, and of avoiding mutual discords. The Albanians—who are steeped in such ignorance that they have not even an alphabet, and whose clans are continually at war between themselves—if allowed to take their own course in this part of the Peninsula would perpetuate disorder and anarchy, and prevent consolidation. Such an undisciplined tribe, if it is to leave its neighbours in peace and to arrive itself at a peaceful and regular existence, must rest on neighbours of the same kindred—on the Greeks in the south and the Slavonians in the north—the more so as it is already beneath their influence. As for the means of coming to an understanding, that could well be left to the people themselves. The gipsies of Thessaly and Epirus would be only too glad to amalgamate with the Greeks. The three Christian states of the East would have to contract a perpetual alliance, a sort of confederation of a purely military character, to maintain the integrity of

their possessions and their national independence. Constantinople would be the seat of the confederation, which, to enjoy both internal and external security, should obtain the guarantee of the Great Powers. Then the straits of the Dardanelles could, without injury to any one, be neutralized and opened to the military and mercantile navies of all nations.

The Ottoman Empire disembarassed of its European elements—heterogeneous elements which are only conducting it to ruin—would find in Asia a more homogeneous, compact, and docile population, and an intelligent and honest administration might in time restore its finances and recover its vitality.

Such is the final solution of the Eastern Question from the Eastern Christians' point of view; but whatever may be our impatience to reach this end we understand perfectly that it is our interest as well as the interest of all Europe not to hurry matters, but to arrive gradually at the desired point. What is chiefly to be feared at this moment is that Europe should make a mistake as to the path to enter upon, and instead of preparing at present the formation of compact Christian states for the future—such as have just been sketched out—should adopt as a basis for the Peninsula a scheme of petty political divisions which must sooner or later lead to a new enslavement of its populations. Such would be the inevitable result of separate autonomic systems for Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. If such a project were realized, the nine millions of Slavonians in Turkey would find themselves partitioned into five states: Herzegovina, Bosnia, Montenegro, Serbia, and Bulgaria; all five weak and exposed to every kind of danger. The creation of states so small, each of which would naturally strive to absorb the others, would form no serious element of force and stability in the East. As each of these little states would have a separate administration their finances would suffer enormously, and they would be

prevented in various ways from developing their natural forces, and playing the part which might otherwise belong to them.

In our opinion the main modifications of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, which would be the modifications most in conformity with the interests of the Eastern Christians, and of the whole of Europe, would be the following:—

I. The autonomy of Serbia to be extended to Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Old Serbia; these three provinces to form with Serbia a vice kingdom, dependent on the Empire.

II. The cession to Montenegro of the border districts of the Herzegovina and a port on the Adriatic; for the annexed territory Prince Nicholas to pay a small tribute; or a fixed sum once for all.

III. Bulgaria and Macedonia to have each its autonomy under a governor, superintended by the Servian vice-kingdom, which should have commissaries in the provinces for that purpose.

IV. Thessaly and Epirus to be either incorporated into the kingdom of Greece—which would continue to recognize the sovereignty of the Sultan over these provinces through the medium of tribute—or to be erected into an autonomous principality under a governor-general. Southern Albania to go with them, as the northern portion of Albania might be annexed to the Servian state.

V. Candia to have its constitution under a Candiot governor. Thrace and Constantinople to remain beneath and under the direct administration of the Sultan.

In this manner the Ottoman Empire, without losing the integrity of its possessions in Europe, would be re-organised politically, so as to secure the permanent satisfaction of the Christian populations, and calm the apprehensions of the Western Powers as to the ambitious views attributed to Russia. If the Ottoman Empire had still enough vitality to subsist in Europe, it would continue to subsist. If not, it would



perish ; but meanwhile its vassal states would have had time for consolidation and development, and would be in a position to succeed the Turkish Empire without changing the European equilibrium.

When one remembers the request made by Prince Milan before drawing the sword that the Porte should entrust to him the administration of Bosnia, and his proclamation, in which he declared that he was ready to respect the integrity of the empire, and counted on the co-operation of Roumania and Greece—it is natural to infer that Prince Milan intended to commence in the Servian provinces the execution of the plan which I have just sketched out, or a similar one. The Porte rejected the offers of the Servian prince, and England, by advising it to do so, urged on the war. Had the English government advised the Porte to terminate the insurrection by dispossessing itself of the administration of the two provinces which were causing embarrassment and danger to it and to all Europe, it is certain that the Turko-Servian war would never have broken out, that Eastern Europe would now be tranquil, and that a general war would not be impending.

At present things have gone too far. Servia, since the loss of the strong position of Djunis, has mobilised the whole of her reserve, and is resolved to fight to the last. The army of Roumania is already on the Danube, and Greece is arming in haste. Russia is too far engaged to be able to draw back with honour. The Emperor Alexander is urged forward by the enthusiasm of the whole nation, and cannot without the greatest danger abandon the cause of Eastern Christianity. The conflagration of the whole peninsula and a war between Turkey and Russia seem inevitable. What part will the other Powers play ? To defend Turkey would be to provoke a general war ; and with what object ? To maintain an empire which, left in its present condition will fall to pieces to-morrow ! To do this would be to repeat the fault of the

Crimean war. That war did not regenerate Turkey, nor will a new war do so. It will be better to allow Russia to bring about the emancipation of the Christian populations, taking care that it is done in a manner conformable to justice, to the modern principles of nationality, and to the interest, not of one or two Powers, but of all Europe. It will not be the first time that a Russian army has invaded the provinces of Turkey. It has always retired ; and it will retire again. After the war will come the negotiations. The Eastern question cannot be settled or even temporarily disposed of by a modification of the organism of the Ottoman Empire, without a European congress. It is before that congress that the measures to be introduced must be discussed, and Turkey, incapable of living any longer its present life, unworthy of figuring amongst civilised nations whom she has too long deceived—Turkey, stained with the blood of the Christians, and laden with crimes which have excited the horror of the whole world, must submit to the decisions of the European Areopagus. Whatever they may be, they will be marked by too much generosity ; for the only sentence Turkey deserves is the sentence of death.

#### CONCLUSION.

The principal idea which I have sought to develop in the previous pages is that all the Christian populations of European Turkey should be fused into three states, namely, a South-Slavonian or Servo-Bulgarian state, a Roumanian, and a Greek—all three to be bound together by a strict defensive alliance, with a centre at Constantinople, and the whole under the protection of the Great Powers.

This alliance, or, if the name be preferred, confederation, which would be destined to replace the Ottoman Empire as now existing in European Turkey, would offer the best guarantee for its solidity in the fact of its being the most natural and durable obstacle that could be placed in the way of any foreign

power that might aim at gaining possession of the East. For that reason it seems to me the most suitable both for the interests of the Christian populations and for those of England, and of every Power which has at heart the maintenance of the equilibrium of Europe.

This project should remain the final aim of the Christian populations, though it seems to me impracticable for the moment, by reason of the opposite interests and rivalry of the Great Powers. The proposal to drive the Turks immediately, and by one blow, from European soil, and to substitute for their government the Christian states in question, would probably produce a general war; which is precisely what most people want to avoid.

For that reason I have proposed a provisional combination, which might suit the Christians for the moment, while it is not far removed from the one said to be contemplated by the Great Powers. But this combination contains the germs of the principal idea, and would serve to prepare the way for it. Instead of giving an autonomic administration to Herzegovina, Bosnia, and Bulgaria, only, and remaining content with reforms for the rest of the empire, it would be better to extend the autonomic system to all the Turkish provinces of Europe, except Thrace, the population of which being for the most

part Turkish, should remain with Constantinople, beneath the direct administration—but reformed administration—of the Porte. The autonomic provinces, however, whose inhabitants are just issuing from a debasing slavery, and would, therefore, be but little apt for self-government (above all, at the commencement), would each have commissaries charged to direct the administration, and taken from Servia or Greece, according to the nationality of the province. Instead of placing the autonomy of the provinces under the protection of European garrisons, it would be much better to entrust the work of superintendence to Servia, Roumania, and Greece, at the cost of the provinces.

Thus would be prepared from the present moment the formation of three Christian states, destined naturally to replace in Europe the Ottoman Empire when the time comes for it to disappear.

If the negotiations of the Conference should lead to war, let Russia at least make war with the above object. It would content the Christian populations for a long time to come, and would calm the apprehensions of Europe. Turkey alone would be slighted. But that would be the lightest possible punishment for the cruelty, faithlessness, and tyranny of all kinds with which she has for centuries oppressed her Christian subjects.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1877.

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE FAMILY.

It would be difficult to say how Penninghame Castle had got that imposing name. It was an old house standing almost on the roadside, at least at the termination of a rough country road leading from the village, which widened into a square space at the side of the house. The village road was lined with trees, and it pleased the Musgraves to believe that it had been in happier days the avenue to their ancient dwelling, while the rough square at the end had been the courtyard. The place itself consisted of a small mansion not important enough to be very distinctive in architecture, built on to the end of an old hall, the only remaining portion of a much older and greater house. This hall was entered directly by a great door of heavy oak, from which a slope of ancient causeway descended into the road below—an entrance which was the only thing like a castle in the whole *ensemble*, though it ought to have led to an ancient gateway and portcullis rather than to the great door generally wide open, through which, according to the story, a horseman once entered to scare the guests at their feast and defy the master at the head of the table. The hall was not used for such festive purposes now, nor threatened by such warlike intruders.

No. 207.—VOL. XXXV.

It had known evil fortune in its day and had been degraded into a barn, its windows blocked up, its decorations destroyed—but had come to life again for the last fifty years and had come back to human use, though no longer as of old. Round the corner was the front of the old mansion, built in that pallid gray stone, which adds a sentiment of age, like the ashy paleness of very old people, to the robust antiquity of mason-work more lasting than any that is done now. Successive squires had nibbled at this old front, making windows there and doorways here: windows which cut through the string-courses above, and a prim Georgian front door, not even in the centre of the old arched entrance which had been filled up, which gave a certain air of disreputable irregularity to the pale and stern old dwelling-place. Ivy and other clinging growths fortunately hid a great deal of this and added importance to the four great stacks of chimneys which, mantled in its short, large leaves and perpetual greenness, looked like turrets, and dignified the house. A lake behind somewhat coldly blue, and a great hill in front somewhat coldly green, showed all the features of that north country which was not far enough north for the wild vigour and vivifying tints of brown bracken and heather. The lake came closely up in a little bay behind the older part of the house where there was a rocky harbour for the boats of the family; and between this little bay and the

gray walls was the flower-garden, old-fashioned and bright though turned towards the unkindly east. Beyond this was a kind of broken park with some fine trees and a great deal of rough underwood, which stretched along the further shore of the lake and gave an air of dignity to the dwelling on that side. This was still called "the Chase" as the house was called the Castle, in memory it might be supposed of better days. The Musgraves had been cavaliers and had wasted their substance in favour of the Charleses, and their lands had been ravaged, their park broken up into fields, their avenue made a common road, half by hostile neighbours, half by vulgar intrusion, in the days when the revolutionists had the upper hand. So they said, at least, and pleas of this kind are respected generally, save by the very cynical. Certainly the present occupants of the house believed it fervently, and so did the village; and if it was nothing more it was a great comfort and support to the family, and made them regard the rude approach to "the castle" with forbearance. The public right of way had been established in those stormy times. It was a sign even of the old greatness of the house. It was better than trim lawns and smiling gardens, which would have required a great deal of keeping up. It was, however, a family understanding that the first Musgrave who made a rich marriage, or who in any other way became a favourite of fortune, should by some vague means—an act of parliament or otherwise—reclaim the old courtyard and avenue and plant a pair of magnificent gates between the castle and the village: also buy back all the old property; also revive the title of Baron of Penninghame, which had been in abeyance for the last two hundred years, and do many other things to glorify and elevate the family to its pristine position; and no Musgrave doubted that this deliverer would come sooner or later, which took the bitterness out of their patience in the meantime and gave them courage to wait.

Another encouraging circumstance in their lot was that they were fully acknowledged as the oldest family in the county. Other and richer persons pushed in before them to its dignities, and they were no doubt very much left out of its gaieties and pleasures; but no one doubted that they had a right to take the lead if ever they were rich enough. This, however, did not seem likely, for the moment at least. The family at Penninghame had, what is much to be avoided by families which would be happy, a history, and a very recent one. There were two sons, but neither of them had been seen at the castle for nearly fifteen years, and with the name of the elder of these, there was connected a dark and painful story, not much known to the new generation, but very well remembered by all the middle-aged people in the county. Young Musgrave had been for a year or two the most popular young squire in the north country, but his brightness had ended in dismal clouds of misfortune and trouble and bloodshedding, with perhaps crime involved, and certainly many of the penalties of crime. He had not been seen in the north country since the crisis which made all the world acquainted with his unfortunate name; and neither had his younger brother been seen again in their father's house, which was thus left desolate, except for the one daughter, who had been its delight before and was now its only stay. So far as the county knew, young Musgrave still lived, though he was never mentioned, for there had been no signs of mourning in the house, such as must have intimated to the neighbours the fact of John's death—which also of course would have made Randolph the heir. But not even Randolph appeared from his good living in the West of England to break the monotony of life in his father's house. Squire Musgrave and his daughter lived there alone now. They had been alone these fifteen years. They had little society and did not keep up a large establishment. He was old, and she was no longer young enough to care for



the gaieties of the rural neighbourhood. Thus they had fallen out of the current of affairs. The family was "much respected," but comparatively little heard of after the undesired and undesirable notoriety it had once gained.

Thus abandoned by its sons, and denuded of the strongest elements of life, it may well be supposed that the castle at Penninghame was a melancholy house. What more easy than to conjure up the saddest picture of such a dwelling? The old man, seated in his desolate home, brooding over perhaps the sins of his sons, perhaps his own—some injudicious indulgence, or untimely severity which had driven them from him; while the sister, worn out by the monotony of her solitary life, shut herself out from all society, and spent her life in longing for the absent, and pleading for them—a sad, solitary woman, with no pleasure in her lot, except that of the past. The picture would have been as appropriate as touching, but it would not have been true. Old Mr. Musgrave was not the erring father of romance. He was a well-preserved and spare little man, over sixty, with cheeks of streaky red, like winter apples, and white hair, which he wore rather long, falling on the velvet collar of his old-fashioned coat. He had been an outdoor man in his day, and had farmed, and shot, and hunted, like others of his kind, so far as his straitened means and walled stables permitted; but years and circumstances had impaired his activity, and he had been strong enough to retire of his own free will, while graceful abdication was still in his power. He spent most of his time now in his library, with only a constitutional walk, or easy ramble upon his steady old cob, to vary his life, except when quarter sessions called him forth, or any other duty of the magistracy, to which he paid the most conscientious attention. The Musgraves were not people whom it was easy to crush, and Fate had a hard bargain in the old squire, who found himself one occupation when deprived of another with a spirit not often existing in old age. He

had committed plenty of mistakes in his day, and some which had been followed by tragical consequences, a practical demonstration of evil which fortunately does not attend all the errors of life; but he did not brood over them in his old library, nor indulge unavailing compunctions, nor consider himself under any doom; but on the contrary studied his favourite problems in genealogy and heraldry, and county history, and corresponded with *Notes and Queries*, and was in his way very comfortable. He it was who first pointed out that doubtful blazoning of Marmion's shield, "colour upon colour," which raised so lively a discussion; and in questions of this kind he was an authority, and thoroughly enjoyed the little tilts and controversies, many of them as warm as their subjects were insignificant. His family was dropping, or rather had dropped, into decay; his eldest son had been virtually lost to him for a dozen years; his youngest son was alienated and a stranger; and some of this at least was the father's fault. But neither the decay of the house, nor the reflection that he was at least partially to blame, made any great difference to the squire. There had no doubt been moments, and even hours, when he had felt it bitterly; but these moments, though perhaps they count for more than years in a man's life, do not certainly last so long, and age has a way of counterfeiting virtue, which is generally very successful, even to its personal consciousness. Mr. Musgrave was generally respected, and he felt himself to be entirely respectable. He sat in his library and worked away among his county histories, without either compunction or regret—who could throw a stone at him? He had been rather unfortunate in his family, that was all that could be said.

And Mary Musgrave, his daughter, was just as little disposed to brood upon the past. She had shed many tears in her day, and suffered many things. Perhaps it was in consequence of the family troubles which had come upon her just at the turning-point in

her life that she had never married ; for she had been one of the beauties of the district—courted and admired by everybody, and wooed by many : by some who indeed still found her beautiful, and by some who had learned to laugh at the old unhappiness of which she was the cause. Miss Musgrave did not like these last, which was perhaps natural ; and even now there would be a tone of satire in her voice when she noted the late marriage of one or another of her old adorers. Women do not like men whose hearts they have broken to get quite healed, and console themselves ; this is perhaps a poor feeling, but it is instinctive, and though it may be stoutly struggled against in some cases, and chidden into silence in many, it still maintains an untolerated yet obstinate life. She was glad and laughed when she heard the news ; but yet there was a sharper tone in her congratulations. But neither those little jars, nor yet the more evident grief of her brothers' long disappearance, had affected her seriously. She lived a not unhappy life, notwithstanding all that had happened. It was she who did everything that was done at Penninghame. The reins which her father had dropped almost unawares she had taken up. She managed the estate ; kept the bailiff in order ; did all business that was necessary with the lawyer ; and what was a greater feat still, kept her father unaware of the almost absolute authority which she exercised in his affairs. It had to be done, and she had not hesitated to do it ; and on the whole, she, too, though she had suffered many heartaches in her day, was not unhappy now, but lived a life of full activity and occupation. She was five-and-thirty and gray-haired—she who had been one of the fairest flowers of the north country. A woman always has to come down from that eminence somehow ; whether she does it by becoming some one's wife, or by merely falling back into the silence of the past, and leaving the place free for others, does not much matter. Perhaps, indeed, it is the old maid who has the best of it. A little romance

continues to encircle her in the eyes of most of those who admired her. She has not married—why has she not married—that once admired of all admirers ? Has it been that she, too, shared the lot which she inflicted on so many, and was not loved where she loved ? or was it perhaps that she had made a mistake—sent away someone, perhaps, who knows, the very man who thought of her thus kindly and regretfully, whom she was afterwards sorry to have sent away ? Nobody said this in words, but Mary Musgrave at thirty-five was more tenderly thought of than Lady Staunton, who had been the rival queen of the county. Lady Staunton was stout nowadays ; in men's minds, when they met her sailing into a ball-room, prematurely indued with the duties of chaperon to her husband's grown-up daughters, there would arise a half-amused wonder how they could have worshipped at her feet as they once did. "Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean ?" they said to themselves. But Miss Musgrave, who was slim as a girl in her unwedded obscurity, and whose eyes some people thought as bright as ever, though her hair was gray, gave rise to no such irreverent thoughts. There were men scattered through the world who had a romantic regard, a profound respect still for this woman whom they had loved, and who had preserved the distinction of loving no one in return. Nobody had died for love of her, though some had threatened it ; but this visionary atmosphere of past adoration about her supplied a delicate homage, such as is agreeable even to an old maiden's heart.

And Miss Musgrave's life was spent chiefly in the old hall as her father's was spent in his library. She had been full of gay activity in her youth, a bold and graceful horsewoman, ready for anything that was going ; but, with the same sense of fitness that wooed the squire to his retirement, she too had retired. She had put aside her riding-habits along with her muslins, and wore nothing but rich neutral-tinted silk gowns. Her only extravagance was a



pair of ponies, which she drove into the county town when she had business to do, or to pay an occasional visit to her friends; but for far the greater part of her time she was visible to her little world in the old hall, where all her favourites and allies came, and all her poor people from the village, who found her seated like a scriptural potentate in the gate, ready to settle all quarrels and administer impartial justice. The hall was connected with the house by a short passage and two doors, which shut out all interchange of sound. There was nothing above it but the high-pitched roof, the turret chimneys, and the ivy, nor was any interposition of servants necessary to usher in visitors by that ever open way. This was a thing which deeply affected the spirits and feelings of Eastwood, the only male functionary in the house—the most irreproachable of butlers. A door which opened straight into a room was felt by him to be an insult to the family; it was more like a farmhouse than a castle, and as for Miss Musgrave she was just as bad, too affable, a deal too affable, talking to any one that came to her, the tramps on the road as well as the ladies and gentlemen, whose unwilling steeds pranced and curveted on the old slope of causeway. This was a standing grievance to the butler, whose complaint was that the “presteedge” of the family was in hourly jeopardy, and his persistent complaint had thrown a shade of dissatisfaction over the household. This, however, did not move the lady of the house. Eastwood and the rest did not know, though some other people did, that it was the proudest woman in the county whom they accused of being too affable, and who received all the world in the old hall without the assistance of any gentleman usher. There were no windows in the side of the hall which fronted the road, but only this huge oaken door, all studded with bars and elaborate hinges of iron. On the other side there was a recess, with a large square window and cushioned seats, “restored” by village workmen in a not very perfect way, but still pre-

serving the ample and noble lines of its original design. This windowed recess was higher than the rest of the hall, the walls of which were low, though the roof was lofty. But towards the front the only light was from the doorway, which looked due west, and beheld all the sunsets, flooding the ancient place with afternoon light and glories of evening colour. The slanting light seemed to sweep in like an actual visitor in all its sheen of crimson and purple, when the rest of the house was in the still and hush of the gray evening. This was where Miss Musgrave held her throne.

Thus Penninghame Castle stood at the moment this story begins. The lake gleaming cold towards the north, rippling against the pebbles in the little inlet which held the two boats; the broken ground and ancient trees of the Chase lying eastward, getting the early lights of the morning, as did the flower-garden, which lay bright under the old walls. A little genial hum of the kindly north-country women servants, who had been there for a lifetime, or who were the daughters and cousins of those who had been there for a lifetime, with Eastwood strutting important among them—the one big cock among this barndoor company—made itself audible now and then, a respectful subdued human accompaniment to the ripple of the lake and the whispering of the wind among the trees: and now and then a cheerful cackle of poultry, the sounds of the ponies in the stable, or the squire’s respectable cob: the heavy steps of the gardener walking slowly along the gravel paths. But for these tranquil sounds, which but stilled the stillness there was nothing but quiet in and about the old house. There had been a time when much had happened there, when there had been angry dissensions, family convulsions, storms of mutual reproach and reproof, outbursts of tears and crying. But all that was over. Nothing had happened at Penninghame for a dozen years and more. The old squire in his library and Mary in her favourite old chamber lived as though there were no breaks in life, no anguishes, no con-

vulsions, as quietly as their trees, as steadily as their old walls, as if existence could neither change nor end. Thus they went on from day to day and from year to year, in a routine which occupied and satisfied, and kept the sense of living in their minds, but in a lull and hush of all adventure, of all commotion, of all excitement. Time passed over them and left no trace, save those touches imperceptible at the moment which sorrow or passion could surpass in effect in one day, yet which tell as surely at the end. This was how things were at Penninghame when this story begins.

## CHAPTER II.

### MARY.

It was not one of Mary Musgrave's fancies to furnish her hall like a drawing-room. She had collected round her a few things for use, but she was not rich enough to make her favourite place into a toy, as so many people do, nor had she the opportunity of "picking up" rarities to ornament it, as she might have liked to do had she been rich enough. The room had been a barn fifty years before. Then it became a family storeroom, was fitted up at one end with closets and cupboards, and became the receptacle for apples and such homely riches. It was Mary only who had rescued it back again to gentler use; and she had not been able to redecorate or renew it with careful pretence at antiquity as a richer or a more fully-trained person could have done. All that she could do for it was to collect her own doings there, and all the implements for her work. The windowed recess which got the morning sun was her business-room. There stood an old secretaire, or *escritoire*, chosen not because of its age or suitability, but because it was the only thing she had available, a necessity which often confers as much grace as the happiest choice. Opposite the doorway was an old buffet, rough, yet not uncharacteristic, which had been scrubbed clean by a generous housemaid when Miss Musgrave first took to

the hall. And much it had wanted that cleaning; but the soap and the water and the scrubbing-brush had not agreed very well, it must be allowed, with the carved mahogany, which ought to have been oak. Between the open door and this big piece of furniture was a square of old Turkey carpet, very much faded, yet still agreeable to the eye, and a spindle-legged table of Queen Anne's days, with drawers, which held Miss Musgrave's knitting and a book, and sometimes homelier matters, mendings which she chose to do herself, calculations which were not meant for the common eye. It was an afternoon of October, warm with the shining of that second summer which comes even in the north. The sunshine came so far into the room that it caught the edges of the carpet, and made a false show of gold upon the faded wool; and it was so warm that Miss Musgrave had drawn her chair farther into the room than usual, and sat in the shade to escape the unusual warmth. At this moment she was not doing anything. She was sitting quite silent, the book she had been reading laid open upon her knee, enjoying the sun, as people enjoy it to whom it suddenly reveals itself after date when it is past expectation. In the end of October in the north country, people have ceased to think of warmth out of doors, or any blaze of kindly light from the skies, and the morning had been gray though very mild. It had caught Mary as she sat, a little chilly, close to her opened door, thinking of a shawl, and had transfigured the landscape and the heavens and her own sentiments all at once. She was sitting with her hands in her lap, and the open book on her knee, thinking of it, surprised by the sweetness of it, feeling it penetrate into her very heart, though she had drawn her chair back out of the glow. No, not thinking—people do not think of the sunshine; but it went into her heart, bringing back a confused sweetness of recollection and of anticipation—or rather of the anticipations which were recollections—which had ceased to



exist except in memory. Just so does youth expect some sudden sweetness to invade its life: and sometimes the memory of that expectation, even when unfulfilled, brings a half sad, half sweet amusement to the solitary. It was so with this lady seated alone in her old hall. She was Mary again, the young daughter of the house; and at the same time she was old Miss Musgrave smiling at herself.

But as she did so a footstep sounded on the rough pavement of the ascent. No one could come unheard to her retreat, which was a safeguard. She gave a little shake to her head, and took up the open book, which was no old favourite to be dreamed over, but a modern book, and prepared the smoothing of the brow and closing up of mental windows [which fits us to meet strange eyes. "It is only I," said the familiar voice of some one who knew and understood this slight movement; and then she dropped the book again, and let the smile come back into her eyes.

"Only you! then I may look as I please. I need not put on my company garb," she said, with a smile.

"I should hope not," said the newcomer, reaching the door with that slight quickening of the breath which showed that even the half-dozen steps of ascent was a slight tax upon him. He did not even shake hands with her—probably they had met before that day—but took off his hat as he crossed the threshold, as if he had been going into a church. He was a clergyman, slim and slight, of middle size, or less than middle size, in somewhat rusty gray, with a mildness of aspect which did not promise much strength bodily or mental. The Vicarage of Penninghame was a poor one, too poor to be worth reserving for a son of the family, and it had been given to the tutor of Mr. Musgrave's sons twenty years ago. What had happened was natural enough, and might be seen in his eyes still, notwithstanding lapse of time and change of circumstances. Mr. Pennithorne had fallen in love, always hopelessly

and mildly, as became his character, with the Squire's daughter. He had always said it did not matter. He had no more hope of persuading her to love him than of getting the moon to come out of heaven, and circumstances having set marriage before him, he had married, and was happy enough as happiness goes. And he was the friend, and in a measure the confidant, of this lady whom he had loved in the superlative poetical way—knew all about her, shared her life in a manner, was acquainted with many of her thoughts and her troubles. A different light came into his eyes when he saw her, but he was not at all unhappy. He had a good wife and three nice children, and the kind of life he liked. At fifty who is there who continues to revel in the unspeakable blisses of youth? Mr. Pennithorne was very well content: but still when he saw Mary Musgrave—and he saw her daily—there came a different kind of light into his eyes.

"I was in mental *deshabille*," she said, "and did not care to be caught, though after all it is not everybody who can see when one is not clothed, and in one's right mind."

"I never knew you out of your right mind, Miss Mary. What was it—no new trouble?"

"You are always a flatterer, Mr. Pen. You have seen me in all kinds of conditions. No, we don't have any troubles now. Is that a rash speech? But really I mean it. My father is in very good health and enjoys himself, and I enjoy myself—in reason."

"You enjoy yourself! Yes, in the way of being good to other people."

"Hush!" she said, putting up her hand to stop him in his little speech, sincere as it was. "Shall I tell you what it was that put me out of order for any one's eyes but an old friend's? Nothing more than this sunshine, Mr. Pen. Don't you recollect when we were young how a sudden thought of something that was coming would seize upon you, and flood you with delight—as the sun did just now?"

"I recollect," he said, fixing his mild eyes upon her, and shaking his head, with a sigh; "but it never came."

"That may be true enough; but the thought came, and 'life is but thought,' you know; the thing might not follow. However, we are all quite happy all the same."

He looked at her, still shaking his head.

"I suppose so," he said; "I suppose so; quite happy! but not as we meant to be; that was what you were thinking."

"I did not go so far. I was not thinking at all. I *think* that I think very seldom. It only caught me as the old thought used to do, and brought so many things back."

She smiled, but he sighed.

"Yes, everything is very different. Yourself—to see you here, offering up your life for others—making a sacrifice——"

"I have made no sacrifice," she said, somewhat proudly, then laughed. "Is that because I am unmarried, Mr. Pen? You wedded people, you are so sure of being better off than we are. You are too complacent. But *I* am not so sure of that."

He did not join in her laugh, but looked at her with melting eyes—eyes in which there was some suspicion of tears. It was perhaps a trifle unkind of her to call him complacent in his conjugality. There were a hundred unspeakable things in his look, pity, reverence, devotion, not the old love, perhaps, but something higher; something that was never to end.

"On the whole, we are taking it too seriously," she said, after a pause. "It is over now, and the sun is going down. And you come to talk to me, perhaps, of something in the parish that wants looking to?"

"No—I came in only to look at you, and see that you were well. The children you were visiting the other day have the scarlet fever; and besides, I have had a feeling in my mind about you—a presentiment. I should not have been surprised to hear that there

had been—letters—or some kind of advances made——"

"From whom?"

"Well," he said, after a slight pause; "they are both brothers—both sons—but they are not the same to me, Miss Mary. From John; he has been so much in my mind these two or three days, I have got to dreaming about him. Yes, yes, I know that is not worth thinking of; but we were always in such sympathy, he and I. Don't you believe in some communication between minds that were closely allied? I do. It is a superstition if you like. Nothing could happen to any of you, but if I were at ever so great a distance, I should know."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Pen. Sometimes the dearest to us perish, and we know nothing of it; but I prefer your view. You dreamt of poor John? What did you see? Alas! dreams are the only ways of hearing apparently——"

"And your father is as determined as ever?"

"We never speak on the subject. It has disappeared like so many other things. Why continue a fruitless discussion which only embittered him and wore me out? If any critical moment should come, if—one must say it plainly—my father should be like to die—then I should speak, you need not fear."

"I never feared that you would do everything the best sister, the bravest friend could do."

"Do not praise me too much. I tell you I am doing nothing, and have done nothing for years; and sometimes it strikes me with terror. If anything should happen suddenly! My father is an old man; but talking to him now is of no use; we must risk it. What did you see in your dream?"

"Oh, you will laugh at me," he said with a nervous flutter; "nothing—except that he was here. I dreamt of him before, that time that he came home—after——"

"Don't speak of it," said Miss Musgrave, with a correspondingshiver. "To



think that such things should happen, and be forgotten, and we should all go on so comfortably—quite comfortably! I have nothing particular to make me pleased, and yet I am as happy as most people—notwithstanding all that I have come through, as the poor women say.”

“That is because you are so unselfish—so—”

“Insensible—more like. I am the same as other people. What the poor folk in the village come through, Mr. Pen! loss of husbands, loss of children, one after another, grinding poverty, and want, and anxiety, and separation from all they care for. Is it insensibility? I never can tell; and especially now when I share it myself. I am as happy sometimes as when I was young. That sunshine gave me a ridiculous pleasure. What right have I to feel particularly happy?—but I did somehow—and I do often—notwithstanding all that has happened, and all that I have ‘gone through.’”

Mr. Pennithorne gave a vague smile, but he made no reply, for either she was accusing herself unjustly, or it was a mood of mind which perhaps derogated a little from Mary Musgrave’s perfection. He had a way himself of keeping on steadfastly on the one string of his anxiety, whatever it might be, and worrying everybody with it, and here he lost the object of his faithful worship. It might—nay, must—be right since so she felt, but he lost her here.

“And speaking of happiness,” she went on after a pause, “I want the children to come with me to Pennington to see the archery. It is pretty, and they will like it. And they like to drive behind my ponies. They are quite well? and Emily?”

“Very well. Our cow has been ill, and she has been worrying about it—not much to worry about you will say, you who have so much more serious anxieties.”

“Not at all. If I had a delicate child and wanted the milk, I should fret very much. Will you send up for some of ours? As usually happens, we,

who don’t consume very much, have plenty.”

“Thank you,” he said, “but you must not think that little Emmy is so delicate. She has not much colour—neither has her mother, you know.” He was a very anxious father, and looked up with an eager wistfulness into her face. Little Emmy was so delicate that it hurt him like a foreboding to hear her called so. He could not bear Miss Musgrave, whose word had authority, to give utterance to such a thought.

“I spoke hastily,” she said, “I meant a child to whom the milk was of such use. She is ever so much stronger this year. As for paleness, I don’t mind paleness in the least. She has such a very fair complexion, and she is twice as strong as last year.”

“I am so glad you think so,” he said, with the colour rising to his face. “That is true comfort—for eyes at a little distance are so much better than one’s own.”

“Yes, she is a great deal stronger,” said Miss Musgrave, “but you must send down for the milk. I was pale, too, don’t you remember, when you came first? when I was fifteen.”

“I remember—everything,” he said; “even to the dress you wore. I bought my little Mary something like it when I was last in town. It was blue—how well I remember! But Mary will never be like you, though she is your godchild.”

“She is a great deal better; she is like her mother,” said Miss Musgrave promptly; “and Johnny is like his father, the best possible distribution. You are happy with your children, Mr. Pen. I envy people their children, it is the only thing; though perhaps they would bore me if I had them always on my hands. You think not? Yes, I am almost sure they would bore me. We get a kind of fierce independence living alone. To be hampered by a little thing always wanting something—wanting attention and care—I don’t think I should like it. But Emily was born for such cares. How well she looks with

her baby in her arms, and said, "I've pictured over a thousand times, and then little the child."

"Poor Emily," the nurse would exclaim, "he could not have done language, though not blind, I fancy, for he would have thence always known. There are several wife when he is old, and a few words as for a poor woman, with as much as excellent quality, and compatible with the into the shade, and she will look on at more. He is a woman in a dream, and made some dream or reality? quite tell why, and of movement, or he said to her, "I am interested in this. What she had said was going on before by children, was a woman or inter- perhaps a little kind. When she had deception, pretensions, whatever they have no children, and turned round and was the big, old man and the lady who have married, and she gave these new said this to him long, steady, investi- knowing well. They were within a dozen been who were often, but the chateaucaine his finger, and said nothing, while the married man, he impetuous her, and pre- always, and she. The child, who looked But it was a woman of life and purpose, and she was his companion and then a stranger whom she con- have been, and pale, not like those and English children, to whom a lady who had a custom. Her

When she saw a sort of proportion to her, and she gave it first a look of passionate intelligence. Her eyes were small, her dark hair shining, and her half-curling masses; her hair covered with a little velvet to show, and with her as unlike any- thing with a word in England at the time as the common meaning of her name was different from ordinary baby names. She made a momentary pause, then put down the basket on the ground, threw the shawl on the top of it, and mounted the bench with a sudden grace. The stones were warm to the child's little feet; there was a distance in her eyes that looked like a distance there, and she faced the woman, and she said there, "I have a letter for you," and she came

momentarily over her face. But she neither sat down, and cried as she would have liked to do, nor can back again to cling to the nurse's skirts like her little brother. The small thing had a duty to do, and did it with a courage which might have put her to shame. Resolutely she tossed her way up to Miss Musgrave at the open door.

"Are you—Mary?" she said; the little voice was strange yet sweet, with its distinct pronunciation and unfamiliar accent. "Are you—Mary?" the big eyes seemed to search the lady all over, making a rapid comparison with some description she had received. There was doubt in her tone when she repeated the name a second time, and the tears visibly came nearer, and got with a shake and tremor into her voice.

"What do you want with Mary?" said Miss Musgrave; "who are you, little girl?"

"I do not think you can be Mary," said the child. "He said your hair was like Nello's, but it is more like his own. And he said you were beautiful—so you are beautiful, but old—and he never said you were old. Oh, if you are not Mary, what shall we do? what shall we do?"

She clasped her little hands together, and for a moment trembled on the edge of a childish outburst, but stopped herself with a sudden curb of unmistakable will. "I must think what is to be done," she cried out sharply, putting her little hands upon her trembling mouth.

"Who are you? who are you?" cried Mary Musgrave, trembling in her turn; "child, who was it that sent you to me?"

The little thing kept her eyes fixed upon her, with that watchfulness which is the only defence of weakness, ready to fly like a little wild creature at any approach of danger. She opened a little bag which hung by her side and took a letter from it, never taking her great eyes all the time from Miss Musgrave's face. "This was for you, if you were Mary," she said; holding the letter jealously in both hands.



knew her—could not doubt her, surely. Therefore to her, if to any one, this secret communication must have come. The smile disappeared altogether from her mouth as she entered upon this subject, and her whole face and eyes became grave and gray, like the dull coldness of the east, half-resentful of the sunset which still went on upon the other edge of the horizon, dispersing all those vain reflections to every quarter except that from which the sun rose. Could it be possible after all that John might trust Mr. Pennithorne with a more perfect confidence, as one unconnected and unconcerned with all that had passed, than he could give to herself? The thought, even though founded on such visionary grounds, hurt her a little; yet there was a kind of reason in it. He might think that she, always at her father's side, and able to influence him in so many ways, might have done more for her brother; whereas with Mr. Pennithorne, who could do nothing, the sentiment of trust would be unbroken. She sat thus idly making it out to herself, making wondering casts of thought after her brother in the darkness, as inch by inch the light stole out of the sky. It was not a fine sunset that night. The sun was yellow and mournful: long lines of cloud broke darkly upon his sinking, catching only sick reflections of the pale light beneath. At last he was all gone, except one streaming yellow sheaf of rays that seemed to strike against and barb themselves into the damp green outline of the hill.

Her eyes were upon this, watching that final display, which, somehow in the absorption of her thoughts, kept her from observing an object near at hand, an old hackney-coach from Pennington town—where there was a railway station—which came along the road, a black, slow, lumbering vehicle, making a dull roll of sound which might have been a country cart. It came nearer and nearer while Miss Musgrave watched the bundle of gold arrows flash into the hill-side and dis-

appear. Her eyes were dazzled by them, and chilled by their sudden disappearance, which left all the landscape cold, and wrapped in a grayness of sudden evening. Mary came to herself with a slight shiver and shock. And at that moment the dull roll of the cab ceased, and the thing stood revealed to her. She rose to her feet with a thrill of wonder and expectation. The hackney-carriage had drawn up at the foot of the slope, opposite to and beneath her. What was coming? Had Mr. Pennithorne been warned after all, while she had been left in darkness? Her heart seemed to leap into her throat, while she stood clasping her hands together to get some strength from them, and waiting for the revelation of this new thing, whatever it might be.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NEW-COMERS.

THE cab was loaded with two boxes on the roof, foreign trunks, of a different shape from those used at home; and a woman's face, in a fantastic foreign headdress, peered through the window. Who could this be? Mary stood as if spell-bound, unable to make a movement. The driver, who was an ordinary cab-driver from Pennington, whose homely everydayness of appearance intensified the strangeness of the others, opened the door of the carriage, and lifted out first a small boy, with a scared face and a finger in his mouth, who stared at the strange place, and the figures in the doorway, with a fixed gaze of panic, on the eve of tears. Then out came with a bound, as if pushed from behind as well as helped a little roughly by the cabman, the foreign woman, at whose dress the child clutched with a frightened cry. Then there was a pause, during which some one inside threw out a succession of wraps, small bags, and parcels; and then there stepped forth, with a great shawl on one arm, and a basket almost as large as herself on the other, clearly the leading spirit of the party, a little girl some ten years old.

"You will wait a moment, man, till we get the pay for you," said this little personage in a high-pitched voice, with a distinctness of enunciation which made it apparent that the language, though spoken with very little accent, was unfamiliar to her. Then she turned to the woman and said a few words much more rapidly, with as much aid of gesture as was compatible with the burdens. Mary felt herself look on at all this like a woman in a dream. What was it all—a dream or reality? She felt incapable of movement, or rather too much interested in this curious scene which was going on before her, to think of movement or interference of any kind. When she had given her directions, whatever they were, the little girl turned round and faced the open door and the lady who had not moved. She gave these new circumstances a long, steady, investigating look. They were within a dozen yards of each other, but the chatelaine stood still and said nothing, while the little invader inspected her, and prepared her assault. The child, who looked the impersonation of life and purpose between her helpless companion and the wondering stranger whom she confronted, was dark and pale, not like the fair English children to whom Mary Musgrave was accustomed. Her dark eyes seemed out of proportion to her small, colourless face, and gave it an eager look of precocious intelligence. Her features were small, her dark hair falling about her in half-curling masses; her head covered with a little velvet cap, trimmed with fur, as unlike anything children wore in England at the time as the anxious meaning of her face was different from ordinary baby prettiness. She made a momentary pause—then put down the basket on the stones, threw the shawl on the top of it, and mounted the breach with resolute courage. The stones were rough to the child's little feet; there was a dilation in her eyes that looked like coming tears, and as she faced the alarming stranger, who stood there looking at her, a burning red flush came

momentarily over her face. But she neither sat down and cried as she would have liked to do, nor ran back again to cling to the nurse's skirts like her little brother. The small thing had a duty to do, and did it with a courage which might have put heroes to shame. Resolutely she toiled her way up to Miss Musgrave at the open door.

"Are you—Mary?" she said; the little voice was strange yet sweet, with its distinct pronunciation and unfamiliar accent. "Are you—Mary?" the big eyes seemed to search the lady all over, making a rapid comparison with some description she had received. There was doubt in her tone when she repeated the name a second time, and the tears visibly came nearer, and got with a shake and tremor into her voice.

"What do you want with Mary?" said Miss Musgrave; "who are you, little girl?"

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The little thing kept her eyes fixed upon her, with that watchfulness which is the only defence of weakness, ready to fly like a little wild creature at any approach of danger. She opened a little bag which hung by her side and took a letter from it, never taking her great eyes all the time from Miss Musgrave's face. "This was for you, if you were Mary," she said; holding the letter jealously in both hands.



"But he said when I spoke to you, if it was you, you would know."

"You strange little girl!" cried Miss Musgrave, stepping out upon the stones and holding out her hands eagerly; but the child made a little move backward at the moment, in desperation of fear, yet courage.

"I will not give it you! I will not give it! it is everything we have—unless you are Mary," she cried, with the burst of a suppressed sob.

"Who are you then, child? Yes, I am Mary, Mary Musgrave—give me the letter. Is not this the house you were told of? Give me the letter—the letter!" said Miss Musgrave, once more holding out her hands.

And once more the child made her jealous mental comparison between what the lady was, and what she had been told to look for. "I cannot do what I please," she said, with little quivering lips. "I have Nello to take care of. He is only such a little, little child. Yes, it is the house he told me of; but he said if you were Mary—Ah! he said you would know us and take us into your arms, and be so kind, so kind!"

"Little girl," said Miss Musgrave, the tears dropping from her cheeks. "There is only one man's child that you can be. You are John's little girl, my brother John, and I am his sister Mary. But I do not know your name, nor anything about you. Give me John's letter—come to me, come to me, my child!"

"I am Liliás," said the little girl, but she held back, still examining with curious though less terrified eyes. "You will give it me back if you are not Mary," she went on, at length holding out the letter; but she took no notice of the invitation to come, which Mary herself forgot in the eagerness of her anxiety to get the letter, the first communication from her brother—if it was from her brother—for so many years. She took it quickly, almost snatching it from the child's reluctant fingers, and leaning against the doorway in her agitation, tore it hastily open. Little

Liliás was agitated too, with fear and desolate strangeness, and that terrible ignorance of any alternative between safety and utter destruction, which makes danger insupportable to a child. What were they to do if their claims were not acknowledged? Wander into the woods and die in the darkness like the children in the story? Little Liliás had feared nothing till that first doubt had come over her at the door of the house, where, her father had instructed her, she was to be made so happy. But if they were not taken in and made happy, what were she and Nello to do? A terror of darkness, and cold, and starvation came upon the little girl. She would wrap the big shawl about her little brother, but what if wild beasts or robbers should come in the middle of the dark? Her little bosom swelled full, the sobs rose into her throat. Oh where could she go with Nello, if this was not Mary? But she restrained the sobs by a last effort, poor little hero. She sat down on the stone edge of the causeway, and held her hands clasped tight to keep herself together, and fixed her eyes upon the lady with the letter. The lady and the letter swam and changed, through the big tears that kept coming, but she never took those great dark, intense eyes, from Miss Musgrave's face. The Italian nurse had taken up Nello into her arms, and was occupied in hushing his little complaints. Nello was tired, hungry, sleepy, cold. He had no responsibility upon him, poor little mite, to overcome the weakness of nature. He was six, but small and delicate, and had never ceased to be the baby. He hung round his nurse's neck, holding her desperately, afraid if he knew not what. She had plenty to do to take care of him without thinking of what was going on above; though the woman was indignant to be kept waiting, and cast fierce looks in the intervals of petting Nello, upon the lady, the cold Englishwoman who was so long of taking the children to her arms. As for the cabman, emblem of the general unconcern which surrounds every individual drama, he stood leaning

calmly upon his horse, waiting for the *dénoûment* whatever it might be. Miss Musgrave would see him paid one way or another, and this was the only thing for which he needed to care.

"Lilias," said Miss Musgrave, going hastily to the child, with tears running down her cheeks, "I am your aunt Mary, my darling, and you will soon learn to know me. Come and give me a kiss, and bring me your little brother. You are tired with your long journey, my poor child."

"No, no—I am not tired—only Nello; and he is h-hungry. Ah! Kiss Nello, Nello—come and kiss him; he is the baby. And are you Mary—real, real Mary?" cried the little girl, bursting out into sobs; "oh, I cannot h-help it. I did not mean it; I was fr-frightened. Nello, come, come, Mary is here."

"Yes, Mary is here," said Miss Musgrave, taking the child into her arms, who, even while she sobbed against her shoulder, put out an impatient little hand and beckoned, crying, "Nello! Nello!" But it was not so easy to extract Nello from his nurse's arms. He cried and clung all the faster from hearing his sister's outburst; their poor little hearts were full; and what chokings of vague misery, the fatigue and discomfort infinitely deepened by a dumb consciousness of loneliness, danger, and strangeness behind, were in these little inarticulate souls! something more desperate in its inability to understand what it feared, its dim anguish of uncomprehension, than anything that can be realised and fathomed. Mary signed eagerly to the nurse to carry the little boy indoors into the hall, which was not a reassuring place, vast and dark as it was in the dimness of the evening, to a child. But she had too many difficulties on her hands in this strange crisis to think of that. She had the boxes brought in also, and hastily sent the carriage away, with a desperate sense as of burning her ships, and leaving no possible way to herself of escape from the difficulty. The gardener, who had appeared round the corner,

attracted by the sound, presented himself as much out of curiosity as of goodwill to assist in carrying in the boxes, "though it would be handiest to drive round to the front door, and tak' them straight oop t'stair," he said, innocently enough. But when Miss Musgrave gave authoritative directions that they were to be brought into the hall, naturally the gardener was surprised. This was a proceeding entirely unheard of, and not to be understood in any way.

"It'll be a deal more trouble after," he said, under his breath, which did not matter much. But when he had obeyed his mistress's orders, he went round to the kitchen full of the new event. "There's something oop," the gardener said, delighted to bring so much excitement with him, and he gave a full account of the two pale little children, the foreign woman with skewers stuck in her hair, and finally, most wonderful of all, the boxes which he had deposited with his own hands on the floor of the hall. "I ken nothing about it," he said, "but them as has been longer aboot t' house than we could tell a deal if they pleased; and Miss Brown, it's her as is wanted," he added leisurely at the end.

Miss Brown, who was Mary Musgrave's maid, and had been standing listening to his story, with frequent contradictions and denials, in a state of general protestation, started at these words.

"You great gaby," she said, "why didn't you say so at first?" and hurried out of the kitchen, not indisposed to get at the bottom of the matter. She had been Miss Musgrave's favourite attendant for twenty years, and in that time had, as may be supposed, known about many things which her superiors believed locked in the depths of their own bosoms. She could have written the private history of the family with less inaccuracy than belongs to most records of secret history. And she was naturally indignant that Tom Gardener, a poor talkative creature, who could keep nothing to himself, should have known



this new and startling event sooner than she did. She hurried through the long passage from the kitchen, casting a stealthy glance in passing at the closed door of the library, where the squire sat unconscious. A subdued delight was in the mind of the old servant; certainly it is best when there are no mysteries in a family, when all goes well—but it is not so amusing. A great event of which it was evident the squire was in ignorance, which probably would have to be kept from him, and as much as possible from the household—well, it was a pity, but it was exciting, it woke people up. Already Miss Brown had lost the dignity and gravity of demeanour which characterised her generally, and was light and active as a young girl. She went into the dining-room, tripping noiselessly. By evil fate Eastwood was there arranging his plate on the sideboard. He had not been in the kitchen when Tom Gardener told his tale. Eastwood had not come till after the family troubles, and occupied quite an inferior position in so far that he *knew nothing*. He looked at her with surprise and a certain resentment as one who was trespassing on his sphere.

"I did not mean to disturb you, Mr. Eastwood," said Miss Brown.

"I never lets nobody disturb me," said the butler, who was from the south; "them as does their own business is never in nobody's way."

"I am doing my own business as much as you are. I am going to Miss Musgrave."

"Miss Musgrave didn't give me no orders to call you," said Eastwood, "and I don't hold with places as has no bells. Gentlefolks didn't ought to live in holes like that. I never was used to no such ways."

"I'll let Miss Musgrave know," said Brown, in high disdain, and swept through the door which led from the dining-room into the little elbow of passage closed with a door at the other end which led to the hall. It would be difficult, very difficult, to get anyone up stairs through the dining-room and passages frequented by all the house-

hold. How would it be best to do it? Already the prim waiting woman of thirty years standing had all her faculties stirred into action, and was as shifty and full of expedients as any *soubrette* on the stage.

Very different were the feelings of her mistress standing there in the dimness of the old hall, her frame thrilling and her heart aching with the appeal which her brother had made to her, out of a silence which for more than a dozen years had been unbroken as that of the grave. She could scarcely believe yet that she had seen his very handwriting and read words which came straight from him and were signed by his now name. The children, who crouched together frightened by the darkness, were as phantoms to her, like a dream about which she had just got into the stage of doubt. Till now it had been all real to her, as dreams appear at first. But now she stood, closing the door in the stillness of the evening, which, still as it was, was full of curiosity and questioning, and prying eyes, and asked herself if these little figures were real or inventions of her fancy. Real children of her living brother—was it true, was it possible? They were awestricken by the gathering dusk, by the strange half-empty room, by the dim circle of the unknown which surrounded them on every side. The nurse had put herself upon a chair on the edge of the carpet, where she sat holding the little boy on her knee, while little Lillas, who had backed slowly towards this one familiar figure, stood leaning against her, clutching her also with one hand, though she concealed instinctively this sign of fear. The boy withdrew the wondering whiteness of his face from the nurse's shoulder now and then to give a frightened, fascinated look round, then buried it again in a dumb trance of dismay and terror, too frightened to cry. What was to be done with these frightened children and the strange woman to whom they clung? She could not keep them here to send them wild with alarm. They wanted soft beds, warm fires, cheerful lights, food and comfort, and

they had come to seek it in the only house in the world which was closed by a curse and a vow against them. Mary Musgrave was not of the kind of woman who is easily frightened by vows or curses; there was none of the romantic folly in her which could believe in the reality of an unjust or uncalled-for malediction. But she was persuaded of the reality of a thing which involved no supernatural mysteries, the obstinacy of her father's mind, and his determination to hold by the verdict he had given. Years move and change everything, even the hills and the seas—but not the narrow mind of an obstinate and selfish man. She did not call him by these names; he was her father and she did not judge him; but no more did she hope in him. And in this wonderful moment a whole circle of possibilities ran through her mind. She might take them to the village; but there was danger there which seemed to her the greatest of any; or to the Parsonage, but Mr. Pen was weak and poor Emily a gossip. Could she even dare a severer penalty still, and take them somehow up stairs out of the way, and conceal them there, defying her father? In whatever way it was settled she would not desert them—but what was she to do? Miss Brown coming upon her suddenly in the dusk frightened her almost as much as the children were frightened. The want of light and the strangeness of the crisis combined made every new figure like a ghost.

"Yes, I sent for you. I am in—difficulty, Martha. These children have just come—the children of a friend—"

It occurred to her all at once that here was a way of escape; she might call them some one's children who had no need of any kindness from the Musgraves; and in that case the Squire's hospitality would be full and liberal as heart could desire.

"Dear me," said Miss Brown, with seeming innocence. "How strange! to bring a little lady and gentleman without any warning. But I'll go and give orders, ma'am; there are plenty of

rooms vacant, there need not be any difficulty—"

Miss Musgrave caught her by the arm.

"What I want for the moment is light, and some food *here*. Bring me the lamp I always use. No, not Eastwood; never mind Eastwood. I want you to bring it, they will be less afraid in the light."

"There is a fire in the dining-room, ma'am, it is only a step, and Eastwood is lighting the candles; and there you can have what you like for them."

It was confidence Miss Brown wanted—nothing but confidence. With that she was ready to do anything; without it she was Miss Musgrave's respectable maid, to whom all mysteries were more or less improper. She crossed her hands firmly and waited. The room was growing darker and darker every minute, and the foreign nurse began to lose patience. She called "Madame! madame!" in a high voice; then poured forth into a stream of words, so rapid and so loud as both mistress and maid thought they had never heard spoken before. Miss Musgrave was not a great linguist. She knew enough to be aware that it was Italian the woman was speaking, but that was all.

"I do not understand you, I do not understand you!" she cried in distress, going up to the little group. But as she approached the cry of a sudden accession of terror, instantly suppressed on the part of the little girl but irrepressible with the younger boy, arrested her steps. Were they afraid of her, these children? "Little Lillas," she said piteously, "be a brave child and stand by me. I cannot take you out of this cold room yet, but lights are coming and you will be taken care of. If I leave you alone for a little while will you promise me to be brave and not to be afraid?"

There was a pause, broken only by little flutterings of that nervous exhaustion which made the children so accessible to fear. Then a small voice said, dauntless, yet with a falter—

"I will stay. I will not be afraid."



"Thank God," said Mary Musgrave, to herself. The child was already a help and assistance. "Martha," she said hastily, "tell no one; they are—my brother's children—"

"Good Lord!" said Martha Brown, frightened out of her primness. "And it's dark, and there's two big boxes, and master don't know."

"That is the worst of all," said Miss Musgrave. She had never revealed this before (she thought), and she was not aware that she revealed it now. "The heir! and I must not take him into the house of his fathers. Take care of them, take care of them while I go to him. And, Martha, say nothing—not a word."

"Not if they were to cut me in pieces, Ma'am!" said Miss Brown fervently. She was too old a servant to work in the dark; but confidence restored all her faculties to her. It was not, however, in the nature of things that she should discharge her commissions without a betrayal more or less of the excitement of the emergency. "I want some milk, please," she said to the cook, "for my lady." It was only in moments of importance that she so spoke of her mistress. And the very sound of her step told a tale.

"I told ye there was somethink oop," said Tom Gardener, still lingering in the kitchen.

And to see how the house brightened up, and all the servants grew alert in the flutter of this novelty! Nothing had happened at the castle for so long—they had a right to a sensation. Cook, who had been there for a long time, re-

counted her experience to her assistants in low tones of mystery.

"Ah, if ye'd known the place when the gentlemen was at home," said cook; "the things as happened in t'auld house—such goings on!—coming in late and early—o'er the watter and o'er the land—and the strivings that was enough to make a body flee out of their skin!" She ended with a regretful sigh for the old times. "That was life, that was!" she said.

Meanwhile Mary Musgrave came in out of the dark hall into the lighted warmth of the dining-room, where the glass and the silver shone red in the firelight. How cosy and pleasant it was there! how warm and cheerful! Just the place to comfort the children in and make them forget their miseries. The children! How easily her mind had undertaken the charge of them—the fact of their existence; already they had become the chief feature in her life. She paused to look at herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece, to smooth her hair, and put the ribbon straight at her neck. The squire was "very particular," and yet she did not remember to have had this anxious desire to be pleasant to his eyes since that day when she had crept to him to implore a reversal of his sentence. She had obtained nothing from him then; would she be more fortunate now? The colour had gone out of her face, but her eyes were brighter and more resolute than usual. How her heart beat when Mr. Musgrave said, "Come in," calmly from the midst of his studies as she knocked trembling at the library door!

*To be continued.*

## THE ASCENT OF MAN

SCIENCE and criticism have raised the veil of the Mosaic cosmogony and revealed to us the physical origin of man. We see that instead of being created out of the dust of the earth by Divine fiat, he has in all probability been evolved out of it by a process of development through a series of intermediate forms.

The discovery is, of course, unspeakably momentous. Among other things it seems to open to us a new view of morality, and one which, if it is verified by further investigation, can hardly fail to produce a great change in philosophy. Supposing that man has ascended from a lower animal form, there appears to be ground at least for surmising that vice, instead of being a diabolical inspiration or a mysterious element of human nature, is the remnant of the lower animal not yet eliminated; while virtue is the effort, individual and collective, by which that remnant is being gradually worked off. The acknowledged connection of virtue with the ascendancy of the social over the selfish desires and tendencies seems to correspond with this view; the nature of the lower animals being, so far as we can see, almost entirely selfish, and admitting no regard even for the present interests of their kind, much less for its interests in the future. The doubtful qualities, and "last infirmities of noble minds," such as ambition and the love of fame, in which the selfish element is mingled with one not wholly selfish, and which commend themselves at least by their refinement, as contrasted with the coarseness of the merely animal vices, may perhaps be regarded as belonging to the class of phenomena quaintly designated by some writers as "pointer facts," and as marking the process of transition. In what morality consists, no one has yet succeeded in making

clear. Mr. Sidgwick's recent criticism of the various theories leads to the conviction that not one of them affords a satisfactory basis for a practical system of ethics. If our lower nature can be traced to an animal origin, and can be shown to be in course of elimination, however slow and interrupted, this at all events will be a solid fact, and one which must be the starting-point of any future system of ethics. Light would be at once thrown by such a discovery on some parts of the subject which have hitherto been involved in impenetrable darkness. Of the vice of cruelty, for example, no rational account, we believe, has yet been given; it is connected with no human appetite, and seems to gratify no human object of desire; but if we can be shown to have inherited it from animal progenitors, the mystery of its existence is at least in part explained. In the event of this surmise being substantiated, moral phantasms, with their mediæval trappings, would for ever disappear; individual responsibility would be reduced within reasonable limits; the difficulty of the question respecting free will would shrink to comparatively narrow proportions; but it does not seem likely that the love of virtue and the hatred of vice would be diminished; on the contrary, it seems likely that they would be practically intensified, while a more practical direction would certainly be given to the science of ethics as a system of moral training and a method of curing moral disease.

It is needless to say how great has been the influence of the doctrine of evolution, or rather perhaps of the method of investigation to which it has given birth, upon the study of history, especially the history of institutions. Our general histories will apparently have to be almost rewritten from that



point of view. It is only to be noted, with regard to the treatment of history, that the mere introduction of a physical nomenclature, however elaborate and apparently scientific, does not make anything physical which before was not so, or exclude from human actions, of which history is the aggregate, any element not of a physical kind. We are impressed, perhaps, at first with a sense of new knowledge when we are told that human history is "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." But a little reflection suggests to us that such a philosophy is vitiated by the assumption involved in the word "matter," and that the philosophy of history is in fact left exactly where it was before. The superior complexity of high civilization is a familiar social fact which gains nothing in clearness by the importation of mechanical or physiological terms.

We must also be permitted to bear in mind that evolution, though it may explain everything else, cannot explain itself. What is the origin of the movement, and by what power the order of development is prescribed, are questions yet unsolved by physical science. That the solution, if it could be supplied, would involve anything arbitrary, miraculous, or at variance with the observed order of things, need not be assumed; but it might open a new view of the universe, and dissipate for ever the merely mechanical accounts of it. In the meantime we may fairly enter a caveat against the tacit insinuation of an unproved solution. Science can apparently give no reason for assuming that the first cause, and that which gives the law to development, is a blind force rather than an archetypal idea. The only origination within our experience is that of human action, where the cause is an idea. Science herself, in fact, constantly assumes an analogous cause for the movements of the universe

in her use of the word law, which necessarily conveys the notion, not merely of observed co-existence and sequence, but of the intelligent and consistent action of a higher power, on which we rely, in reasoning from the past to the future, as we do upon consistency in the settled conduct of a man.

Unspeakably momentous, however, we once more admit, the discovery is, and great is the debt of gratitude due to its illustrious authors. Yet it seems not unreasonable to ask whether in some respects we are not too much under its immediate influence, and whether the revolution of thought, though destined ultimately to be vast, may not at present have somewhat overpassed its bounds. Is it not possible that the physical origin of man may be just now occupying too large a space in our minds compared with his ulterior development and his final destiny? With our eyes fixed on the "Descent," newly disclosed to us, may we not be losing sight of the *Ascent* of man?

There seems, in the first place, to be a tendency to treat the origin of a being as finally decisive of its nature and destiny. From the language sometimes used, we should almost suppose that rudiments alone were real, and that all the rest was mere illusion. An eminent writer on the antiquities of jurisprudence intimates his belief that the idea of human brotherhood is not coeval with the race, and that primitive communities were governed by sentiments of a very different kind. His words are at once pounced upon as a warrant for dismissing the idea of human brotherhood from our minds, and substituting for it some other social principles, the character of which has not yet been definitely explained, though it is beginning in some quarters pretty distinctly to appear. But surely this is not reasonable. There can be no reason why the first estate of man, which all allow to have been his lowest estate, should claim the prerogative of furnishing his only real and indefeasible principles of action. Granting that the

idea of human brotherhood was not aboriginal—granting that it came into the world at a comparatively late period, still it has come, and having come, it is as real and seems as much entitled to consideration as intertribal hostility and domestic despotism were in their own day. That its advent has not been unattended by illusions and aberrations is a fact which does not cancel its title to real existence under the present conditions, and with the present lights of society, any more than it annuls the great effects upon the actions of men and the course of history which the idea has undeniably produced. Human brotherhood was not a part of a primeval revelation; it may not have been an original institution; but it seems to be a real part of a development, and it may be a part of a plan. That the social principles of certain anti-philanthropic works are identical with those which governed the actions of mankind in a primeval and rudimentary state, when man had only just emerged from the animal, and have been since worked off by the foremost races in the course of development, is surely rather an argument against the paramount and indefeasible authority of those principles than in favour of it. It tends rather to show that their real character is that of a relapse, or, as the physiologists call it, a reversion. When there is a vast increase of wealth, of sensual enjoyment, and of the selfishness which is apt to attend them, it is not marvellous that such reversions shall occur.

Another eminent writer appears to think that he has put an end to metaphysical theology, and perhaps to metaphysics and theology altogether, by showing that "being," and the cognate words, originally denoted merely physical perceptions. But so, probably, did all language. So did "spirit," so did "geist," so did "power," so did even "sweet reasonableness," and "the not us which makes for righteousness." Other perceptions or ideas have gradually come, and are now denoted by the words which at first denoted physical perceptions only.

Why have not these last comers as good a claim to existence as the first? Suppose the intellectual nature of man has unfolded, and been brought, as it conceivably may, into relations with something in the universe beyond the mere indications of the five bodily senses—why are we bound to mistrust the results of this unfolding? We might go still further back, and still lower, than to language denoting merely physical perceptions. We might go back to inarticulate sounds and signs; but this does not invalidate the reality of the perceptions subsequently expressed in articulate language. It seems not very easy to distinguish, in point of trustworthiness of source, between the principles of metaphysics and the first principles of mathematics, or to say, if we accept the deductions in one case, why we should not accept them in the other. It is conceivable at least, we venture to repeat, that the development of man's intellectual nature may have enabled him to perceive other things than those which he perceives by means of his five bodily senses; and metaphysics once non-existent, may thus have come into legitimate existence. Man, if the doctrine of evolution is true, was once a creature with only bodily senses; nay, at a still earlier stage, he was matter devoid even of bodily sense. Now he has arrived, perhaps through the exercise of his bodily senses—at something beyond bodily sense, at such notions as *being*, *essence*, *existence*: he reasons upon these notions, and extends the scope of his once merely physical vocabulary so as to comprehend them. Why should he not? If we are to be anchored hard and fast to the signification of primeval language, how are we to obtain an intellectual basis for "the not us which makes for righteousness?" Do not the anti-metaphysicists themselves unconsciously metaphysicize? Does not their fundamental assumption—that the knowledge received through our bodily senses alone is trustworthy—involve an appeal to a mental necessity as much as anything in metaphysics, whether the



mental necessity in this case be real or not?

Again, the great author of the Evolution theory himself, in his *Descent of Man*, has given us an account of morality which suggests a remark of the same kind. He seems to have come to the conclusion that what is called our moral sense is merely an indication of the superior permanency of social when compared with personal impressions. Morality, if we take his explanation as complete and final, is reduced to tribal self-preservation, subtilized into etiquette; an etiquette which, perhaps, a sceptical voluptuary, wishing to remove the obstacles to a life of enjoyment, might think himself not unreasonable in treating as an illusion. This, so far as appears, is the explanation offered of moral life, with all its beauty, its tenderness, its heroism, its self-sacrifice; to say nothing of spiritual life with its hopes and aspirations, its prayers and fanes. Such an account even of the origin of morality seems rather difficult to receive. Surely even in their most rudimentary condition, virtue and vice must have been distinguished by some other characteristic than the relative permanency of two different sets of impressions. There is a tendency, we may venture to observe, on the part of eminent physicists, when they have carefully investigated and explained what seems to them the most important and substantial subjects of inquiry, to proffer less careful explanations of matters which to them seem secondary and less substantial, though possibly to an intelligence surveying the drama of the world from without the distinctly human portion of it might appear the more important of the two. Eminent physicists have been known, we believe, to account summarily for religion as a surviving reminiscence of the serpent which attacked the ancestral ape and the tree which sheltered him from the attack, so that Newton's religious belief would be a concomitant of his remaining trace of a tail. It was assumed that primæval religion was universally the worship of

the serpent and of the tree. This assumption was far from being correct; but, even if it had been correct, the theory based on it would surely have been a very summary account of the phenomena of religious life.

However, supposing the account of the origin of the moral sense and of moral life, given in *The Descent of Man*, to be true, it is an account of the origin only. Though profoundly significant, as well as profoundly interesting, it is not more significant, compared with the subsequent development, than is the origin of physical life compared with the subsequent history of living beings. Suppose a mineralogist or a chemist were to succeed in discovering the exact point at which inorganic matter gave birth to the organic; his discovery would be a great one, and would convey to us a most distinct assurance of the method by which the governing power of the universe works: but would it qualify the mineralogist or the chemist to give a full account of all the diversities of animal life, and of the history of man? Heroism, self-sacrifice, the sense of moral beauty, the refined affections of civilized men, philanthropy, the desire of realizing a high moral ideal, whatever else they may be, are not tribal self-preservation subtilized into etiquette; nor are they adequately explained by reference to the permanent character of one set of impressions and the occasional character of another set. Between the origin of moral life and its present manifestation has intervened something so considerable as to baffle any anticipation of the destiny of humanity which could have been formed from a mere inspection of the rudiments. We may call this intervening force circumstance if we please, provided we remember that calling it circumstance does not settle its nature, or exclude the existence of a power acting through circumstance as the method of fulfilling a design.

Whatever things may have been in their origin, they are what they are, both in themselves and in regard to their indications respecting other beings

or influences the existence of which may be implied in theirs. The connection between the embryo and the adult man, with his moral sense and intelligence, and all that these imply, is manifest, as well as the gradual evolution of the one out of the other, and a conclusive argument is hence derived against certain superstitions or fantastic beliefs; but the embryo is not a man, neither is the man an embryo. A physiologist sets before us a set of plates showing the similarity between the embryo of Newton and that of his dog Diamond. The inference which he probably expects us to draw is that there is no essential difference between the philosopher and the dog. But surely it is at least as logical to infer, that the importance of the embryo and the significance of embryological similarities may not be so great as the physiologist is disposed to believe.

So with regard to human institutions. The writer on legal antiquities before referred to finds two sets of institutions which are now directly opposed to each other, and between the respective advocates of which a controversy has been waged. He proposes to terminate that controversy by showing that though the two rival systems in their development are so different, in their origin they were the same. This seems very clearly to bring home to us the fact that, important as the results of an investigation of origins are, there is still a limit to their importance.

Again, while we allow no prejudice to stand in the way of our acceptance of Evolution, we may fairly call upon Evolution to be true to itself. We may call upon it to recognise the possibility of development in the future as well as the fact of development in the past, and not to shut up the hopes and aspirations of our race in a mundane egg because the mundane egg happens to be the special province of the physiologist. The series of developments has proceeded from the inorganic to the organic, from the organic upwards to moral and intellectual life. Why should it be arrested there? Why should it not con-

tinue its upward course and arrive at a development which might be designated as spiritual life? Surely the presumption is in favour of a continued operation of the law. Nothing can be more arbitrary than the proceeding of Comte, who, after tracing humanity, as he thinks, through the Theological and Metaphysical stages into the Positive, there closes the series and assumes that the Positive stage is absolutely final. How can he be sure that it will not be followed, for example, by one in which man will apprehend and commune with the Ruler of the Universe, not through mythology or dogma, but through Science? He may have had no experience of such a phase of human existence, nor may he be able at present distinctly to conceive it. But had he lived in the Theological or the Metaphysical era he would have been equally without experience of the Positive, and have had the same difficulty in conceiving its existence. His finality is an assumption apparently without foundation.

By Spiritual life we do not mean the life of a disembodied spirit, or anything supernatural and antiscientific, but a life, the motives of which are beyond the world of sense, and the aim of which is an ideal, individual and collective, which may be approached but cannot be attained under our present conditions, and the conception of which involves the hope of an ulterior and better state. The Positivists themselves often use the word "spiritual," and it may be assumed that they mean by it something higher in the way of aspiration than what is denoted by the mere term moral, though they may not look forward to any other state of being than this.

We do not presume, of course, in these few pages to broach any great question, our only purpose being to point out a possible aberration or exaggeration of the prevailing school of thought. But it must surely be apparent to the moral philosopher, no less than to the student of history, that at the time of the appearance of Christianity, a crisis took place in the



development of humanity which may be not unfitly described as the commencement of Spiritual Life. The change was not abrupt. It had been preceded and heralded by the increasing spirituality of the Hebrew religion, especially in the teachings of the prophets, by the spiritualization of Greek philosophy, and perhaps by the sublimation of Roman duty; but it was critical and decided. So much is admitted even by those who deplore the advent of Christianity as a fatal historical catastrophe, which turned away men's minds from the improvement of their material condition to the pursuit of a chimerical ideal. Faith, Hope, and Charity, by which the Gospel designates the triple manifestation of spiritual life, are new names for new things; for it is needless to say that in classical Greek the words have nothing like their Gospel signification. It would be difficult, we believe, to find in any Greek or Roman writer an expression of hope for the future of humanity. The nearest approach to such a sentiment, perhaps, is in the political Utopianism of Plato. The social ideal is placed in a golden age which has irretrievably passed away. Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, even if it were a more serious production than it is, seems to refer to nothing more than the pacification of the Roman Empire and the restoration of its material prosperity by Augustus. But Christianity in the Apocalypse, at once breaks forth into a confident prediction of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and of the realization of the ideal.

The moral aspiration—the striving after an ideal of character, personal and social, the former in and through the latter—seems to be the special note of the life, institutions, literature, and art of Christendom. Christian Fiction, for example, is pervaded by an interest in the development and elevation of character for which we look in vain in the *Arabian Nights*, where there is no development of character, nothing but incident and adventure. Christian sculpture, inferior perhaps in work-

manship to that of Phidias, derives its superior interest from its constant suggestion of a spiritual ideal. The Christian lives, in a manner, two lives, an outward one of necessary conformity to the fashions and ordinances of the present world; an inner one of protest against the present world and anticipation of an ideal state of things; and this duality is reproduced in the separate existence of the spiritual society or Church, submitting to existing social arrangements, yet struggling to transcend them, and to transmute society by the realization of the Christian's social ideal. With this is necessarily connected a readiness to sacrifice present to future good, and the interests of the present world to those of the world of hope. Apart from this, the death of Christ (and that of Socrates also), instead of being an instance of "sweet reasonableness," would be out of the pale of reason altogether.

It is perhaps the absence of an ideal that prevents our feeling satisfied with Utilitarianism. The Utilitarian definition of morality has been so much enlarged, and made to coincide so completely with ordinary definitions in point of mere extent, that the difference between Utilitarianism and ordinary moral Philosophy seems to have become almost verbal. Yet we feel that there is something wanting. There is no ideal of character. And where there is no ideal of character there can hardly be such a thing as a sense of moral beauty. A Utilitarian, perhaps, would say that perfect utility is beauty. But whatever may be the case with material beauty, moral beauty at all events seems to contain an element not identical with the satisfaction produced by the appearance of perfect utility, but suggestive of an unfulfilled ideal.

Suppose spiritual life necessarily implies the expectation of a future state, has physical science anything to say against that expectation? Physical Science is nothing more than the perceptions of our five bodily senses registered and methodized. But what are these five senses? According to physical

science itself, nerves in a certain stage of evolution. Why then should it be assumed that their account of the universe, or of our relations to it, is exhaustive and final? Why should it be assumed that these are the only possible organs of perception, and that no other faculties or means of communication with the universe can ever in the course of evolution be developed in man? Around us are animals absolutely unconscious, so far as we can discern, of that universe which Science has revealed to us. A sea-anemone, if it can reflect, probably feels as confident that it perceives everything capable of being perceived as the man of science. The reasonable supposition surely is, that though science, so far as it goes, is real and the guide of our present life, its relation to the sum of things is not much more considerable than that of the perceptions of the lower orders of animals. That our notions of the universe have been so vastly enlarged by the mere invention of astronomical instruments is enough in itself to suggest the possibility of further and infinitely greater enlargement. To our bodily senses, no doubt, and to physical science, which is limited by them, human existence seems to end with death; but if there is anything in our nature which tells us, with a distinctness and persistency equal to those of our sensible perceptions, that hope and responsibility extend beyond death, why is this assurance not as much to be trusted as that of the bodily sense itself? There is apparently no ultimate criterion of truth, whether physical or moral, except our inability, constituted as we are, to believe otherwise; and this criterion seems to be satisfied by a universal and ineradicable moral conviction as well as by a universal and irresistible impression of sense.

We are enjoined, sometimes with a vehemence approaching that of ecclesiastical anathema, to refuse to consider anything which lies beyond the range of experience. By experience is meant the perceptions of our bodily senses, the absolute completeness and finality of

which, we must repeat, is an assumption, the warrant for which must at all events be produced from other authority than that of the senses themselves. On this ground we are called upon to discard, as worthy of nothing but derision, the ideas of eternity and infinity. But to dislodge these ideas from our minds is impossible; just as impossible as it is to dislodge any idea that has entered through the channels of the senses; and this being so, it is surely conceivable that they may not be mere illusions, but real extensions of our intelligence beyond the domain of mere bodily sense, indicating an upward progress of our nature. Of course if these ideas correspond to reality, physical science though true so far as it goes, cannot be the whole truth, or even bear any very considerable relation to the whole truth, since it necessarily presents being as limited by space and time.

Whether obedience to the dictates of the higher part of our nature will ultimately carry us, we may not be able apart from revelation to say; but there seems no substantial reason for refusing to believe that it carries us towards a better state. Mere ignorance, arising from the imperfection of our perceptive powers, of the mode in which we shall pass into that better state, or of its precise relation to our present existence, cannot cancel an assurance otherwise valid, of our general destiny. A transmutation of humanity, such as we can conceive to be brought about by the gradual prevalence of higher motives of action, and the gradual elimination thereby of what is base and brutish, is surely no more incredible than the actual development of humanity, as it is now, out of a lower animal form or out of inorganic matter.

What the bearing of the automatic theory of human nature would be upon the hopes and aspirations of man, or on moral philosophy generally, it might be difficult, no doubt, to say. But has any one of the distinguished advocates of the automatic theory ever acted on it, or allowed his thoughts to be really ruled by it for a moment? What can



be imagined more strange than an automaton suddenly becoming conscious of its own automatic character, reasoning and debating about it automatically, and coming automatically to the conclusion that the automatic theory of itself is true? Nor is there any occasion here to entangle ourselves in the controversy about Necessarianism. If the race can act progressively on higher and more unselfish motives, as history proves to be the fact, there can be nothing in the connection between our actions and their antecedents inconsistent with the Ascent of man.

Another possible source of serious aberration, we venture to think, will be found in the misapplication of the doctrine of *survivals*. Some lingering remains of its rudimentary state in the shape of primæval superstitions or fancies continue to adhere to a developed and matured belief; and hence it is inferred, or at least the inference is suggested, that the belief itself is nothing but a "survival," and destined in the final triumph of reason to pass away. The belief in the immortality of the soul, for example, is found still connected in the lower and less advanced minds with primæval superstitions and fancies about ghosts and other physical manifestations of the spirit world; as well as with funeral rites and modes of burial indicating irrational notions as to the relations of the body to the spirit. But neither these nor any special ideas as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of transition from the present to the future state, are really essential parts of the belief. They are the rudimentary imaginations and illusions of which the rational belief is gradually working itself clear. The basis of the rational belief in the immortality of the soul, or, to speak more correctly, in the continuance of our spiritual existence after death, is the conviction, common, so far as we know, to all the higher portions of humanity, and apparently ineradicable, that our moral responsibility extends beyond the grave; that we do not by death termi-

nate the consequences of our actions, or our relations to those to whom we have done good or evil; and that to die the death of the righteous is better than to have lived a life of pleasure even with the approbation of an undiscerning world. So far from growing weaker, this conviction appears to grow practically stronger among the most highly educated and intelligent of mankind, though they may have cast off the last remnant of primitive or mediæval superstition, and though they may have ceased to profess belief in any special form of the doctrine. The Comtists certainly have not got rid of it, since they have devised a subjective immortality with a retributive distinction between the virtuous and the wicked; to say nothing of their singular proposal that the dead should be formally judged by the survivors, and buried, according to the judgment passed upon them, in graves of honour or disgrace.

With regard to religion generally there is the same tendency to exaggerate the significance of "survivals," and to neglect, on the other hand, the phenomena of disengagement. Because the primitive fables and illusions which long adhere to religion are undeniably dying out, it is asserted, or suggested, that religion itself is dying. Religion is identified with mythology. But mythology is merely the primæval matrix of religion. Mythology is the embodiment of man's childlike notions as to the universe in which he finds himself, and the powers which for good or evil influence his lot; and when analysed, it is found beneath all its national variations to be merely based upon a worship of the sun, the moon, and the forces of Nature. Religion is the worship and service of a moral God and a God who is worshipped and served by virtue. We can distinctly see, in Greek literature for instance, religion disengaging itself from mythology. In Homer the general element is mythology, capable of being rendered more or less directly into simple nature-worship, childish, non-moral, and often immoral. But when Hector says that he holds omens

of no account, and that the best omen of all is to fight for one's country, he shows an incipient reliance on a Moral Power. The disengagement of religion from mythology is of course much further advanced and more manifest when we come to Plato; while the religious faith, instead of being weaker, has become infinitely stronger, and is capable of supporting the life and the martyrdom of Socrates. When Socrates and Plato reject the Homeric mythology, it is not because they are sceptics but because Homer is a child.

But it is in the Old Testament that the process of disengagement and the growth of a moral out of a ceremonial religion are most distinctly seen:—

“ ‘Wherewith shall I come before Jahveh,  
And bow myself down before God on high?  
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings,  
With the sacrifice of calves of a year old?  
—Will Jahveh be pleased with thousands  
of rams,  
With ten thousands of rivers of oil?  
Shall I give my first-born for my transgression,  
The fruit of my body for the sin of my  
soul?’  
—‘He hath showed thee, O man, what is  
good,  
And what Jahveh doth require of thee;  
What but to do justly, to love mercy,  
And to walk humbly with thy God!’”

Here no doubt is a belief in the efficacy of sacrifice, even of human sacrifice, even of the sacrifice of the first-born. But it is a receding and dying belief; while the belief in the power of justice, mercy, humility, moral religion in short, is prevailing over it and taking its place.

So it is again in the New Testament with regard to spiritual life and the miraculous. Spiritual life commenced in a world full of belief in the miraculous, and it did not at once break with that belief. But it threw the miraculous into the background and anticipated its decline, presaging that it would lose its importance and give place finally to the spiritual. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity,

I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. . . . Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.” Clearly the writer of this believes in prophecies, in tongues, in mysteries. But clearly, also, he regards them as both secondary and transient, while he regards charity as primary and eternal.

It may be added that the advent of spiritual life did at once produce a change in the character of the miraculous itself, divested it of its fantastic extravagance, and infused into it a moral element. The Gospel miracles, almost without exception, have a moral significance, and can without incongruity be made the text of moral discourses to this day. An attempt to make Hindoo or Greek miracles the texts of moral discourses would produce strange results.

Compared with the tract of geological, and still more with that of astronomical time, spiritual life has not been long in our world; and we need not wonder if the process of disengagement from the environments of the previous state of humanity is as yet far from complete. Political religions and persecution, for instance, did not come into the world with Christ, they are survivals of an earlier stage of human progress. The Papacy, the great political Church of mediæval Europe, is the historical continuation of the state religion of Rome and the Pontificate of the Roman emperors. The Greek Church is the historical continuation of the Eastern offset of the same system. The national State Churches are the historical continuations of the tribal religions and priesthoods of the North-



ern tribes. We talk of the conversion of the Barbarians, but in point of fact it was the chief of the tribe that was converted, or rather that changed his religious allegiance, sometimes by treaty (as in the case of Guthrum), and carried his tribe with him into the allegiance of the new God. Hence the new religion, like the old, was placed upon the footing of a tribal, and afterwards of a state, religion; heresy was treason; and the state still lent the aid of the secular arm to the national priesthood for the repression of rebellion against the established faith. But since the Reformation, the process of disengagement has been rapidly going on; and in the North American communities, which are the latest developments of humanity, the connection between Church and State has ceased to exist, without any diminution of the strength of the religious sentiment.

Whether there is anything deserving of attention in these brief remarks or not, one thing may safely be affirmed: it is time that the question as to the existence of a rational basis for religion and the reality of spiritual life should be studied, not merely with a view of overthrowing the superstitions of the past, but of providing, if possible, a faith for the present and the future. The battle of criticism and science against superstition has been won, as every open-minded observer of the contest must be aware, though the remnants of the broken host still linger on the field. It is now time to consider whether religion must perish with superstition, or whether the death of superstition may not be the new birth of religion. Religion survived the fall of Polytheism; it is surely conceivable that it may survive the fall of Anthropomorphism, and that the desperate struggle which is being waged about the formal belief in "Personality," may be merely the sloughing off of something that, when it is gone, will be seen to have not been vital to religion.

There are some who would deter us

from inquiring into anything beyond the range of sensible experience, and especially from any inquiry into the future existence of the soul, which they denounce as utterly unpractical, and compare with obsolete and fruitless inquiries into the state of the soul before birth. We have already challenged the exclusive claim of the five bodily senses to be the final sources of knowledge; and we may surely add that it is at least as practical to inquire into the destiny as it is to inquire into the origin of man.

If the belief in God and in a Future state is true, it will prevail. The cloud will pass away and the sun will shine out again. But in the meantime society may have "a bad quarter of an hour." Without exaggerating the influence of the belief in Future Reward and Punishment, or of any form of it, on the actions of ordinary men, we may safely say that the sense of responsibility to a higher Power, and of the constant presence of an all-seeing Judge, has exercised an influence, the removal of which would be greatly felt. Materialism has in fact already begun to show its effects on human conduct and on society. They may perhaps be more visible in communities where social conduct depends greatly on individual conviction and motive, than in communities which are more ruled by tradition and bound together by strong class organizations; though the decay of morality will perhaps be ultimately more complete and disastrous in the latter than in the former. God and future retribution being out of the question, it is difficult to see what can restrain the selfishness of an ordinary man, and induce him, in the absence of actual coercion, to sacrifice his personal desires to the public good. The service of Humanity is the sentiment of a refined mind conversant with history; within no calculable time is it likely to overrule the passions and direct the conduct of the mass. And after all, without God or spirit, what is "Humanity"? One school of science reckons a hundred and fifty different

species of man. What is the bond of unity between all these species, and wherein consists the obligation to mutual love and help? A zealous servant of science told Agassiz that the age of real civilization would have begun when you could go out and shoot a man for scientific purposes; and in the controversy respecting the Jamaica massacre

we had proof enough that the ascendancy of science and a strong sense of human brotherhood might be very different things. *Apparent diræ facies.* We begin to perceive, looming through the mist, the lineaments of an epoch of selfishness compressed by a government of force.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## TWO SONNETS BY TWO SISTERS.

### I.—LET THE PAST BE PAST.

“Bury, oh Dead, thy Dead!” Hearken the call,  
 Christ bids us leave our dead and follow Him;  
 What tho’ the steps be feeble, and eyes dim  
 With tears that rise and burn, but may not fall?  
 Leave the unburied Dead in Death’s great hall:  
 For Christ is waiting and the Dead are dead;  
 We may not pause to smooth their burial bed,  
 We may not stay to spread their funeral pall.  
 Farewell, oh lovely Dead, oh tender Past!  
 Who liest with stone-cold brow and lips that miss  
 The passionate farewell and last long kiss.  
 Oh Dead! shall this cold parting be the last?  
 In the dim Future’s promise may there be  
 No Past, no Present—knit in one for thee?

I.

### II.—WILL THE PAST BE PAST?

“Bury, oh Dead, thy Dead!” Can Death’s behest  
 Close the pale eyelids? Can dead fingers fold  
 Dead hands in peace, or in the graveyard cold  
 Commit the soulless body to its rest?  
 Suns rise and set; each evening in the west  
 Dim clouds attend the funeral of the day;  
 Night falls; men sleep; and still, oh Dead! ye stay.  
 No peace for me on Earth’s unearthly breast  
 Haunted by you. I would, I would, oh Dead,  
 I would ye had no immortality!  
 I would ye too could sleep and let me be!  
 Rest, rest! hath not your requiem been said?  
 Ah no! With faces turned to me they lie;  
 They rise, they answer—“No, we cannot die!”

U.



## UNIVERSITIES AND UNIVERSITIES.

WHEN the Bills for the reform of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were discussed last Session in Parliament, there was considerable difficulty in obtaining public attention to the national character of these great academic corporations. Each Bill dealt with its own university, as if it were a local institution. Cambridge graduates were nominated on the Cambridge Commission, and, with one exception, Oxford graduates on the Oxford Commission. The single exception was nominal rather than real, for, though the Oxford Commission received a Cambridge graduate in Sir Henry Maine, yet he is an Oxford professor. This exclusive construction of the English University Commissions was remarkable, because, at the same moment, a Scotch University Commission was also issued by the Government. The Scotch commission embraced the whole four universities of Scotland, and was not confined to Scotch graduates, but included eminent names, such as those of Froude and Huxley, altogether outside the Scotch university system. Why did the same Government make a national commission for the Scotch universities, and purely local commissions for Oxford and Cambridge? If the English universities are not national institutions, but private corporations, the legislature assumes pretensions in their reform for which it has no justification. But all recent legislation connected with these universities assumes their national character. Hence efforts to reform them upon exclusive considerations of their local peculiarities must prove abortive. There would be sufficient justification for a large representation of local habits and methods of academic training on any executive commission, but there is none for the exclusion of men of distinction in learning and science outside their system, because the very motive of reform is to give breadth to the work

of the universities, and to bring them into closer contact with the intellectual needs of the people. The very essence of reform in our English universities is not to do the best for Oxford or Cambridge, but how they, as great academic corporations, can be made to exert the largest influence on the culture of the nation, and to become, what they are far from being at present, great repositories of human knowledge, both for its diffusion and advancement.

It seems useful that we should bear in mind, before we are again asked to discuss university reform, that Oxford and Cambridge are not the only types of universities in the world, but that there are universities and universities. With this view it may be useful to examine into the motives which led to the remarkable development of universities in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Their foundations were built before that period, but the true academic development, with its state connections, only occurred then. The process of natural development may, however, be traced back to the Carolingian schools. Wernbert, a monk of St. Gall, who died in 884, still preserved the contemporaneous traditions of Charlemagne's encouragement of learning, and has left us, through one of his disciples, a graphic account of the foundation of these early schools. They are remarkable, because not only the foundation of the present system of examinations, but even the elements of state graduation, are to be found in the Palatine schools. The old monkish chronicler tells us that two needy but learned Scots, called Melrose and Hepburn, visited Aix, and shouted day after day, from an empty booth in the fair, that they had learning to sell. At last Charlemagne sent for them and bought their learning, on the condition that he gave them food to eat, clothes to wear, pupils to teach, and room for a school. The emperor was

about to leave for Italy, and took with him one of his Scots, who founded the great school at Pavia. The other Scot was left at Aix, and got up a considerable school both of nobles and burghers. On the great emperor's return to Aix, his first act was to inspect and examine this school. The good scholars were placed on his right hand, and the bad on his left. To his great surprise he found that the sheep were burghers, and that the goats were nobles. So, turning with a mild countenance to the burghers, he assured them of protection, and promised them advancement in rich monasteries and ecclesiastical benefices; and then scowling at the nobles, "he thundered rather than spoke, and swore by the King of heaven" that he would do nothing for such idle loons. In this remarkable imperial examination is the original element of state graduation. It required only that the successful candidates should have received the round cap of the thirteenth century, and the mantle or toga of a later date, in order to have received a full academic impress from the head of the state.

The Carolingian schools have been described with sufficient minuteness by Alcuin himself. The piety and ecclesiastical bent of Alcuin induced him to make these schools feeders of the Church, and to that extent they were technical and professional. But they still taught the seven liberal arts, though in a less perfect way than Alcuin's school at York. There are even indications that the school in Charlemagne's palace taught medicine also, for we find that there was a special edifice called *Hippocratica tecta*. From the Carolingian schools in the Palatine, Italy, and France arose other more distinctive professional schools. Salerno was an instance of this kind. We do not know the date of its foundation, but it was a great medical school in the middle of the eleventh century, when Monk Rudolf visited it. He then speaks of it as an ancient school, "*in urbe Salernitana ubi maximæ medicorum scholæ ab antiquo tempore habent.*" It was a

flourishing technical school, but not very learned, as the old monk tells us that he found there no one so learned as himself except a female doctor. These schools had not yet crystallized into universities. But in 1140, a century after Rudolf's visit, Roger, first king of Sicily, gave state sanction to the Consuetudinary Statutes of Salerno, and thus converted a professional school into a university. His grandson, the Emperor Frederick II., assumed the right, in 1231,<sup>1</sup> to give a state licence, as a supplementary authority, to the Salernian and Neapolitan medical degrees. About this time universities were getting into academic shape, for in the same year a bull of Gregory IX. first acknowledged in express terms the degrees of the University of Paris, though they were implied, but not expressed, in the statute of the Legate, Robert de Courçon, in 1215.

All the early Italian universities arose from the needs of the professions. As Salerno sprang from medicine, so did Bologna from law. Already in 1262 the latter university had 20,000 students, chiefly studying canon and civil law. Both Dante and Roger Bacon complain that the universities, for forty years, had flooded the world with lawyers, and were strangling the literature and philosophy of the schools by legal technicalities. The university of Paris counteracted this evil, because it reposed on a school of grammar and philosophy, rendered famous before it got a true university constitution. Even in the beginning of the twelfth century it had teachers like Roscelin of Compiègne, William of Champeaux, Anselm of Laon, and Abelard. On this basis the professional faculties were reared, and the school became a university. Theology and medicine were the chief faculties, for law was kept at arm's length till the seventeenth century. Both its early faculties, but especially medicine, clung to the arts faculty as a preparation for professional study. The medical faculty even persuaded Cardinal d'Estouteville to enact that two years'

<sup>1</sup> This law was repealed by Queen Joanna in 1365.



regency in arts should count as one year's study in medicine. When, at a later period, Louis XII. attacked the rights of the university, the faculties of arts and medicine allied themselves closely to defend the academic privileges. It must not be forgotten that even the faculty of arts in the old universities was, in a large sense, a technical school for teachers; for graduates in arts not only had the right (*facultas docendi*), but were under an obligation to teach.

This short survey of the early history of continental universities has been given in order to show that the chief impulse to their formation came from the professions, which desired to build technical knowledge on the basis of liberal culture. They arose from the extraordinary outburst of intellectual ardour, which seized the professional classes between the middle of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They desired not to dissociate, but to unite, culture with technics. There was then ample time for both, because an arts graduate could pass at twenty-one years of age, and at one period\* much earlier, while a doctor in law or medicine did well if he graduated at thirty-five.

From the explanations which have now been given it is not surprising to find that there were partial universities for one or two professions, as in the case of Montpellier for medicine, or Pope Innocent IV.'s migratory university for canon law and theology. Other instances of partial universities were established at Altdorf, Rostock, Bamberg, and Gratz. But no university was considered complete, unless the three professional faculties were in full development. Even Paris was not complete till the seventeenth century, and now, though it still exists in name, it is a mere central bureau for educational administrative centralization, being, like the University of London, a mere examining board, and not a university in the full sense, rather resembling the Chinese examining boards, than the ancient European universities.

The early history of Oxford and Cambridge is obscure, but there is little reason to believe that they had the same

indebtedness for their origin to professions; at all events the latter never overshadowed their literary and philosophical training. No doubt the professions did engraft themselves on the early schools, as is found by the fact that Vacarius taught canon and civil law in Oxford. Cambridge had also a preponderance of clergy, or we would not find Henry III. enjoining the sheriff "to repress the insubordination of the clerks and scholars."

But the characteristics of Oxford and Cambridge have always been that they have never degenerated into mere technical schools, but have held general culture as their main end. In doing so the universities were not, as now, left high and dry by the floating away of the colleges. The colleges, in former times, were not halls or boarding institutions for undergraduates, but retreats for fellows to pursue their studies in the higher faculties related to the professions. Theology, according to the code of Archbishop Laud, required eleven years' study after the degree of M.A., while law and medicine could be got through in seven years. These long periods necessitated fellowships and colleges for study, and the early statutes of the universities show how carefully our forefathers provided for the needs of students in the higher faculties. There was no absolute condition that a degree in arts should precede a doctorate in theology, law, or medicine, but the habits and genius of the universities induced men to take liberal culture before professional training.

It will thus be seen that even the early statutes of Oxford and Cambridge contemplated that they should infuse higher learning into the professional occupations of the people. This conception of the duty of universities has received higher emphasis in those established in Germany and Scotland. In Germany the sciences of the professions are always taught at the universities, but licences to practise them are given by the state through extra-academical examinations. In Scotland, professional training and licence to practise have always been

considered as essential duties of the universities. In fact the Scotch Universities derive their whole strength from their contact with the people. As Antæus derived his powers from contact with the earth, so do the Scotch universities from their contact with the occupations of the people. Sever their connection from them, and enforce upon them the English university ideal, that education should be given for itself alone, and without connection with life work, and the Scotch universities would perish with inanition in twelve months. Their reason for existence is that they are in the midst of a poor population which must work for bread, and that it is possible, according to long experience, to infuse liberal and scientific culture into the occupations of a people. This union of culture with technical training is the earliest conception of the university constitution.

It is nevertheless true that Oxford and Cambridge care little to exercise a large influence over the professions. Let us take the profession of medicine as an instance in point. The study of medicine, more than that of any other profession, is based upon a large extent of scientific knowledge, and any university might consider it a high duty to have its scientific methods of instruction adapted to a noble calling. But Oxford and Cambridge have very small influence, either on the preparatory scientific, or more technical training of medical men. There are 14,101 medical practitioners in England and Wales, and of these Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham have graduated only 230, or 1.6 per cent. The Scotch universities have sent 2,829 of their medical graduates to England, and therefore influence the English medical profession to the extent of 20 per cent; while in Scotland itself 66 per cent of the medical practitioners are graduates in medicine. These figures are taken from an excellent lecture on Medical Education by Dr. Morgan, an Oxford M.D. Even the ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, that they should lay the basis of necessary culture, but should not teach professions, bears small fruit in

the important profession of medicine. The two universities annually produce from 600 to 800 B.A.s, and, out of these, we should find many prepared to enter on medical studies. But only five or six annually become medical men. Hence it is obvious that Oxford and Cambridge have remarkably small influence on a profession requiring more than any other a large and accurate scientific knowledge. Even if we include the London University, the whole English universities combined only give 4 or 5 per cent of graduates to the most scientific profession in the country. As regards theology and law, the indirect influence of the English universities is no doubt considerable; but there is no exercise of the higher faculties of Theology and Law, in the sense of methodized training and instruction, such as is given in the German and Scotch universities.

In the present relations of Oxford and Cambridge to public education, their small direct influence on the professions and occupations of the people will be deemed a glory, and not a shame. They stand on the higher platform of giving knowledge for its own sake, and not for its applications. I do not combat the elevation of the ideal, but it places the two universities above the heads of the great bulk of the people, and practically restricts their advantages to a class of wealthy men who have no need to study for professions. Middle-class men and poor men are found in the universities, but they are attracted there by gold, and not by knowledge.

Contrast with these limited views of university life the larger conceptions of German universities. In Germany the bureaucracy as well as all the professions must pass through a course of university training. Even Roman Catholic priests must take their general education within a university. The essential ideal of German universities is that they are not only teaching institutions, but also repositories of human knowledge, from which the life of the nation should be fed and sustained. The German universities always aim at the fulfilment of three conditions of



existence. They contend that a university should give the fullest representation of existing learning in its academic staff; that it should widely diffuse that learning through its teachers; and that it should widen the boundaries of learning by the researches of its professors, fellows, and graduates. This high and full conception of university life is not much more than half a century old in Germany, but it has already produced a marvellous development of culture among the people. Though no German university would be considered complete unless its professional faculties were in as full activity as its philosophical faculties, still the separation of university education from the State license to practise diminishes the tendency to *Brodstudien*, and induces students to master the sciences as thoroughly as the technics of their professions. Study for knowledge and not for examination distinguishes the German from the English universities. The highest culture which the nation possesses is given through university training, but the culture is a true one, for it is not merely disciplinary, but is a preparation of the mind for an intelligent and scientific pursuit of a life's occupation. The German university degrees are altogether subordinate to the system of education, and often are not taken at all. The degree which corresponds to our B.A. is passed on leaving the school, and is a simple *Maturitätszeugniss*, while the doctorate in philosophy of the university corresponds to our honours, and is essentially special in character. It resembles the restricted selection of our modern schools and triposes. A German university degree, therefore, represents a profound knowledge of one or two subjects. This leads to a specialty in the subjects of professorial prelections, and has laid the foundation for that amazing advance in literature and science which the Germans have made in the last half-century. Under this system of fitting the study to the future work of the student, young men go through their academic courses without

gold being strewed on every path of entrance and exit, as it is by the scholarships and fellowships of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Scotch universities do aid poor students to enter, by small doles called bursaries, the aggregate amount of which is not nearly equal to the revenue of a single English college; though they have scarcely any rewards for work achieved within the university itself. But it must be borne in mind that the class of students which goes to Scotch and Irish universities is quite different from that which forms the chief constituency of an English university. The Scotch universities aim to train students to make a thousand a year by the application of a cultivated intelligence. The English universities are content to teach men how to spend a thousand a year with that dignity and usefulness which follow a good mental culture. And it is impossible to deny that it is worth paying a great deal, even in the form of national endowments, for a well-educated and public-spirited aristocracy. The rich require even more attention to their education than the poor, for poverty, like adversity, is a school in itself. But the rich, who may be idle with impunity, extravagant without care, and selfish without retribution, require higher culture and nobler aspirations to induce them to live a life of usefulness and abnegation, adorned by intellectual enjoyments, instead of debased by the seductions of a voluptuous luxury. Now Oxford and Cambridge are of infinite use in this work, and it is one of national importance. Its extent may be seen from the fact that there are no fewer than 225 university-trained men in the House of Commons. But while I fully appreciate the extent and national character of the work performed by Oxford and Cambridge in infusing culture into, and evoking public spirit from, our upper classes of society, I do not admit that large national endowments should be chiefly devoted to this end. Nor do the universities limit themselves to it. They aim, by scholar-

ships and fellowships, to induce the middle and poorer classes to go through their courses. Such money inducements would be little required if they felt that the education was fitted to advance them in their life-work. It is because the preliminary education is so little preparatory to their future career in life that the poor will only attend the universities in the hope of winning a pension, in the form of a fellowship, to sustain them while they adapt themselves for their life-work after they have left the universities. No such fund for sustentation is given by the German or Scotch universities, and nevertheless they flourish exceedingly. In fact, the poor University of Edinburgh will enrol this year 2,300 students, a number not very different from that of the University and colleges of Oxford with all their wealth.

Can we not, in our new reforms, bring our great English universities into a more healthy and less selfish contact with the people? May not their idea of culture be enlarged by making new arrangements for methodic training, at least in the preparatory sciences, on which the professions and occupations of the people depend? The ancient *trivium* and *quadrivium* really constituted the three or four paths along which students might travel to reach, without interruption, the broad roads leading to their professional studies. The paths are now numerous and more divergent, but they are not indicated in the preparatory degrees, and must be followed at haphazard. The distinct schools and triposes begin to acknowledge the new needs of study, but they are rather pathways ending in themselves, and not leading into the higher professional faculties as, in ancient times, at Oxford and Cambridge, and, in existing times, in Germany and Scotland. If men clearly saw that their preliminary culture was a true cultivation of the soil necessary to produce the varying crops required for the feeding of the nation, they would flock to the universities to secure that learning and science which would

enable them to pursue their life-work with intellectual pleasure and with the security of success due to an educated understanding. This adaptation of culture to work was the original meaning of university organization, and is followed with more or less thoroughness in Germany, Ireland, and Scotland. The German universities, more completely than any others, put learning and science in front of the professions, making the former the primary object, and technical training the secondary—but both being parts of the same road. They never forget that the full development of the professional faculties—the *scholæ majores*—is essential to a full university life. Without these, universities have a mere stunted existence, for they are confined to the *scholæ minores* of the academic constitution.

I did not join my Liberal friends, last session, in their attempts to break down all clerical fellowships, because I think it would be a fatal mistake to drive our clergy into theological seminaries. All mere technical schools err by giving length instead of breadth to education. Clerical students should be expanded into citizens before they are contracted into priests. Still, in university interests, clerical fellowships ought to be given for theology, but not for churchism, and should be the reward of theological knowledge, not of belief. The Scotch theological degrees are given on this principle, and are open to all Churches, in fact to all candidates possessing the knowledge, without reference to their beliefs. In like manner, I desire to see fellowships, more frequently and more effectively<sup>1</sup> than they are at present, attached to the professional faculties, in order to restore them to their original purpose of promoting continued and higher studies in the university. In olden times the three professional faculties covered pretty fully the field of knowledge outside philology and

<sup>1</sup> See an article entitled "University Libraries and Professional Colleges," by Mr. C. H. Roberts, Fellow of All Souls', in *Macmillan* for February, 1876.



philosophy. But there is now an urgent need in all universities for a new faculty—a faculty of science. Take Edinburgh as an example. In its present faculty of arts there are seven chairs for philology and philosophy, and eight chairs for mathematical, natural, and applied science. If to these are added four preparatory sciences from the medical faculty—chemistry, botany, natural history, and physiology—there are twelve chairs of science. The organization of a distinct faculty of science in each university is merely a question of time. Already distinct degrees in science are given by the London University and by Edinburgh, and these degrees are steadily increasing in demand. Oxford and Cambridge are not blind to this new development of academic life. They have already erected, or are in course of erecting, large and worthy laboratories for physical and biological study. These will soon be as much *scholæ majores* as the schools of medicine, law, or theology, and they ought to have a distinct academic organization.

The peculiar practice of the English universities has hitherto been to give full development to all branches of knowledge for the sake of learning, and not for its practical applications. I have shown how the German and Scotch universities combine both objects on the foundation of their original constitution. Oxford and Cambridge may come to do the same thing sooner than might be expected. They are accumulating the materials for a new and more efficient organization of their forces. They are even forming, slowly and with difficulty, a more healthy connection between their tutorial and professorial systems of study. Open college lectureships, and the combinations of colleges, all tend in this direction. And when we compare the present activity of internal reform with the torpor of the last century; when we contrast the examinations of the present day with those when Lord Eldon got his degree by passing in Hebrew, because he said Golgotha was the place

of a skull, and in history because he asserted that King Alfred founded University College, it is not too sanguine to hope that our great English universities may extend their beneficent influences to all classes of the community which require or desire a higher education. At all events my purpose is served if I have succeeded in showing that Oxford and Cambridge, as types of universities, are specific rather than generic. In their large endowment fund they have the means, not only of giving efficient culture, but also of converting themselves into the highest representative institutions of human knowledge, which it is their duty to advance as well as to diffuse. The movement for advancing research is a legitimate and wise one; but the desire to do so outside the teaching staff is not supported by other university systems. The best investigators are generally the best teachers, and the problem for Oxford and Cambridge is how they can unite both, by a happy combination of their professorial and tutorial system. But the nation is not likely to secure these benefits if each university be treated like a local institution, by being passed over to a reforming commission wholly constituted of its own graduates of a former generation, who will look at the questions before them only in special relation to an existing academic system, and not with the broad view of national requirements. I hope, rather than believe, that the Government may take as wide a view of the constitution of these commissions for Oxford and Cambridge as it has done for the reform of the Scotch Universities. But it knows that it has to deal with the prejudices of graduates in the legislative assemblies. Their power is great, but it is cemented by social ties rather than by learning and science. The interests of the latter are far higher than the social traditions of the colleges, and ought to be adequately represented on the Executive Commission, in complete independence of either university or college interests.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

## MORBEGNO.

THERE is a long straight road in Lombardy  
 Bordered with stunted trees and maize and vines,  
 And at its side the stealthy Adda slides,  
 Spreading the poison of its humid breath;  
 While dismal mists like wandering spectres steal  
 From rush-grown marshes and from osier beds,  
 And lay their cruel hands on human life,  
 Strangling its joy with clutch of fell disease.

We travelled on this road one summer day,  
 And at Morbegno rested for an hour;  
 The deadly mists hung close around the town,  
 The faded town, with houses gaunt and old,  
 And frescoes peeling from the mildewed walls,  
 And trouble-smitten people in the streets.  
 I see them still—those piteous haunting eyes  
 That gaze out wistfully from life-long woe,  
 The vacant smile, the sad distorted face,  
 The wrinkled skin, the aimless feeble hands.

And through the mists there came a sound of bells,  
 In chimes that still had sweetness of their own,  
 But yet had lost the clue which guided them,  
 And had forgotten what they used to say.

O sweet, sad bells! O never-ended chime!  
 My voice went forth to God with those wild notes—  
 "Hast Thou, indeed, made all men here for naught?  
 Do they not cry aloud these souls of Thine  
 Whom Thou hast formed to suffer till they die?  
 What have they done, these weary stricken ones,  
 That age to age should hand their misery down,  
 One generation sending on Thy curse  
 To that which follows in its hopeless track?  
 I call Thee Father, and in Thy great Name  
 Thy Spirit binds to mine in bonds of love  
 All human beings on this world of Thine:  
 Brothers and sisters Thou hast made us, Lord.  
 I cannot bear the woe of these I love,



Let me but suffer for them. O my God,  
Gather Thy wrath, Thy vengeance in one cup,  
And pour it out on me, but give them joy.

"Of old it 'was expedient one should die,  
And that all should not perish.' Let it be  
Thy will once more, and bid the plague be stayed.  
See, in their misery they kneel to Thee,  
These men and women who must bear Thy curse,  
See how they gather round the wayside shrine  
And lift their weary hands to Him who hangs  
Upon the Cross, and comforts human hearts  
By having known the worst of human pain.  
The 'Man of Sorrows' is their only God;  
What should they know of One who reigns alone  
Above all suffering and human want,  
In endless plenitude of joy unknown  
To them by anything which life can show?"

Such my wild prayer, and in my soul I heard  
An answer wrought of pain and faith and hope.

"O foolish human heart that wrongest Me,  
How long shall I bear with you, yea, how long  
Suffer you still to take My name in vain?  
How can those half-blind eyes that scan the gloom  
See anything aright of all My work,  
And seeing not, why judge Me in the dark?  
Perchance some day the clearer light will show  
That pain, disease, and grief are gifts as great  
As strength and health and joy, which seem so dear.  
Perchance some day in gazing back on life,  
From some high standing-place much further on,  
Your soul will give its verdict. 'Even this,  
This place of doom in all its dreariness  
Was nearer to the blessed light of God  
Than I who pitied, and who prayed for it,—  
And you shall envy those who suffered here,  
Who worked God's will through loathsome disease,  
And helped the world's redemption by their pain.

I bowed my head, my heart was humbled now.  
"Father, forgive me. Like Morbegno's bells  
The ending of my cry is lost in doubt,  
Accept once more that plea made long ago  
By One who trusted Thee. O, not alone  
For those He saw, Christ prayed His latest prayer,  
We know not what we do, or say, or think.  
Father, forgive us. Let Thy will be done."

And if it be that human misery  
Is working out God's will, ye suff'ring ones,  
Bear on through all things, for your rich reward  
Is greater than our human hearts can grasp,  
Is deeper than our finite souls can reach.  
O weary men, your pain is dear to God;  
O women, who must bring your children forth  
Knowing them born to lives of misery,  
Take comfort, the Eternal Will is sweet,  
And ye are working out its large behest  
Though life is bitter. Children, with those eyes  
So full of sorrow, and of coming doom,  
Our Father loves you, and the end is great  
Though hidden far away from human sight.  
Brothers and sisters, I could almost think  
I hear the secret told which no man knows,  
When I recall those patient weary eyes,  
That gaze out wistfully on life-long woe.  
And God stays in Morbegno till the end,  
While we pass on to Como and forget.

F. M. OWEN.



## THE EASTERN POLAR BASIN.

THE following letter has been addressed to the President of the Royal Geographical Society by Herr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer of Gotha :—

SIR,—On three previous occasions I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject of Arctic Exploration—the 9th of February and 3rd of March, 1865, and 7th November, 1874.<sup>1</sup> I tried to second your endeavours for the further exploration of our globe and the enrichment of science, and have honestly endeavoured to add my mite in these undertakings by getting up German and other exploring expeditions towards the North Pole.

In those previous letters I strongly advocated the selection of the Spitzbergen seas (the whole wide ocean from East Greenland to Novaya Zemlya) as the best way to the North Pole, and into the Central Arctic regions, instead of Smith Sound. Nevertheless I rejoiced to see a new British Expedition sent forth, by whatever route it was decided on to reach the North Pole. Now that this expedition has safely returned to your shores, I crave permission to tender my sincere congratulations on all its achievements. I always held the Smith Sound route to be the most difficult of all; but since it was decided on that it should be tried by a new expedition, I felt assured that an English expedition would in every case be attended by most important results for geography and all scientific branches.

There has never been a more important scientific exploring undertaking than the *Challenger* Expedition. It marks a new era in the survey of our globe, and the natural laws by which it is governed; and when the commander of that expedition was called to take the *Alert* and *Discovery* to the North

Pole, there was perfect certainty that it would be done in a thoroughly complete manner for the interests of science. It is this pure interest for scientific progress that cannot be too much commended, whereas formerly Arctic expeditions were sent out for lucre or gain, to find a north-west or north-east passage to the lands of gold, or spices, or other riches. Let not England grudge these noble undertakings, for, if we look around, it will be found that the English nation and the English Government are the only ones in the world that have sent forth an expedition like that of the *Alert* and *Discovery*.

I have tried to make myself acquainted with every Arctic and Antarctic voyage ever undertaken from the earliest to the most recent times, and it appears to me that there never was a more able and heroic expedition than that conducted by Sir George Nares. There have been many that were perhaps more foolhardy, and left one or more valuable ships behind in the ice; but to conduct two vessels through that most dangerous ice alley, and safely back again, has never been done before. The *Polaris*, by particular good luck, got as far as 82° 11' N. lat., but was never brought home again; Kane's and Hayes's vessels only reached 78° 40' N. lat.

The commander of the *Challenger* Expedition will certainly have brought back even from a region like that of the Palæocrystic Sea a collection of scientific work and observations that will ever be a credit and honour to England. If I may be allowed I would suggest the value of one of the results in particular. It is very seldom that an expedition like this, however success-

<sup>1</sup> *Proceedings of the R.G.S.*, ix. pp. 98, *et seq.*, 114, *et seq.*; vol. xix., pp. 173, *et seq.*

ful and lucky, can be said to have finished a task or a subject; for generally new questions, new problems are created by its researches, that require fresh work. Sir George Nares's expedition, however, may be said to have *finished*, as it were, a great portion, say one-third of the Arctic Regions, the scene of noble English exploits for a considerable time back. From Smith Sound to Bering Strait, the region of the Palæocrystic Sea, our knowledge is entirely due to British enterprise and perseverance.

Led on by Bylot, Baffin, John Ross and Inglefield, the Americans have indeed also made noble and most persevering efforts of exploration from Smith Sound to Robeson Channel; and the names of Kane, Hayes and Hall will remain among the foremost heroes of scientific enterprise; but many doubts remained, and many illusions were created, which had to be dispelled before it could be said that the Smith Sound region was finished.

If Sir George Nares's expedition had done nothing else than fully explode the pernicious views connected with Smith Sound it would be entitled to the greatest credit. The Smith Sound route had been artificially puffed up; exploration in that direction had attained a "power of habit," and the predilection for Smith Sound became contagious and an incubus on Arctic research.

Sent out to attain the Pole by sledges, to be drawn by fine plucky seamen along a land of fiction, it required the greatest moral courage to return home sooner than expected, and with results diametrically opposed to the fallacious premises, on which the whole plan of the expedition had been founded. Had Sir George Nares, instead of coming home this year, sailed round Cape Farewell, and tried the other side of Greenland—in the wake of Sir Edward Parry's yet unsurpassed brilliant summer trip of 1827, or Captain David Gray's thirty years' whaling along the shores of East Greenland—I am fully convinced he would have *finished* the North Pole just as well as that terrific Palæocrystic Sea, or as when the Equator, then so much

feared by all the world, was first crossed by Diniz Dias, 430 years ago. For I cannot but think that any one reading attentively Sir Edward Parry's narrative of 1827, and comparing it with the experience of the late expedition, will be assured that Sir George Nares in the wake of that great explorer, would have attained the Pole. Sir Edward Parry with his sledge boats in the loose drift ice looked out for the biggest and most compact ice, whereas a steaming expedition would search for the water and lanes.

Ten years ago many of your first authorities, like Captain (now Admiral) Richards,<sup>1</sup> General Sabine, Sir Edward Belcher, Admiral Ommanney, Captain (now Admiral) Inglefield, Sir Roderick Murchison, and many others, were advocates for the route by the Spitzbergen Seas, but somehow or other, they were gradually got over to the other side, to the Smith Sound route.

Had the expedition proceeded that way even this summer or autumn, and been successful in reaching the North Pole, it would no doubt have been welcomed back by the British nation more heartily than it has been; but then there was the duty to fulfil and the instructions to follow.

The best and most correct and wisest measure, therefore, was to bring the vessels home safe and sound; and there they are now, fit for other service; and if your enlightened and liberal Government remains true to the English way of doing things—in a complete way, and not by half measures—it is to be hoped that these vessels will once more be sent out by a more promising route.

There are six routes to the North Pole:—1. by Smith Sound; 2. by Bering Strait; 3. by the East Coast of Franz-Josef Land; 4. by the West Coast of the same; 5. by Spitzbergen (in the wake of Sir E. Parry); 6. by East Greenland.

<sup>1</sup> "He had read Dr. Petermann's papers very attentively, and had never seen any views more clearly expressed, or defended by arguments more logical and convincing." (See *Proceedings of the R.G.S.*, vol. ix. p. 124.)



Smith Sound is finished, Bering Strait is to a certain extent the counterpart of it, and the destruction of the American whaling fleet to the north of it this year—a mere repetition of former similar disasters—shows the power and character of that Palæocrystic Sea when a vessel is exposed to its tremendous fury.

After long and deliberate weighing of all the facts attained and all the observations hitherto made, I more than ever think, as I always did, all the four routes through the seas west and east of Spitzbergen decidedly preferable to the other two. The East Spitzbergen Sea is undoubtedly occupied by the Gulf Stream, or whatever it may be called, which prevents the Polar ice getting further to the south in that wide sea than about  $75^{\circ}$  N. lat. on an average; whereas on the other, western, American side of the Atlantic, it has been known to drift to  $36^{\circ}$  N. lat., the latitude of Malta. Not a particle of ice has ever been known to reach the North Cape ( $71^{\circ}$  N. lat.).

I still believe the great open sea of Middendorf, Wrangell, Anjou, and others, the Polynia of the Russians, extending from the Taimyr river in the west, to Cape Yakan in the east, about 1,400 nautical miles long in a direct line, to be in connection with the furthest ends of the Gulf Stream; but I do not consider the Gulf Stream—as it has been shown by actual observations to occupy the whole width of the ocean between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya—to be of any particular advantage for navigation to be pushed northward in that direction. All the Arctic and Antarctic ice seeks a constant exit towards the Equator. In the Antarctic these ice drifts are freely dispersed all round the Pole, and all over the wide ocean up to  $62^{\circ}$ ,  $50^{\circ}$ ,  $40^{\circ}$ , and even  $35^{\circ}$  S. lat.; and nowhere has such a marked influx of a warm equatorial current been observed as the Gulf Stream in the northern hemisphere. Side by side the Polar current and the Gulf Stream pursue their courses, and whereas the former brings the ice down as far as  $35^{\circ}$  N. lat., the Gulf Stream

protects all Europe from the Polar ice, and keeps it back to about  $75^{\circ}$  N. lat., a difference of about  $40^{\circ}$  of latitude. But between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya, in about  $75^{\circ}$  N. lat., the Gulf Stream is certainly charged with ice that comes down from the Siberian seas. It is evident that here, by the contact of two currents meeting each other, one of them charged with ice, the latter must get packed and heaped up; and thus it was that the *Tegetthoff* of the Austrian Expedition, that was to force its way there, got into the grip of the ice, and was never again liberated. The Gulf Stream therefore produces in that part of the Arctic regions a kind of ice barrier.

The *Tegetthoff* was a small, weak steamer of only 220 tons, and was caught in the strong current near Cape Nassau. It was a most unfortunate season, all the ice drifting towards that shore; whereas the same seas had again and again been freely navigated every succeeding year by many Norwegian fishermen in frail sailing vessels of only thirty tons. I am fully convinced that a vessel like the *Alert* or *Discovery* could every year penetrate somewhere between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya far to the north. It has also been frequently shown these last years by many Norwegians, and Mr. Leigh Smith, that all the shores of Eastern Spitzbergen can be easily attained.

Lieutenant Weyprecht, who conducted the Austrian Expedition—Lieutenant Julius Payer only having the charge of the sledging—deliberately states his opinion in contradiction to Payer—"that he considers the route through the Siberian seas as far as Bering Strait as practicable as before, and would readily take the command of another expedition in the same direction." And the famous Swedish Professor Nordenskjöld, than whom no one better knows the Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya seas, writes to me from Stockholm, November 29, that in the year 1878 he will again go out at the head of a new Swedish Expedition that is to penetrate through the whole of the

Siberian seas as far as Bering Strait, he having two years in succession penetrated through seas formerly considered impenetrable, as far as the great Siberian rivers Obi and Yenissei.

Further north, at 80° and beyond, Franz-Josef Land is encountered, and here two ways offer themselves, the western and the eastern shores of it. The latter are no doubt beset by the drift-ice of the Siberian seas, which has but little room to escape by the south, consequently this coast would probably not be favourable as a basis for proceeding northward. But the opposite, the western shores, recommend themselves in that respect.

The fifth route—direct north of Spitzbergen, in the wake of Sir Edward Parry's journey in 1827—has never been properly tried with an efficient steamer, and it appears to me that it could just as well be navigated as the Antarctic sea with its gigantic ice-masses by that most successful expedition of Sir James Clarke Ross in 1840-3, who moreover had not the aid of steam, but only "dull sailing" vessels.

However, there is, of course, not the line of land to hold on, and therefore East Greenland seems of all six routes to the North Pole the most advantageous. It is there that the Arctic ice freely drifts away all through the summer, and also all through the winter, as has been shown by the crew of the sailing vessel *Hansa*. Thus the central area of the Polar regions is more or less cleared of its ice, and could, I am fully convinced, by an expedition like that of Sir George Nares, be navigated, the Pole attained, and the whole regions, as far as Bering Strait, explored. This view is corroborated by the long experience of Captain David Gray, of Peterhead, who knows more about the seas of East Greenland than any other person living.

As far as Newfoundland and 36° N. lat. there is a permanent ice-drift all down Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, and from Smith Sound, a distance of about 2,600 nautical miles. Within this long line the ice does not necessarily

increase towards the north, and hence there is what is well known to the whalers under the name of "north water" at the furthest northern end of this 2,600 miles long ice-stream, as well as the mild climate and open water that are known to exist in Port Foulke and its neighbourhood all the year round. In like manner open water may, and probably will, be found under the very Pole, after having navigated the ice-stream of East Greenland in the same way as Baffin Bay is navigated by whalers and exploring expeditions. And the more ice is drifted down, the more open sea will be left behind in summer and autumn, when frost cannot form new ice. Baffin Bay, on the whole, can receive but comparatively little of the Palæocrystic ice through the narrow channels of Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound, and Smith Sound. The East Greenland current is the only one capable of clearing the Central Arctic regions of its ice-masses, and hence it will also best lead navigators to the open Polar Sea in its rear.

It is there that an expedition has the best chance of getting into the Central Arctic regions and to the North Pole. It is there that I directed our two German Expeditions to, and although the first only consisted of a little Norwegian sailing sloop of 60 tons, and the second of a clumsy steamer of 143 tons, and an unfortunate sailing vessel of 242 tons, they were as fairly successful as could be expected under the circumstances of an undertaking so entirely new to us Germans. Koldey did not try properly to push northward; the little engine was out of order, and he limited himself to the paltry distance of only twenty nautical miles.

I still think that an efficient expedition like that of Sir George Nares could probably by this route finish the North Pole in one season, or in two or three months during the summer or autumn. 80° N. lat. near Spitzbergen is attainable every year by mere open fishing-boats. I am convinced Sir George Nares, after what he has done



up to  $82^{\circ} 27'$  N. lat. at the Palæocrystic Sea, would steam right away to the Pole on the East Greenland route.

It may even be that the coasts of East Greenland and Franz-Josef Land may towards the North Pole approach each other in a width something like those of Baffin Bay, so that an expedition proceeding to the Pole that way may perhaps have two shores to hold on, and also to discover.

As regards the extension of Greenland towards the Pole, and as far as Cape Yakan, north of Bering Strait, as a long stretch of land or island, this theory of mine is intimately connected with the view I have always held of the Central Arctic regions, at least for thirty years back. It is this:—I consider the central Arctic area to be divided into two nearly equal halves, the one extending from the shores of East Greenland in about  $20^{\circ}$  W. long., over Baffin Bay, Parry Islands, to Point Barrow. Bering Strait and Cape Yakan is about  $176^{\circ}$  E. long.; the other half thence all along the Siberian coast, over Franz-Josef Land, Spitzbergen to East Greenland. These two regions are essentially different in every respect, topographically, physically, thermometrically, hydrographically. The former may be called the western, the latter the eastern half of the Arctic regions. In the western half the land prevails, in the eastern the sea. The western half is mostly landlocked and icebound, the eastern has a wide, open outlet. The Palæocrystic Sea in particular has in every respect the character of being landlocked, and productive of ice accumulation and great cold. Its ice masses can neither fully escape through Bering Strait, Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound nor Smith Sound, all these openings being much too narrow for the exit of the Palæocrystic ice. But if to the north of it there was no barrier of land, it would drift away by Eastern Greenland.

The Polynia of the Russians extends from the Taimyr River to Cape Yakan, some 85 degrees of longitude, or at least 1,400 nautical miles in length. It is

not a waterhole, as has often been asserted, but an extensive open sea, of which we know as yet very little, but this little with sufficient certainty, that this open sea has always been found at the same place. There is no such thing anywhere all along the Palæocrystic Sea. The only feature of the western half at all resembling it on a very small scale is the very thin and narrow warm current running from the Atlantic up the western coast of Greenland past Melville Bay as far as Port Foulke, keeping this bay open all the winter, producing rich vegetation and animal life, and a prolific seal and walrus fishery, not very far from that terrific Palæocrystic Sea. This is also a long line of warm current and open or navigable water, but the Siberian Polynia seems of much greater dimensions in every respect.

The eastern half of the Arctic regions—the Polar Basin, as it may be called—is entirely different from the western half in every respect. It has a wide opening on the Atlantic side, and is swept by the mighty polar current summer and winter, liberating it of its ice masses, and hence Palæocrystic ice, like that found by Sir George Nares's Expedition, is entirely unknown there. It is also swept by the immense masses of warm water that come down all the great Siberian rivers from the hot plains of Western Central Asia.

Of the temperature of this Polar Basin, it is sufficient to mention the observations made by the Swedish Expedition on the north coast of Spitzbergen in  $80^{\circ}$  N. lat., in 1872-3. The mean monthly temperature of January was as high as  $+14.2^{\circ}$  Fahr., the mean of the three winter months, December, January, February,  $+3.7^{\circ}$  Fahr., and the absolute greatest cold observed only  $-36.8^{\circ}$  Fahr. The whole region between East Greenland and Novaya Zemlya is by far the warmest part of all the Arctic and Antarctic Zones. This is shown more clearly than ever by the new isothermal lines I have constructed from all the most recent observations.

It needs a barrier of land or islands extending from Greenland all the way

to Kellett Land and Wrangell Coast opposite Cape Yakan, to explain these very remarkable features; for the currents of the sea alone are not sufficient to account for them, as in the North Atlantic. For the furthest offshoots of the Gulf Stream up the west coast of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya get charged with floating ice-masses beyond  $80^{\circ}$  N. lat., or even  $75^{\circ}$ .

All these facts, features and theories I have carefully drawn out on maps and published long ago.<sup>1</sup>

Whether Greenland extends all along to Bering Strait remains of course a theory that has to be proved or disproved by actual exploration, but all expeditions yet sent out have, every one of them, been forced to show the correctness of it thus far. Admiral Inglefield, in 1852, came home, cutting off Greenland at about  $79\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  N. lat., and convinced that he might have sailed in the little *Isabel* from Smith Sound all the way to Bering Strait. Admiral Inglefield, and many other members of your Society still living, will remember the discussion on the 22nd of November, 1852, when I strongly objected to these surmises on various grounds, particularly on that of the distribution of temperature, and the almost entire absence of drift-wood, which on all the coasts swept by the Siberian and East Greenland currents is found everywhere in immense quantities.<sup>2</sup>

Kane's Expedition, in 1853-55, was forced to extend Greenland to Cape Independence in  $80^{\circ} 35'$  N. lat., but there it was again cut off at the time, and an open sea of fiction, on Morton's testimony, carried right away to Spitzbergen and Siberia.

Hayes's expedition, in 1861, found this open sea choked full of ice, and Hall's expedition, in 1871, was forced to fill it up with solid land, stretching from Cape Independence to Beaumont's

Cape Bryant, in about  $82^{\circ} 24'$  N. lat., probably Cape Sherman of the Americans, thus adding other two degrees of latitude to my land.

Captain Beaumont saw Greenland still further, to  $82^{\circ} 54'$  N. lat., and there is not one reason why it should stop there and trend southward towards Cape Bismarck, simply because he could see no further in misty weather. If Greenland ended in  $82^{\circ} 54'$  N. lat., the Palæocrystic ice would, with the prevailing westerly winds, have freely drifted away to the east.

The very little driftwood found all the way from Smith Sound to the Palæocrystic Sea seems to be all of American and not Siberian origin.

Traces of Eskimos in Robeson Channel have only been found as far as  $81^{\circ} 52'$  N. lat., consequently those of Eastern Greenland could not have come round Cape Britannia, but must have come down from Asia along the shores of that extension of Greenland, which I always maintained. It is well known in the southernmost parts of Greenland, that far away on the east coast of Greenland a heathen tribe of Eskimos lives, of which now and then stragglers arrive at the German missionary station of Friedrichthal, but always go away back again, because they find climate and human existence to be preferable on the east coast.<sup>3</sup>

It is not at all unlikely that Eskimos will yet be found right under the North Pole, or on some land near it.

It is gratifying to note that Arctic research, so vigorously pursued these last ten years, is earnestly being proceeded with. Already a Swedish and a Dutch expedition are decided on, as I am informed by direct communication from Sweden and Holland. The scheme of Lieutenant Weyprecht, to establish eight observatories in the Arctic regions, is also under consideration; I fear, however, that it has not much chance of realisation, because there is as yet not interest enough among nations to make

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, my maps of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, with the currents of the Ocean, drift-ice and pack-ice, Greenland to Bering Strait, &c., &c., in my *Geographische Mittheilungen* for 1866, Tafel 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Athenæum*, 11th December, 1852, p. 1359.

<sup>3</sup> *Calver Missionsblatt*, 1869, p. 44; 1871, p. 21, et seq. Petermann's *Geogr. Mitth.*, 1871, p. 224.



it an international undertaking like the expeditions for observing the transit of Venus. To do it well would at least involve ten different expeditions. From what I have been able to ascertain the interest hitherto shown comes to this: those that are eager to embark in fresh Arctic work do not want to limit themselves merely to the establishment of a station for making meteorological, magnetical, &c., observations, but want to follow up geographical discovery generally; and those who pretend to be favourable to the scheme do nothing whatever, but limit themselves to empty phrases. The German Imperial Commission, instituted to investigate and report upon the subject of Arctic research, have made a Report to the Prussian Government, and there it rests, without any hope as yet of its being taken up. As far as I can learn from Berlin, the Government has as yet no interest in the matter; and the fact certainly is, that all that has been done in Germany and Austria in Arctic research these last ten years has been done by private exertions and not by the Governments.

It further appears to me that a great mass of good observations of all kinds and most valuable material exist that have not yet been fully—in many cases not at all—worked out connectedly; and also that the millions of meteorological and other observations already made in various parts of the Arctic regions are not valueless, because they have not been made simultaneously, as Weyprecht wishes. On the contrary, the fault appears to be rather that they are not as much made use of as might be; despite their being derived from different years, they appear to me of as

much value as could be wished, for general purposes.

There are but few persons devoting themselves to the working out of a mass of single observations in any branch of science, and it takes those few that devote themselves to such a task too much time. Thus it took, for example, Middendorf no less than thirty-three years to work out in biological respects, in relation to the whole circumpolar region, the observations he had made in his comparatively little journey to the Taimyr River in 1843.

One of the important points to settle in all future research is, whether the Eastern Polar basin can be navigated and explored and the North Pole reached. As yet the only attempts and inroads made in that respect worth speaking of are Sir Edward Parry's little summer trip from Ross Island to  $82^{\circ} 45'$  N. lat. and back, 23d June to 12th August, 1827; and Lieutenant Payer's little tour in Franz-Josef Land to  $82^{\circ} 5'$  N. lat., 26th March to 23d April, 1874. The Swedish attempt, reaching  $81^{\circ} 42'$  N. lat. on the 19th September, 1868, was made in a very insufficient, small, and weak mail steamer, and cannot count for anything; it only found very thin ice of one year's formation, just the very reverse of Palæocrystic ice, as is best seen from the plate of the Swedish work.

It has been truly said—"It might be done; and England ought to do it."

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
Your very obedient, humble servant,

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN,

*Honorary Corresponding Member  
and Gold Medallist of the Royal  
Geographical Society.*

GOTHA, December 8, 1876.

# MARKO KRALIEVITCH: THE MYTHICAL HERO OF SERVIA.

It is an honourable peculiarity of the Servians, who, when mentioned in connection with their chief popular literature, comprise the inhabitants of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro, that they possess a store of old poetry which is capable of forming itself into epic unity and continuity, like that of the præ-Homeric Greeks, or the Teutonic singers of Siegfried. Nothing of this sort is to be found among the Bulgarians, whose brigands are merely isolated vagabonds, unless we recognise those dubious products in which Alexander the Great and Orpheus are exhibited. The Servians have their domestic *pesmas*, or poems, to be sung at home, as well as their more ambitious creations; but these are especially national, and find their most proper expression when sung or declaimed to the accompaniment of a *gouslé*, a one-stringed instrument resembling a guitar, and played on with a bow. When M. Vouk Stefanovitch Karadjitch began writing the collection of heroic *Pesmas*, which is the storehouse of all knowledge on the subject, proficiency in the use of this instrument varied in various places. In Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and the mountainous regions in the south of Serbia, every male could play on the *gouslé*, and there also the taste for heroic poetry was at its height. In the district of the Danube, on the contrary, this symbol of nationality was manifestly on the decline.

The ancient glories of the Servians ended, as we have often been reminded of late, with their defeat by the Turks on the plain of Kússovo, in the year 1389. Now of all the ancient heroes who still live in the memory of the people, the most celebrated are Stephan Dushan, their Tsar in the time of their independence, and Marko Kralievitch, a semi-mythical personage, who as it

were, impersonates Serbia as she is supposed to have been immediately after her independence was lost. With the valour and physical strength of a western knight-errant, he is subjected to the humiliation of serving under his natural enemies the Turks. The *Pesmas*, of which use is made in this article, are from a selection taken by M. Dozon, from the ample store brought together by M. Vouk.

The poet of the first *Pesma* takes us at once to the broad plain of Kússovo, where, near the white Church of Samodréja, four claimants to the throne—King Voukachin, the despot Ougliécha, the Voivode Görko, and the Tsarévitch Ouroch—have severally pitched their tents. Each writes a letter to the Protopope Nedélko, who is at Prizren, the white fortress, inviting him to the plain, that he may there declare who is the legitimate successor to the deceased Tsar, Stephan Dushan, the big monarch, with whom, in the opinion of some, the real history of Serbia properly begins, and who, like our Alfred, is associated with the legal institutions of the country. This potentate, who, in the opinion of Mr. Forsyth, was a veritable *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, would, if he had lived now, have looked fondly on the promoters of the permissive licensing system, for when his code was in force, drunkards who made a riot were punished by having both their eyes torn out and one of their hands cut off. He was the first monarch of Serbia who assumed the title Tsar, and his reign seems to have extended from 1336 to 1358. The Protopope Nedélko owed his authority to the fact that he had performed the last holy offices for the illustrious deceased.

The messengers, according to the poet, behave in a manner disgracefully



indecorous. Not finding the Protopope at home, they proceed to the church where he is celebrating mass, and entering the holy edifice on horseback, playfully touch him with their whips, at the same time telling him that if he would keep his head on his shoulders, he must come without delay to Kússovo. Moved to tears by this outrage, the priest prevails on the intruders to let him finish the office without interruption, and then tells them that although he confessed the late Tsar, he has no knowledge of his intentions with respect to the throne, and refers them to Marko Kralievitch, his pupil, who resides at the neighbouring town, Prilip. Marko alone is furnished with the information which will enable him to settle the debated question, and he has, moreover, this moral qualification, that he fears none but God.

The messengers act on this advice, and proceed to the residence of Marko, who, learning the disastrous state of affairs, resolves to visit the camps, being strengthened in his good resolution by his mother, Euphrosyne.

To understand the relationship of Marko to the claimants it is necessary to go beyond the limits of the Pasma. He was the eldest son of King Voukachin, a vassal of the Servian Tsar, residing at Pritchitina, and exercising authority over his immediate neighbours. Ougliécha and Görko are brethren of this king, all belonging to the race of Merniavtchévitch. The other claimant, Ouroch, is the son of the deceased Stephan, and godson of Marko, and the fact that he is a child, as the poet represents him, is not to be accepted without inquiry.

When Marko, on his horse Charatz, passes through the tents, the expectations of the brothers Merniavtchévitch are successively raised to a high pitch. Voukachin is sure that his son cannot pass him over, and the two uncles are equally sanguine; but Marko, giving no heed to their exhortations, rides straight to the tent of young Ouroch, where for the first time he alights from his steed. The meeting is most affectionate; the

night is passed in pleasant conversation, and on the following morning all the princes go to church. When the office is over, they sit down before the doors of the church, eat sugar and drink rakia, till Marko, consulting the ancient records, addresses them all and declares that the vacant throne belongs to Ouroch by right of inheritance.

This unexpected decision is so little to the taste of King Voukachin, that, springing on his feet, he draws out his dagger with the intent of stabbing his son Marko. Thinking that it would be impious to fight with his own father, Marko escapes him by running round the church, and is just on the point of being overtaken, when a voice from within bids him take refuge within the sanctuary, and the doors fly open, to close upon him as soon as he has entered. The king strikes the wood with his dagger and blood begins to flow.

"Woe to me!" exclaims the king repentant,  
"Ruthless, I have slain my first-born,  
Marko."

But a voice responded from the temple:  
"Voukachin, it is not thy son Marko,  
But a heavenly angel thou hast piercéd."  
Then the king was anger'd more than ever,  
And pour'd forth his heavy imprecations:  
"Marko, hateful son, may Heav'n destroy  
thee!"

Mayst thou have no sepulchre, no offspring,  
Mayst thou serve the Turk before thou  
diest."

While the king thus curs'd, the young Tsar  
bless'd him:

"Marko, sponsor mine, God ever aid thee!  
May thy face shine brightly in the council!  
May thy sword cut sharply in the battle!  
May the bravest ne'er prevail against thee!  
May thy name remain for ever glorious,  
While there is a sun or moon in heaven!"

The blessing and the curse were in  
the course of time both duly answered.

The prowess of Marko is displayed in his conflict with a Vila, one of those preternatural beings, the mention of whom will recall to the old *habitues* of Her Majesty's Theatre the day when M. Theophile Gautier first made Western Europe acquainted with "Wilis," of whom the most finished representative was Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi. A belief in Vilas has existed among the Servian people almost, if not

quite, to the present, but their attributes are somewhat vague. They appear, it would seem, in the semblance of young girls clad in white, and with long hair floating about their shoulders. They are generally to be found near the waters, in secluded spots, and they have a reputation for proficiency in medicine, that is to say, the skilful application of simples. Here we do not see the Vila in a very favourable light. Marko and his bosom friend the Vaivode Miloch are riding across the mountains of Mirotsch, and the former growing sleepy, requests the latter to cheer the journey with a song, but the favour is refused on the ground that Miloch has just been drinking freely with the Vila Raviola, who has threatened to kill him with her arrows if she were to hear him sing.

Induced to sing by the persuasions of Marko, who promises to protect him with his golden mace, Miloch ultimately pours forth an heroic lay, which so greatly delights his friend that he pays him the dubious compliment of dropping asleep in his saddle, whereby he gives the watchful Vila an opportunity of stopping the song, by sending one arrow into the throat, another into the heart of the songster, who dies calling upon him. Roused by the shrieks of Miloch, Marko kisses his steed Charatz, saying :—

“Woe, Charatz, my constant right wing !  
Reach the Vila Raviola,  
And thy shoes shall be of silver,  
Ay, of silver and of gold ;  
And of silk shall be thy housings,  
Deck’d with golden pendants too ;  
In thy mane shall gold be twisted  
With an ample store of pearls.  
Shouldst thou chance to miss the Vila,  
I will pluck out both thine eyes,  
I will break thy legs beneath thee,  
Leave thee here in anguish crawling,  
As, without his friend, does Marko.”

The Vila is overtaken at the top of the mountain, and tries to save herself by flying towards the clouds, but Marko brings her down with a smart blow administered between the shoulders, and then thrashes her with his mace, threatening to kill her if she does not restore his friend. She obeys the command,

cures the Miroch with herbs culled on the spot, so effectually, that he returns to life with a stouter heart and better voice than ever, and she warns her comrades that, so long as they hear of Marko Kralievitch, his horse Charatz, and his golden club, they will wisely abstain from shooting their arrows at the warriors of the mountain.

The subject of the following pretty little Pesma, which places Marko in a very favourable light, might have been suggested by Æsop :—

Sick upon the road is Marko lying,  
Near his head he plants his lance, and to it  
Fastens Charatz, then he sadly murmurs :  
“He who brings to me a draught of water,  
He who lets a little shade fall on me,  
For his soul will find a place in Heaven.”  
To him from above descends a falcon,  
Bearing in his claw a cup of water,  
Spreading out his wings to make a shadow.  
“How is this,” says Marko, “kindly falcon ?  
Tell me, when did I a favour show thee,  
That thou comest thus with shade and  
water ?”

“Dost thou not remember,” says the falcon,  
When we fought together at Kússovo,  
And the Turks upon us rush’d with fury,  
How they captur’d me and cut my wings ?  
Thou didst pick me up, my gentle Marko,  
That the Turkish horses might not crush me,  
Then thou fedst me with the flesh of heroes,  
And thou gavest strength with crimson blood :  
That’s the favour thou hast shown me,  
Marko.”

In due course Marko took unto himself a wife, and his nuptials form the subject of a Pesma. One evening, when his mother and he are at supper, the good old lady informs him that she is too feeble to wait on him any longer, and that he had better look out for a younger substitute. Marko tells her that he has thought over the matter already, but that where he had found an eligible wife, there were no suitable friends, and that where there had been friends, there was no damsel whom he could have taken for a wife, save the daughter of the Bulgarian king, Chichman (Sigismund), whom he had seen at her father’s court drawing water from a cistern, and the sight of whom so affected him that all the grass seemed to shake. His mother has only to prepare the cakes requisite on such



occasions, and he will "propose" without delay. The cakes are made at once, and on the following morning, at daybreak, Marko is on his way to the white palace of King Chichman, mounted on his steed, and armed not only with his mace, but with a lordly skin of wine. He is received with munificence, his horse is stalled in the cellars beneath the palace, he is conducted into the white building by the king himself, who has watched his approach, and they both sit at a table, where they regale themselves with black wine. This ceremony over, Marko gallantly rises, makes a low bow, and asks the king for the hand of his daughter—a request which is at once accorded. Leaving behind him a sum of money for the purchase of nuptial gifts, he then returns to Prilip, the town in Albania where he resides, asking for a month's time to bring together a sufficient number of wedding guests. He is warned, however, by his bride's mother not to bring with him as "best man"—or, as the good lady classically puts it, "paranymp"—a stranger to the family, but rather some brother or cousin, as in the other case the extreme beauty of the bride might possibly occasion a scandal.

At the dawn of the following day Marko sets off for his residence, which he reaches in a time short enough to prove either that Prilip was by no means distant from King Chichman's palace or that the speed of Charatz was enormous. His mother, who comes forward to meet him, at once solves the difficulty about the wedding-guests, by directing him to invite the Doge of Venice, with a party of five hundred, and also his friend, Stephan Zemlitch, who is to come similarly attended, and to act as paranymp.

The ceremony is duly performed at the court of King Chichman, costly gifts are bestowed, the guests leave Bulgaria, and the paranymp, in compliance with a custom still revered, is entrusted with the care of the bride, who is not to be consigned to Marko till they have reached Prilip on a horse

upon which she is seated, and which he is to keep as a present for himself. Venice, it may be observed, was by no means strange to the Servian of an early date, a connection being maintained by its relations with Montenegro and Dalmatia.

Troubles arise on the road. As they are crossing the plain of Bulgaria, a breeze displaces the bride's veil, and the doge, at once smitten with her charms, offers Zemlitch a huge bribe if he will entrust her to his care. At the first station the paranymp remains true to his trust, but at the next his fidelity gives way to an increased bribe, and the doge leads the lady to his tent. She stoutly resists his advances, declaring that her mother has forbidden her to love a man who wears a beard, and has not a bare chin, like Marko; but the objection has no other effect than to induce the doge to send for two able barbers, by one of whom he is washed, by the other shaved. The lady, taking up the beard, folds it in her handkerchief, and contrives to escape to Marko's tent, which is set up in the midst of the others. Wakened by the visit, and perceiving the weeping girl at his side, Marko reproaches her with the infamy of her conduct; but when he has heard her account of what has transpired, and has seen the beard, he bids her be seated, and promising that he will see what can be done in the morning, falls once more asleep. He keeps his word; scarcely has the sun risen than he confronts the transgressors, strikes off the head of the doge, and cleaves the paranymp in twain. Matters being thus settled, the wedding-party proceeds to Prilip.

In accordance with his father's curse, Marko, during the latter part of his life, serves under the Turks, without forsaking his religion; but he never seems to have been on friendly terms with his new masters. One of the Pemas relates to a hunting expedition of the Vizier, who, accompanied by thirteen attendants, one of whom is Marko, has passed three whole days without any sport, and at last finds himself on the banks of a lake, where ducks with

golden wings are floating in abundance. At one of these he lets loose a falcon, but the expected quarry darts up into the sky, while the falcon quietly settles on a fir-tree. Marko's request that he may take his turn is readily granted, and his falcon, pursuing the escaped duck, captures it, and brings it down to the fir-tree, thereby arousing the fury of the Vizier's falcon, who attempts to snatch away the booty, but is torn to pieces in the contest that ensues. The Vizier, in a violent rage, dashes the victorious bird against the trunk of the tree, thus breaking its right wing.

It is very hard, my falcon,  
For thy master and thyself,  
To go hunting with the Turks,  
When no Servian is among them,  
And to suffer their misdeeds.

So says Marko when he has bandaged the bird's wing, and without more ado he leaps upon the back of Charatz, and riding at a furious pace, reaches the Vizier and the rest of his followers, who have gone before. Without further reflection he strikes off the Vizier's head with his sabre, and of the twelve attendants makes, as the poet says, twenty-four; but he then bethinks himself whether he had better go home to Prilip, or return to Adrianople, and state his own case, so as not to be anticipated by the Turks. He decides on the latter course, and enters the divan so wild with fury, that the sovereign Tsar can only conjecture that he is in want of cash. Marko tells him what has happened.

Then how loudly laughs the Sultan !  
And he says, " My good son Marko,  
If thou otherwise hadst acted,  
I should call thee son no more.  
Any Turk can be a vizier,  
But we cannot match a Marko."  
Then he feels his silken pocket  
And brings forth a thousand ducats,  
Which at once he gives to Marko :  
" Get some wine with these, my son."  
Marko takes the thousand ducats,  
And he strides from the divan.  
But it was not to buy wine  
That the Sultan gave those ducats ;  
'Twas to hasten his departure,  
For most fearful was his wrath.

Under the influence of wine and  
of a bad temper consequent on im-

moderate potations, Marko could indeed be a very formidable person to either foe or friend, and a Pesma, which treats of the manner in which he punished a disdainful lady, shows that an ideal Servian could on occasion be almost as bad as a popular Bulgarian brigand. The lady in question, whose name was Roçanda, was not only more beautiful than any one on the face of the earth, but she surpassed even the Vila of the mountains. When her years numbered fifteen, the fame of her charms spreading far and wide, reached the ears of Marko at Prilip, who thought that he would take her for a wife—let us assume that the daughter of the Bulgarian King Chichman was dead—and was moreover of opinion that he would find a worthy comrade in her brother, Captain Léka of Prizren. He therefore put on his best clothes, and to prepare himself for the wooing, swallowed a pailful of wine, and administered as much to his horse, whereby they were both of a bright crimson hue when they set out on the expedition. On his road he called on his friend Miloch, whom he requested to be his companion, adding that Relia, another friend, was to be invited to join the party and take his chance. Miloch likewise put on his best clothes, Relia was taken up in due course, and all three proceeded to Prizren, situated at the foot of the mountain of Chara. Captain Léka was at first somewhat frightened, but when he perceived that the strangers came in a friendly spirit, he gave them a hearty welcome. It was not till after the conclusion of a feast that lasted an entire week that Marko explained the object of his visit. He and his companions had heard of the charms of Roçanda, and had come to ask her brother to bestow her upon whichever of the three he preferred, on the understanding that the two not chosen should act as paranympas, and that all should remain excellent friends. Léka was by no means pleased by this proposal, but dryly remarked that his sister was a very haughty girl, over whom he had no influence, that she had already refused seventy-four suitors, and



that he feared to accept a betrothal ring in her name lest another refusal should be the result.

Marko, then laughing aloud and playfully remarking that if the lady were at Prilip, and refused to obey his orders, he would cut off her hands or tear out her eyes, suggested that as Léka was so terribly afraid of his sister, he should call her down, and let her choose for herself. Roçanda was invited to come down accordingly, and when she made her appearance, so dazzling was her beauty, and so splendid was her attire, that the three friends were awe-stricken, and looked bashfully on the ground. Finding that not one of them was capable of speaking for himself, the brother made her acquainted with the proposal, putting in a good word for all three. Roçanda manifested her noted pride by the rudeness of her answer. Marko, she said, was a mere hanger-on of the Turks, who would never have a prayer uttered over his grave; Miloch owed his high stature to the fact that he had been suckled by a mare, and Relia was an illegitimate foundling, who had been nurtured by a gypsy. Having added that she refused them all, she bounced out of the room.

Marko was first cured of his bashfulness, and his first impulse was to draw his sabre. He would have stricken off Léka's head, had not Miloch, who was of a cooler temperament, restrained him, sagely observing that it was wrong to kill a man who had treated them all with such magnificent hospitality, because his sister happened to be a vixen. Marko, convinced, left his sabre with his friend, and rushed out to the lower part of the house, where, finding Roçanda surrounded by her women, he asked her to come forward to him alone, and show him her face, which on account of the troubled state of his mind he had not yet properly seen. She fell into the trap, and no sooner had her women retired, in obedience to her command, than Marko, drawing a dagger from his belt, cut off her right arm from the shoulder, and then placed it in her left hand, tore out her eyes, which he wrapped in a silk handkerchief and

placed in her bosom, and bade her now take her choice between the renegade Marko, the foal Miloch, and the foundling Relia. The poor girl uttered a piercing shriek, and called on her brother for assistance, but Léka, who never makes a very brilliant figure, remained silent, fearing that he might himself be killed, and the three friends took their departure.

We have above a very bad case against our hero. The following *Pesma* furnishes us with another ugly story, but the deep contrition that follows the crime raises the criminal above the level of mere brutality :—

Marko's mother one day asked him,  
 "Why buildest thou so many churches?  
 Have thy sins been so enormous?  
 Art thou wealthy without trouble?"  
 "Dear old mother," answered Marko,  
 I was in the Moorish country,  
 There rose early in the morning,  
 To the fountain took Charatz.  
 But a dozen Moors I found there,  
 Who attempted to repel me.  
 Thence arose a deadly contest,  
 For I lifted up my mace,  
 Smiting Arab after Arab,  
 Till but six of them remained.  
 These bound fast my hands behind me,  
 And before their king they brought me,  
 Who consign'd me to a dungeon,  
 Where for sev'n long years I languish'd.  
 There the winter from the summer.  
 I could only thus distinguish,  
 That in one the girls threw snowballs  
 In the other sprigs of laurel,  
 Which would sometimes fall on me.  
 When the eighth year came, no longer  
 Was I troubled by my prison.  
 I was vexed by the king's daughter  
 Who came ev'ry morn and evening  
 To the opening in my dungeon,  
 Saying, 'Do not perish, Marko,  
 As a prisoner, rather promise  
 Thou wilt take me for thy wife,  
 From thy dungeon I will free thee,  
 And will also free Charatz,  
 And a store of golden ducats,  
 Ay, as large thou couldst wish for,  
 I will bring with me, poor Marko.'  
 In this despr'ate case, my mother,  
 From my head I took my cap,  
 And I placed it on my knees,  
 And thus solemnly addressed it:  
 'By my faith, I'll ne'er desert thee,  
 By my faith, I'll never leave thee'  
 Though the sun should prove un-  
 Shining on the earth no  
 To my vow I shall be true  
 "And the foolish Moors, I am  
 Thought the vow I  
 To her.

So one evening, just at nightfall,  
 She released me from my dungeon.  
 And she brought to me Charatz,  
 And a courser for herself,  
 And two wallets fill'd with ducats,  
 And a sabre, and we started,  
 Riding through the Moorish land.  
 In the morn as day was breaking,  
 I was sitting down to rest me,  
 When the Moorish girl embraced me,  
 Flinging her black arms about me ;  
 Seeing that black face, my mother,  
 And the pearl-white teeth, I shuddered.  
 From my sheath I drew my sabre,  
 And I smote her on the girdle,  
 Cleaving thus in twain her body :  
 And I leap'd upon Charatz,  
 While her head was speaking yet,  
 ' Brother, in the sight of Heaven,  
 Dearest Marko, do not leave me.'  
 Now you understand, my mother,  
 How I sinn'd against high Heaven—  
 Why, the wealth that I have gain'd  
 I expend on pious uses."

This is the situation of Inkle and  
 Yarico raised to the highest pitch of  
 horror.

The Pesma recording the death of the  
 hero is worth giving at length :—

Marko Kralievitch one Sunday  
 Started early in the morning,  
 And before the sun had risen  
 Reach'd the foot of Mount Ourvina.  
 But his horse, as he ascended,  
 Stumbled under him and wept,  
 Whereat he was sadly troubled.  
 "What means this, my faithful Charatz ?  
 Fifty years we have been comrades,  
 But ere now thou ne'er hast stumbled ;  
 Now thou weep'st and stumblest too.  
 Heav'n of coming evil warns us ;  
 O'er some head is woe impending,  
 Be it mine or be it thine."

Thus spake Marko, when the Vila  
 From the centre of the mountain  
 Cried : "My brother, art thou asking  
 Why the horse beneath thee stumbles ?  
 For his master he is grieving  
 That you shortly will be parted."  
 Marco to the Vila answered :  
 "Would thy tongue were mute, fair Vila ;  
 What can part me from my Charatz,  
 On whose back the world I've travers'd ;  
 Whom from east to west I've taken ?  
 Never liv'd a better courser,  
 And I never yet was vanquish'd.  
 While my head is on my shoulders  
 Naught shall part me from my Charatz !"  
 "None will take him from thee, brother :"  
 Thus replied the pallid Vila.  
 "For thyself, thou wilt not perish  
 By the warrior's club or sabre ;  
 Thou need'st fear no earthly foe ;  
 But the hand will soon destroy thee  
 Of the Lord, who sees so many :  
 If my body be believ'st not,

When thou'rt on the mountain's summit  
 Look around on ev'ry side :  
 Thou wilt see two lofty fir-trees  
 Overtopping all the forest,  
 Which they with their leaves adorn.  
 Just between them flows a fountain,  
 There dismount, and fastening Charatz  
 To a tree, approach the fountain ;  
 Thou wilt see thy face reflected,  
 Thou wilt see the mark of death."

In the description of Marko's com-  
 pliance with this order the words of  
 the Vila are repeated in true Homeric  
 fashion :—

When he saw his face reflected,  
 Then he knew when he would die,  
 And he said, while sadly weeping :  
 "World, fair flow'r, thou art deceitful,  
 For a little while I've known thee—  
 Only for three hundred years ;  
 And 'tis time to quit thee now."  
 From his girth he drew his sabre  
 And struck off the head of Charatz,  
 That the Turks might never take him,  
 And on toilsome work employ him.  
 Then he broke in four his sceptre,  
 That the Turks might never carry  
 Any relic of great Marko ;  
 And that Christians ne'er might curse it.  
 Then his lance he broke in seven,  
 And he flung it on the branches.  
 Lastly, with his strong right hand  
 He took up his mace and flung it  
 From the top of the Ourvina,  
 And it sank into the waters  
 Gray and deep, as thus he said :  
 "When that mace its bed has quitted  
 Will earth's youngest child be born."

With his arms when he had parted,  
 From his belt he drew a paper  
 On which nothing yet was written,  
 And he wrote these words upon it :  
 "Thou who, crossing the Ourvina,  
 See'st the fountain near the fir-trees,  
 And there find'st the valiant Marko,  
 Know that Marko now is dead.  
 Ample treasure is upon him,  
 Ducats all of yellow gold.  
 Now of these a third I give thee  
 If my body thou wilt bury ;  
 Let a third adorn the churches ;  
 Give the maimed and blind the rest.  
 On the earth the blind should wander,  
 Singing to the praise of Marko."  
 When the letter thus was finished  
 On a branch above he laid it,  
 Cast his ink-horn to the fountain,  
 Then took off his garb of green,  
 And beneath the fir-tree spread it ;  
 Crossed himself while seated on it,  
 Pressed his cap upon his brow,  
 Lay, and slept to wake no more.  
 By the fount lay Marko sleeping  
 Till a week had flow'd away.  
 Those who near him passed and saw him  
 Thought he slept, and did not venture



To approach lest he should wake.  
 Good will follow evil fortune,  
 And it was good fortune brought  
 Vaso, the Hegumen, thither,  
 From the church of Vilindar,  
 Built upon the Holy Mountain,  
 With his deacon, Isafa.  
 When he set his eyes on Marko,  
 To the deacon straight he showed him.  
 "Look," said he, "my son; step lightly;  
 Taking heed thou dost not wake him.  
 Marko, when disturbed while sleeping  
 Waxes wroth, and e'en might kill us."  
 Then the monk perceiv'd the letter,  
 And he took it and he read it,  
 And he learn'd the death of Marko.  
 So he lighted from his horse,  
 And he touched the valiant hero,  
 Who for days had ceas'd to breathe.  
 Bitter tears shed the Hegumen,  
 For he much regretted Marko;  
 And the belt, with ducats heavy,  
 Took and fasten'd round his waist.  
 Then he earnestly reflected  
 How 'twas best to bury Marko.  
 On his horse he plac'd the body,  
 Which was carried to the beach;  
 Took it with him in a boat,  
 Bore it to the Holy Mountain,  
 To the church of Vilindar.  
 Pray'rs he read then over Marko,  
 Then to earth consign'd his body,  
 In the precincts of the church.  
 But no monument he rais'd there,  
 Lest the foes the spot might visit,  
 And wreak vengeance on dead Marko.

Though it would seem difficult to find a real chronological position for a gentleman whose mortal career has comprised 300 years, there is enough to show that the thoroughly orthodox and occasionally drunken Marko is not a purely mythical personage. His veritable history, reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, appears to be something like this:—He was the son of King Voukachin—a dignity indicated by "Kralievitch" (the word "kral" signifying king)—and vassal successively of the Servian Tsars Stephan Dushan and Ouroch, whose inheritance of his father's throne is the subject of the first *Pesma* cited above. Ouroch died by the hand of Voukachin, who himself perished in 1371, in a battle against the Turks. Marko, according to evidence recently made known, enjoyed the royal dignity

for some years, but after a while was stripped of his inheritance, and became a vassal of the Sultan Murad I. From that time he took a part in all the expeditions of the Turks, and in 1392 was killed in a battle with the Wallachians.

Of this battle, the result of which is completely at variance with the last-cited *Pesma*, according to which Marko, after a series of years which anybody but himself would consider long, at any rate dies a natural death, several traditions are in existence which have been collected by M. Vouk. Some tell us that he was killed by a golden arrow, shot into his mouth; others that he and his horse strayed into a *marsh*, where they perished, and in favour of this view there is a church in ruins, which is said to have been built over his tomb. But most noteworthy is a story, according to which he does not die at all, and which therefore assimilates him to our Arthur and other heroes of Western Europe. In the course of the battle, Marko has killed so many that men and beasts are alike floating in blood, and is so greatly shocked at his own prowess, that he raises his hands to heaven, and asks what is to become of him. The Deity, in compassion, transports both him and his horse to a cavern, where they are both yet living. Marko, after thrusting his sabre into a stone, has gone to sleep, and Charatz, who stands near him, is eating moss. When the sword has gradually risen from the stone, and the horse has consumed all the moss, they will reappear in the world.

As an additional proof of the lasting impression which Marko has left upon his countrymen, M. Dozon refers to the statement of a Servian, who told him that at Prilip, the ancient residence of the hero, in Albania, it was firmly believed by the people that every year, on the festival of St. George, the gates of a certain church close spontaneously, and that Marko, entering on horseback, there celebrates the occasion, of course by drinking.

JOHN OXENFORD.

<sup>1</sup> A hegumen (ἡγούμενος) is the superior of a Greek monastery. The Holy Mountain is Mount Athos.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION: MORE PRACTICAL AIMS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF LIBERAL POLICY.

SIR,—In your November number you publish a paper on "National Education," which was read by the Rev. H. W. Crosskey before the Liberal Social Union, guarding yourself by a note against agreement with the opinions of the writer, and inviting a free and thorough discussion of the subject as one of national interest and importance. Will you allow me to answer that invitation by contributing my mite towards this discussion in the shape of comment on Mr. Crosskey's essay?

Let me first declare my cordial agreement with him as to the grave and pressing need of a thoroughly national and liberal system of education in the England of to-day. I share to the full his anxieties as to the condition of our country, founded on the facts that so vast a proportion of our people are practically "outside of its religious organisations," that our capitalists and workmen are dealing with each other as distinct orders of men, that there is a deep (though I believe not an increasing) moral corruption, festering under our luxurious and enervating civilisation. My only hopes for the future, like his, are based on "the possibility of bestowing a generous breadth upon our nation's culture, and of uniting with a generous breadth of culture that healthful religious life which spiritual freedom can alone sustain." While differing, therefore, very widely and sharply from his views, I desire to express my sincere respect for his character, and for the energy and devotion with which he is working for the great cause in which I trust we may be considered fellow-labourers.

I wish also to acknowledge that Mr. Crosskey comes to the discussion of the subject with advantages of position to which I can lay no claim. He is an active leader, and the representative of

a very able and energetic organisation, and speaks with all the weight which that representative character carries with it. I, too, was an original, or at any rate an early member of the Educational League, and remained so for some months, attending regularly meetings at which the policy to be pursued in Parliament with reference to the Education Bill was discussed. I left the League because it seemed to me that, notwithstanding the earnestness, ability, and clearness of view and purpose of some of its members, there was a spirit of intolerance and narrowness about it, a refusal to look facts fairly in the face, with the single view of doing the best for the nation, and a want of cohesion and agreement amongst its members, which made it unlikely that good could come of its action. Having left the League, I have joined no other organisation; and, therefore, am entitled to speak for no one but myself. At the same time I think I may safely say that I only share the views I hold with a great majority of the laymen who really care for the education of the people of England. Upon this point, as well as upon the working of the Education Acts, and the progress of the movement in other than elementary schools, which must be taken into account in considering Mr. Crosskey's arguments, I have, at any rate, had ample means of judging. For ever since I came to London, more than a quarter of a century ago, I have been intimately connected with schools of different kinds. For years I taught regularly in a Sunday school, and two night schools, of one of which I was also a manager. I have been on the council of the Regent's Park Boys' Home, a very successful industrial school, ever since it was established. I was one of the founders, and am still President of the Working Men's



College, and have been also for eight years on the council of one of our largest public schools. I merely mention these facts to show that I am not a mere theorist, but have had probably as large an experience as Mr. Crosskey in practical educational work. That experience has led me to very different conclusions from those at which he has arrived.

Before turning to these, however, I must express my regret that Mr. Crosskey should have allowed himself again to attack Mr. Forster, as one who "consciously and deliberately reversed the policy of his party." No doubt this is an improvement upon the bitter accusations of treachery which were heaped upon him by anonymous writers and angry speakers in 1872-3, at the time of the Manchester conference and the Bradford vote of censure. But it is a very serious imputation, and being absolutely without foundation—if for no other reason than that his party had no policy to reverse, and that even the section of them represented by the League did not know their own minds—can only do mischief by importing personal feeling into the discussion, and lessening the chance his arguments have of obtaining a calm hearing from any audience except his own followers. But I cannot pass on without bearing my testimony to the temper, the firmness, the sagacity, and above all the perfect loyalty, with which the Bill of 1870 was fought through the House from beginning to end. No more arduous work was done in Parliament by any minister during the eventful nine years of my experience, and the result has triumphantly proved that the country rightly appreciates the work, and the man who did it. Mr. Crosskey will advance his cause better by leaving this part of his task to the rank and file.

There is one change in the policy of the Birmingham League since the days of 1870 which makes it far more easy to deal with. Then it was always shifting, and eluding your grasp. At one meeting of the Council it would be

settled—in answer to urgent and plaintive appeals from friends of education, wishing to make up their minds into which scale to throw their weight—that the word "unsectarian" in the League sense was not to exclude reading the Bible, and explanations such as are given in the British Schools, and opening and closing with prayer and hymns in the usual school hours. Next day down would come Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Professor Fawcett, or some other of the few who did know their own minds thoroughly, and upset the coach. Then for some days the League policy would be thorough, and "unsectarian" was to mean the absolute exclusion from the schools, as state schools, of all teaching of, or reference to, religion, all that being left wholly to voluntary efforts—in short, Mr. Crosskey's present platform. And so the policy swayed backwards and forwards, and one flag or the other was run up as the exigencies of the moment seemed to require.

Now all this is at an end, and the atmosphere is no longer clouded. No man who knows his own mind can hesitate now on which side to range himself. Mr. Crosskey's trumpet gives no uncertain sound, and the policy he and his friends advocate is "thorough" to the backbone. The issue round which the strife has mainly raged hitherto loses its importance, and is no longer the key of the position. If it were decided to-morrow that every school which accepts public money in any shape, whether from the consolidated fund or from the rates, should be under the control of managers elected by the ratepayers, we should be no nearer a truce. Such a concession would no longer satisfy Mr. Crosskey and his friends. Their demand now is that school boards shall not be left in full control of the education to be given in their schools, but shall be strictly limited by Act of Parliament to the control of Secular Education. Now this demand must assume the failure of the national system established by the Act of 1870, and that is Mr. Crosskey's contention. He says plainly that it

has failed ; that the present system is only national in name, and has demonstratedly and hopelessly broken down as a settlement ; and he calls on us all to start afresh, and join him and his friends in establishing a new one, in strict accord with the principles of the "Birmingham School Board," and its offspring "The Religious Education Society."

Well, I have nothing to say against his proposal of beginning the dreary but most necessary work all over again, if he can convince me of the truth of his premises. A true national system, working in harmony with the other institutions of the country, and fairly expressing the will of the nation, let us have by all means, and at whatever cost. But before throwing the system we have got at work under the act of 1870 into the cauldron again, let us first satisfy ourselves, as prudent men, that it is a failure ; for the task of reconstruction from the foundations is too serious to be undertaken except at our sorest need. The materials for forming a judgment on this point are fortunately at hand, in the shape of the returns published by the Government, and which I presume Mr. Crosskey and his friends will accept as correct.

Taking, then, the first and broadest test of the system, the increase in the number of children in the elementary schools of the country, what do we find ? At the date of the passing of the Act of 1870, the average attendance of children at these schools was as follows : at the national (or Church of England) schools 844,334 ; at the British, Wesleyan, and other Nonconformist schools, 241,989 ; at Roman Catholic schools, 66,066 ; giving a total of 1,152,389 children under regular instruction when the present national system came into operation. The last returns for 1875-6 give the following corresponding results : The average attendance in that year was, at the national schools, 1,175,989 ; at the British and other schools, 328,180 ; at the Roman Catholic schools, 106,426 ; giving a total of 1,610,595. But in addition we have an entirely new set of

schools coming into the returns—the board schools, at which the average attendance amounted in the past year to 227,285. Including these we get a total of 1,837,180 as against 1,152,389, or in other words an increase of 684,791 children under regular instruction at the end of five years. Against this must be placed a slight falling off of less than 25,000 in the number of children attending night schools in 1875-6 as compared with 1870 ; but those who know what the old night schools were, will neither wonder at nor regret this diminution, which only means that the teaching has been systematized, and a number of ragged children absorbed in the day schools. At the outset, then, we have an increase of upwards of 50 per cent as the result of our abused national system. Much yet remains to be done, but moderate men will not despise this as an instalment for the first five years' work.

But an increase of attendance may possibly be purchased too dearly, either by lowering the standards of the education given, or by excessive and unprofitable expenditure. How stands the case, then, on these points ? With respect to the first, I suppose it is unnecessary to say much. Here, again, we must all lament that the instruction at our elementary schools is not higher than it is ; but no one, I take it, will maintain that it is not better than it was in 1870. Passing on, then, to the cost of education, we find that the nation contributed as follows to the schools in 1870 :—To the national schools, 385,839*l.* ; to the British and other schools, 110,535*l.* ; to the Roman Catholic schools, 31,665*l.* ; and that these figures have risen in the past year to 683,217*l.* to the national ; 195,787*l.* to the British and other schools ; and 62,282*l.* to the Roman Catholic schools. To these must be added the 230,682*l.* raised by rates, and 79,254*l.* paid out of the Government grant to the new board schools. A heavy increase this, no doubt, but one which the nation does not grudge, because it is convinced that it has got full value for the outlay. If proof



of this were needed, it has been forthcoming in the recent school-board elections in the metropolis, to which I shall have to refer for other purposes, but which I may here rely upon as a national verdict, so far as cost is concerned, in favour of the Act of 1870, and of doing the work which we have set ourselves by that Act thoroughly, and in no stinting spirit.

If we analyze this increase of expenditure, we shall, I think, find cause for the nation's contentment under the additional burthen. It falls under two heads, first the charge of 230,682*l.* on the rates, for the support of the board schools, and secondly, the total sum of 492,511*l.*, the difference between the amount of the Government grant to all (including board) schools in 1870 and 1876. And here we may note that the increase is in large part owing to the addition which was made in the scale of payments for average attendance, and on the results of examination, by the Education Act of 1870. Under the old system a child might earn 4*s.* for attendance and 8*s.* by examination, which rates were then raised to 6*s.* for attendance and 12*s.* for examination, with a proviso that the maximum earnings of each child should not exceed 15*s.* By the Act of 1876 this rate of payment has been again raised to 17*s.* 6*d.*, while even that sum has not been fixed as a maximum; a proof at any rate that the nation is not in the humour to stint any expenditure which may be required for the great work it has taken in hand.

So far I have no reason to suppose that Mr. Crosskey and I differ. He would be as ready as I to insist that whatever expenditure is necessary for efficiency in our schools should be forthcoming. Indeed he is bound to approve of the higher scale, for it is quite clear now that if, as he desires, the school-board system shall become universal, the country must be prepared in one way or another to provide increased funds. For while the average rate of yearly cost for each scholar attending a National School is 1*l.* 11*s.* 6½*d.*, a British school 1*l.* 11*s.* 6½*d.*, and a Roman

Catholic school 1*l.* 8*s.* 3¾*d.*; it has risen in the case of board schools to 1*l.* 17*s.* 2¾*d.* The obvious meaning of this is, that in board schools, at present at any rate, a large share in supervision and management must be handed over to paid officers, which is undertaken by unpaid persons in voluntary schools. And it is precisely here that the nation has reason to feel that its increase of expenditure has been wisely made, and has aroused instead of abating the zeal for education throughout the country. For the forebodings of those who, with much appearance of reason, opposed the increased grant, on the ground that it would enable the managers of voluntary schools to pay their whole expenses out of public money, have been signally disproved, as the following facts seem to prove clearly enough.

Mr. Hibbert's effort to introduce into the Act a clause making it compulsory on the managers to provide one-sixth of the total expenses of their schools by voluntary contributions was rejected by the House, not without considerable diffidence on the part of many of the best friends of education. But what has been the result to the nation? Had his clause been accepted, it may be fairly assumed that no more than the proportion fixed by the Act, or one-sixth, would have been forthcoming in aid of rates. As it is, the voluntary contributions amount to not far short of one-third of the total outlay, being in 1875-6, in national schools, 528,484*l.*, or 28 per cent; in British and other schools, 100,283*l.*, or 19 per cent; and in Roman Catholic schools, 44,437*l.*, or 29 per cent. No inconsiderable contribution this towards a national object, and a contribution which the nation has gained by its wise liberality. On the other hand, we have the means of forming a judgment as to what aid of a similar kind would be forthcoming if the board-school system were made universal and compulsory, for the amount of voluntary contributions to board schools for the same year was 2,362*l.*, or 2 per cent on the total outlay. I am far from saying that this question

of expense ought to hinder us from making the school-board system universal, if it should prove to be most in accord with the character and temper of our people, and therefore the best adapted for the work we have to do. In one respect I much prefer it to the voluntary system. England is the paradise of shirks, as every one knows who has ever engaged in public work which brings neither pecuniary profit nor public notoriety. For one man who will aid, either in person or purse, 100 will stand aside altogether; so I always rejoice when such persons can be caught by a rate, and made to take up at least that minute portion of their proper share in the national burthens. But we have to note that getting rid of voluntary contributions would involve getting

rid also of the voluntary contributors, who form the great bulk of persons most interested in education, and most competent to direct it, lay and clerical, all over the country—a very different, and, in my judgment, a disastrous, kind of business, and one not only entirely opposed to the principle of the Education Act, but to all the traditions and methods of our English people.

I will not dwell further here on the details of the comparative expenditure and results at the two periods, which are best given in tables,<sup>1</sup> where they can be mastered at a glance; but enough has been stated to show that the “nominally” national system, as Mr. Crosskey calls it, which was established by the Act of 1870, has not failed in these two important particulars, but has

<sup>1</sup> INCOME AND ATTENDANCE AT ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

	INCOME.					V. Cost per child on average of attendance.
	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	
	Voluntary Contributions.	School Pence.	Government Grant.	Endowments and other sources.	Cost per child on average of attendance.	
1870-1.	£	£	£	£	£ s. d.	
Church . . . . .	329,846	351,925	385,839	63,121		
British, Wesleyan, &c. . . . .	66,606	132,528	110,535	10,773		
Roman Catholic . . . . .	22,387	17,567	31,665	2,616		
1875-6.						
Church . . . . .	528,484	573,784	683,217	105,987	1 11 6½	
British, Wesleyan, and Others . . . . .	100,283	220,690	195,737	18,864	1 11 6½	
Roman Catholic . . . . .	44,437	42,228	62,282	5,278	1 8 3½	
Board Schools . { Voluntary . . . . .	2,362	96,964	79,854	3,580	1 17 2½	
Rates . . . . .	230,632					

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.				
	1875-6.		1870-1.	
	Day.	Night.	Day.	Night.
Church of England . . . . .	1,175,289	28,499	844,334	53,185
British, Wesleyan, &c. . . . .	328,180	12,914	241,989	11,370
Roman Catholic . . . . .	106,426	2,873	66,066	9,170
Board Schools . . . . .	227,285	4,096	...	...
Totals . . . . .	1,837,180	48,382	1,152,389	73,645



given us as large an increase in the number of children under regular instruction as we had the least right to expect, and has given it us at a national cost which our people think moderate for the work done, and are ready to supplement largely by voluntary payments.

Mr. Crosskey and his friends will, of course, reply that all this may be true; but does not prove that we have a national system in anything but name, for we have not solved the religious question, as we should certainly have come to know that we must do if we had taken any pains to settle the principles upon which the work was to be done before setting our hands to it. If thinking and talking about them could have settled them, settled they most certainly would have been in the last quarter of a century. But I question whether there are any fixed principles in the matter. You may, if you please, call it a principle, that it is the duty of a nation to give its citizens the highest culture at its command; but what that highest culture is, and by what machinery it is to be given, are not questions of principle, but of opinion and expediency. A holds that religion is a necessary part of the highest culture, and Z that it is pure waste of time to attempt to teach it at all; and the rest of the alphabet hold opinions between the two extremes. Well then, if you have to frame a national system for the alphabet, you can't start from A's or Z's opinion (or principle, if you like to call it a principle), but must get hold of some method and machinery, some "working hypothesis," which will do no injustice to A or to Z, though of course it will satisfy neither, but which a majority of the rest of the alphabet are ready to work under.

Now this is precisely what was done by the Act of 1870. The "religious difficulty," far from being shouldered out into the cold, as one would think from Mr. Crosskey's paper, was talked over, and turned over, and threshed over and over again, till all quiet folk, who longed only to get good work done,

were sick to death of the very name of it. At last, after all the threshing, the case stood thus—there were a small number of irreconcilables at each end; but the great majority of the nation, through its representatives, said practically to Mr. Forster, "You must deal with this religious question; but, under any circumstances, you must neither force religious teaching upon children nor put it out of their power to obtain it. Now go and do the best you can for us within those limits."

So Mr. Forster, under the vigilant eye of Parliament, painfully worked out the Act; and I challenge Mr. Crosskey and his friends to point out how, in any particular, the nation's will and instructions could have been more faithfully carried out. I presume they won't contend that he could, in 1870, have *prohibited* the managers of board schools from allowing or undertaking religious teaching in their schools? No Bill would ever have passed a second reading which attempted that. But he did the next thing to it, for he left it optional with the boards whether they would undertake religious teaching or not. And what has been the answer? Why, the boards all through the country have accepted the duty; and with the exception of the Birmingham Board, of which he is a member, there is not one that I can hear of which accepts Mr. Crosskey's "principle." Does this look like a national agreement with him?

How is this fact to be got over—can it be contended for a moment that the electors have been cajoled or coerced? I can see no pretext whatever for saying that the school-board constituencies collectively do not for this purpose fairly represent the nation, and, separately, their particular towns or districts. They have heard both sides of the case argued again and again. Having heard both sides they decide, in almost every case, that they will accept this as part of their duty; and so have undertaken to deal themselves with the religious instruction of the children, by their own officers, in their own way. They

refuse to leave it outside their own control, and their teachers accordingly deal with it.

Their decision as the guardians and overseers of education may be right or wrong. I hold it to be right, because I believe that religion appeals to and disciplines the will, the conscience, and the affections, whereas secular education appeals only to the intellect. Mr. Crosskey and his friends, I presume, hold them to be wrong, because the nation as a nation has nothing to do with men's wills, consciences, affections, but only with their bodies and intellect. Well, that raises the big question, as to what is the meaning of a nation, and what are the proper limits of government action in a free country, which is practically in debate in a dozen different quarters amongst us. The more it is discussed the better, for it goes to the root of national life, and it seems to me that our educational system has this one amongst many true characteristics of a national system, that it gives any one who cares about it the opportunity of raising this constitutional question in whatever part of the country he may live. It would have been quite premature to attempt to settle it by the Education Act, and it was in accordance with our best traditions to leave each locality to settle it for themselves, so far as education is concerned. It is strange to me to find so good a radical as Mr. Crosskey going so palpably and so bitterly against local self government. He is, indeed, for making such local government compulsory everywhere, but yet he will not trust it fully. If a school board thinks it best to deal with this matter in a certain way he would step in and stop them. That they have power, if they please, to deal with it in *his* way is proved by the fact that his own board at Birmingham have so dealt with it under the Acts as they stand, no man hindering them. But he and his friends, it seems, can't endure that other boards should have this power and not exercise it, and so he thinks the right thing will be to prop them up with a

compulsory Act. The Act of 1870 is "made irksome" to him because the managers of schools can allow religious instruction of a perfectly simple kind to be given in the school hours by the school teacher. What would have been his state of mind if it had provided that such instruction should be given in every school? But he has Mr. Forster to thank that it was not so settled, for he had only to hold up his finger and such a clause would have been carried by an overwhelming majority.

To say the plain truth, one's faith in the judgment of Mr. Crosskey and his friends as to what the nation wants has been getting weaker and weaker as the working of the Act is chronicled year by year in the returns. For instance, we were warned that the question of the fees of the children of parents too poor to pay them was one of vital importance; and night after night of the public time was spent over the "unspeakable" twenty-fifth clause—that terrific clause which was to "pauperize the country"—and now, in 1876, we look at the returns and find that the total expense to the ratepayers in all England and Wales under this head amounts to less than £6,000, distributed thus: £2,919 paid for 9,305 Church of England children, £755 for 1,547 dissenting children, and £1,733 for 5,041 Roman Catholic children. The alarm upon this point may have been perfectly genuine, but those who proclaimed it so loudly and persistently can scarcely blame or wonder at those of their countrymen who are no longer startled when they shout "wolf" at the top of their voices.

And now, at the risk of repeating an oft-told tale, let me say a few words on some of the specific charges which Mr. Crosskey brings against what I thankfully call the national system founded on the Act of 1870. His first complaint, that no general principles were appealed to, has been already noticed. I may add that one principle at any rate, that, namely, of elasticity, was steadily kept in view; and the result is, that while no available power has been lost, the



Birmingham Board at one end of the scale, and the Roman Catholics at the other, are left free to work in their own way for the common end, subject only to the rigorous supervision of the Government to see that their powers are not abused, and that their accounts are properly kept. Nothing but an elastic system could have been carried in 1870, or could have met our needs, and after six years' experience it is not easy to see how that which was carried can be materially improved.

Then we are told that a march was stolen on the Nonconformists, who did not regard national education as the proper work of Church organisations. One may remark that, under these circumstances, they have only themselves to blame, and have no ground for turning round on those who thought otherwise for making the most of their opportunities. But it is plain from the returns that this is by no means a fair statement as to Nonconformists generally, for in this past year their schools drew £195,787 from the Government grant—and, moreover, they are the last persons who have any cause of complaint against the present system on this ground, for practically the nation has come to their relief by establishing board schools for them at a cost of upwards of £300,000 a year.

Mr. Crosskey asserts and laments that Nonconformists were rewarded for their cessation from all efforts to establish schools by having to send their children to schools in which no Nonconformist would be accepted as a teacher. Is not the fact rather that those who ceased their efforts were shrewd men, who saw their opportunity, and were rewarded for their shrewdness by the nation's consenting to take over and pay for their existing schools, and establish new ones on their model? I am far from blaming them: indeed, I daily wonder that the country parsons don't follow their example, and shift their heavy burthen on to the broad shoulders of the nation. But this "cessation of effort" grievance in the light of the fact that the board schools are practically

British schools, so far as religious instruction is concerned, does seem a trifle shadowy.

It has no connection whatever with the other—to which it is bracketed by Mr. Crosskey—that under the present system the profession of teacher is rapidly becoming a closed and semi-clerical profession. If he had merely said the fact remains so, I should have agreed; but it is a diminishing rather than, as he maintains, an increasing tendency. Before the Act of 1870 matters were certainly worse. Under the new system the profession, one is glad to observe, is growing in all ways, and the board-school teachers, and those of the British and Wesleyan schools, form too large and influential a section of it not to be able to hold their own against unfair clerical influence.

The complaint that the accounts of voluntary schools are not required to be published in their own districts is not a serious one. The accounts are submitted to, and very rigorously controlled by, the Education Department, which should be enough to satisfy all reasonable persons.

It would be waste of space to follow the detailed objections further. As to the general indictment that the system of 1870 has fastened Ecclesiasticism on English education, I must insist that the proofs, so far as we have any, are the other way. That there are cases in which the conscience clause is not honourably observed is no doubt true, but that they are very few must be evident, for we are not likely to be left in ignorance by Mr. Crosskey and his friends of any instance of clerical misdoing in this matter. If instances could have been multiplied, why has he not given us some? In the absence of detailed evidence, then, we may accept the Bishop of Manchester's testimony as at least as weighty as Mr. Crosskey's. "If," he writes in his last charge (p. 53), "the increased efficiency of her schools is interpreted as a victory for the Church, the more such victories she wins, the better for the cause of education and for the interests

of the people at large. I dismiss as unworthy of a reply the charge that the Church only cares for her schools as instruments of religious proselytism. She is probably the very last religious body in the nation which is open to such a charge." These are the careful words of one whom no one ever dreamt of setting down as a partisan in the education movement, and who has spoken with enthusiasm of the work of school boards in his own diocese, at Manchester and Salford, "still more at Burnley and Stockport, but most of all at Birmingham." A flavour of the Bishop's broad and genial way of viewing the question would be a very welcome relief in the speeches and writings of Mr. Crosskey and his friends. Meantime, he has only to prove his case and he will have on his side a host of Churchmen. If the parsons are dealing treacherously under the present system, and using it for proselytism, we will lend him and his friends hearty help in bringing them to book. If this cannot be done under the present Acts (as I take leave at present to doubt) we will help to carry a new Act. If it cannot be done without making school boards universal, by all means let it be so—as indeed they may perfectly well become, under the Act as it stands. But further than this, I at least should refuse to go; because, as a Liberal, I will curtail as little as possible the powers given by Parliament to local bodies; and experience has shown that these particular local bodies, the school boards, in practice deal wisely with this matter; and, as an Englishman, I will resist, always and in all ways, the attempt to sever the secular from the religious life of the nation, to keep religion and politics in separate boxes for national consumption. It can't be done in a family without disastrous consequences, and the nation is, or at any rate ought to be, only a big family.

That I am in the right here in speaking for many Churchmen has been signally proved by the recent London School Board Elections. The complete defeat of the Church party was mainly owing to the aid which Churchmen gave to their opponents, at public meetings, and in the canvas, as well as by voting. And any similar attempt to make unworthy alliances, or to undo good work, or to hamper the free play, or to narrow the scope of the system, which we owe mainly to Mr. Forster, will, I hope, and fully believe, meet with the like fate in whatever part of the country it may break out.

For the plain fact is, that, let Mr. Crosskey and his friends protest never so loudly, the English people are satisfied that they have got a national system at last which is doing the work they wanted done—not without hitches and friction, thanks to the zealots of all Churches, to the ritualist parson, and the political Dissenter—steadily, progressively, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. There is no corner of the kingdom in which a child cannot now get, and is not steadily forced to get, the teaching which the nation thinks he should have, at a very moderate price, or gratuitously if he is proved to be destitute. There is no elementary school in the kingdom which is not under the supervision and control of the Education Department, a supervision and control of which no one who has had the least experience of it can deny the rigour. And so to querulous and angry questionings as to first principles, and taunts that we are trying to drive in double harness two which are antagonistic and mutually destructive, we can reply, "*Very well, solvitur ambulando*," thus far the coach has at any rate carried us without upsetting, and we are far on our journey.

THOMAS HUGHES.



## A MODERN GREEK WAR-SONG.

ὦ λυγρὸν καὶ κοπτερὸν σκαθὶ μου.

THIS song is a great favourite at the present day. It must be admitted that some of its lines are sufficiently bloodthirsty, but this need not make us overlook the love of country and of liberty which it breathes. And it was written during the War of Independence, while the Turk was still in the land. At all events, however rough and crude, it reflects feelings which were once widespread, and still really exist. The band of the Student Volunteers at Athens were playing the air to which it is sung as they returned from a review last spring. This translation, which is in the original metre, is taken, almost line for line, from a version which is current in certain popular collections, such as the *Φωνὴ τοῦ Τυπῆλου*, published at Athens in 1872.

## I.

O supple-tempered, keenly-wounding blade of mine,  
And thou, my musket, fiery-mouthed maid of mine,  
The Turkish monster slay shall ye,  
The tyrant Moslem slay shall ye!  
My country's life renewing,  
My sword shall still be doing.

## II.

Dark sword, what time I listen to thy swashing,  
And the loud crack, when thou, my gun, art flashing,  
When Turkish bodies strew the sod,  
And Moslems hallo to their God,  
That's music to my hearing,  
That harvest I'd be shearing!

## III.

When lightning fills the sky and thunder's roaring,  
In Northern gales when torrent rains are pouring,  
Through narrow glens I wind my way,  
And clamber o'er the mountain gray.  
My country's life renewing,  
My sword shall still be doing.

## IV.

My native land, that I may see thee freed! O  
Christ, for thy Holy Name and Church and Credo!  
This doubly-sacred war to wage  
My life with rapture I'll engage.  
If I have lost that treasure,  
To live can be no pleasure.

## V.

The hour is come, the trumpet-note is blaring ;  
 With frantic joy the blood in me is flaring ;  
 The bullet's whizz, the cannon's boom,  
 Peals rattling prelude to their doom.  
 With Turks about me dying,  
 Glory to Greece ! I'm crying.

## VI.

The War-god's battle-voice with fury fills me,  
 My heart leaps up and boils, my spirit thrills me !  
 All bonds to despots I revoke,  
 Trample and break the tyrant's yoke.  
 Though I should die to-morrow,  
 I will have freedom thorough.

## VII.

Heavens ! What is here ? With fire my bosom's blazing ;  
 My head is full of noise, my mind amazing ;  
 My heart, as 'fore some sudden change,  
 Is shaken with convulsion strange.  
 All lower life consuming,  
 My spirit forth is fuming.

## VIII.

Behold the Greek, where Nature hath ordained him,  
 To rend apart the bonds that late enchained him !  
 What second figure shall Earth see  
 So nobly longing to be free ?  
 What chains that e'er have bound him  
 Can long remain around him ?

## IX.

Hope and delight and rage and desperation,  
 Love of my land, zeal for her queenly station,  
 To war, as with a slogan-call,  
 Wake up our hearts and spirits all.  
 —Now to the things that charm me  
 I run with joy to arm me.

## X.

Long hid in rocky clefts and thickets leavy  
 Lest the profaning touch of Turk should reave ye,  
 Evil-entreated arms of mine,  
 Best treasure, dearest charms of mine,  
 Come out once more, my plaything,  
 And see the lovely dayspring !



## XI.

Again my lean and well-girt waist receiveth  
Her panoply, wherein my heart believeth;  
Two pistols in a lovely pair,  
Turned like twin bows and burnished fair;  
And, for the bowman's quiver,  
Powder-and-shot-receiver.

## XII.

Sword, trusty sword, whose edge so swiftly slayeth,  
Whereon my heart's last hope securely stayeth,  
Thy belt so firm my waist shall gird,  
And thou shalt swear the sacred word,  
To aid my whole endeavour,  
While thus I strive, for ever.

## XIII.

Hands, firmly hold my gun, while from her hollow  
She sends the gleam that echoing thunders follow!  
Let this right arm, with steady aim,  
Kindle the spark that lights the flame,  
Shall pierce the heart instant  
Of every Turkish vaunter!

## XIV.

Themis and Nemesis direct my vision,  
And fetch me armour from the fields Elysian:  
Hermes, Poseidon, both agree  
With triumph high to honour me,  
As armed I onward rattle  
Following the god of battle.

## XV.

Once more along the well-known course I'm fleeting,  
With dauntless breast all dangers bravely meeting;  
I stoop not to the boundless show  
Of spoils, how rich so'er they glow.  
On, to the endless glory  
That crowns my mortal story!

## XVI.

As man I seek my rights in Nature's charter;  
A Greek, my country's rights no more I'll barter;  
Hellene and Turk shall stand at bar  
For judgment from the Powers of War,  
And this new drama's thund'ring  
Shall take the world with wond'ring.

## XVII.

The warrior's foaming lips his fury vouching,  
His teeth he grinds, and like a lion couching,  
With "plop, plop, plop," in broad platoon,  
He fires, the rocks re-echo soon,  
Then bounds, his dagger biting,  
Where myriads most are fighting.

## XVIII.

No mortal life becomes the warrior's mission;  
In death he finds immortal blest fruition!  
My soul flies up amongst the saints,  
Hears all their prayers and patient plaints.  
In glory all upraise him,  
Eternal ages praise him.

## XIX.

Then for my Country, of all names most dear to me,  
Since the first hour Creation's light shone clear to me,  
Let Fortune lead me wheresoe'er,  
I'll consecrate the arms I bear,  
And that I mean it truly  
The world shall witness duly.

## XX.

Either to die in arms where honour bids me,  
Since friendly Death from Turkish thralldom rids me,  
Or tread the ground a freeman bold,  
By no man bought, to no man sold,  
A freeborn race begetting  
To keep me from forgetting.

## XXI.

Glory to thee, my Country, onward moving!  
My life, my parents, wife and children loving,  
All are as nothing in my sight;  
Thy sacred love subdues me quite:  
My sovereign queen I own thee,  
And in my bosom throne thee.

## XXII.

The blood of innocents, my brethren slumb'ring!  
Still bubbles round my feet, my path encumb'ring;  
O sight of horror and dismay!  
Then ruthless vengeance be the way!  
To the sword the Moslem nation!  
Fire to his habitation!



## XXIII.

What time can expiate the cruel slaughter  
Of those whose blood has drenched the earth like water,  
Shed by the savage Ottoman?  
Though all great Ocean's waters ran,  
'Twere little for dispersing  
The stains my Land is cursing.

## XXIV.

I speak the word, and lo! another quaking,  
My head and heart with dire commotion shaking,  
My quivering body passes through;  
My joints their work refuse to do;  
A dreadful awe comes o'er me;  
I cannot see before me.

## XXV.

Pallas! thou know'st the wrong that I complain for;  
Turn me not backward from the goal I strain for!  
Where'er a Turkish form I see,  
There let my holy victim be,  
My foe with hatred double  
My land and faith to trouble!

## XXVI.

Yea, by the murder, impious and inglorious,  
Of our high patriarch, the saint Gregorius,  
Where'er my feet a path shall find,  
Till these moist orbs be sere and blind,  
Burning, slaying, pursuing,  
My sword shall still be doing.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

## THE ELECTION FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

THE election for the Presidency of the United States has given rise to more anxious comment than any event in the history of the Republic since the close of the Secession War. What the authors of the American constitution intended to be an orderly, decisive expression of the people's will, has become a controversy of an angry, painful character, affecting business interests in the commercial towns of America, interrupting manufacturing and agricultural pursuits, suspending in some states the ordinary operation of the laws and compelling the use of the standing army. For the past few weeks certain states have been on the verge of a conflict which threatened to be the renewal of the civil war. Had such a conflict taken place, had blood been shed in Columbia, or New Orleans, or Tallahassee, no one could tell where it would end. For while the American people have all the respect for law and order, the good sense and the self-control, which generations of free institutions are apt to develop in a national character, they are not insensible to sudden, irresistible bursts of passion. The war for the Union came like a bolt out of the heavens, in the anger awakened by the firing on Fort Sumpter. The guns of Beauregard ended in a moment all the hopes, the plans, the patiently-matured compromises of the friends of peace. Those who remembered that instant transformation, not alone in the Northern but the Southern States, have watched, not without concern, the results and the complications of the centennial canvass. From day to day these complications have increased. The press despatches have given us a daily picture of each new and changing scene, and in the interest as to the result the real issues of the canvass have been overlooked. What the world sees is the strife of

two aspirants for an empire—for the prize is four years of more power than is possessed by the Russian emperor—the command of an army and a navy, the control of a treasury, the patronage of eighty thousand offices, the shaping of domestic and foreign relations, the dignity and authority if not the splendour of a throne, and the hope of living in the history of America with the great men who have founded and ruled the American Republic.

A contest for such a prize is an event of world-wide importance. It is a matter for congratulation that a decade which has seen the mountains of Navarre the scene of bloody campaigns for a secession, which has seen the plains of France torn and desolated by a war which came from the ambition of a chief of an anxious dynasty, should see the American people resolved to determine a question of succession without an appeal to the sword. The memories of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville are too fresh and dreary to make us fear any stumbling or drifting into war on the part of the American people. Even if party passion were to rise to the height of the Sumpter and Manassas days, there is the best assurance of peace in the character of the illustrious and resolute soldier who is now chief magistrate of the American Republic. General Grant has seen too much of war not to think with terror of hearing another gun fired in anger. He has been reputed as saying, with the Duke of Wellington, that nothing is more to be dreaded than a defeat unless it is a victory. He remembers how the indecision, the helplessness, the timidity of Mr. Buchanan, the American President at the time of the secession of South Carolina, contributed to the war, or at least to the over-confidence of the Southern leaders in the strength of their



own resources and the weakness of the North, which forced them to make war. President Grant has never permitted any one to doubt his intentions. Although his action has been the subject of censure, and although party passion has gone to the point of proposing his impeachment and removal from the presidency, calm observers of American affairs cannot but congratulate the Republic that its executive power is in the hands of so just and firm a leader. The value of the proposed impeachment will be well understood by Americans when they remember that the gentleman who proposed it was one of the Northern men who at the outbreak of secession was anxious that New York city should unite its fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, and who deplored any attempt to prevent the sale of guns to the men who were forming the Southern army. There will be no impeachment of the president. There will be no armed conflict. The good sense of the American people will prevent the one, the courageous foresight of the American president the other, even if, as is hardly possible, partisans on either side should invoke that fearful arbitrament.

Laying aside therefore the personal ambitions and the political advantages involved in this electoral controversy, it may be profitable to ask, What are the higher issues involved in the election? What is the meaning of this painful and unexpected strife? What is the Democratic party? What is the Republican party? What would result from the advent of the Democratic party to power? What opinions, what hopes, what national or state interests are in antagonism? What, above all, will be the effect of this complication upon the welfare of the American people and the stability of republican institutions?

The close of the war between the United States and Mexico gave the former nation a vast addition of territory. The discovery of gold in California, one of the ceded Mexican provinces, gave this territory a new value. What in the ordinary course of growth, even in rapidly-growing

America, would have been a generation or two in attracting attention as anything but an unknown, uninviting land, abandoned to wandering Indian tribes, mission-stations, trappers, hunters, and fishermen in the Pacific waters, became in a few years a rich, growing commonwealth, the pioneer of a group of commonwealths. The taste for emigration to the Western States was revived by the emigration to California. The discovery of gold and precious metals in the region of the Nevada Mountains led to the well-founded belief that similar deposits would be found in the region of the Rocky Mountains, and even in the hills surrounding the upper waters of the Missouri. There were traditions of the treasure that Spanish settlers had found in Texas and New Mexico. As a consequence all this new territory, which under the ordinary conditions of American growth would have remained dormant for half a century, became an *El Dorado*, a coveted land. In time it would emerge from its territorial condition and become constituent and sovereign commonwealths of the Union. The question arose, Should the new states be free or slave? If it were left to the natural progress of emigration, as a large majority of settlers came from the Northern States or European countries, they would become free. The slaveholders insisted that laws should be passed giving them one-half of the territories, in which slavery would be legal, or permitting them to carry their slaves where they pleased. Their opponents claimed that the federal power, while not interfering with the existence of slavery in the slave states, should prevent its extension, and should pass laws dedicating all the new territories to freedom. This claim was the foundation of the Republican party which came into existence about twenty years ago, owing its name, and to a large extent its organisation and its discipline, to the late Senator Sumner. It has preserved its name, its organisation, and its discipline to the present day.

The war gave it a great access of

numbers from Democrats who believed in the earnest prosecution of the war. Among those who came on this ground, were General Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, Mr. Pierrepont, the minister to England, General Dix, General Butler, Mr. Cushing, the minister to Spain, ex-President Johnson, and others, whose names are well known in the political history of America. In time, therefore, the Republican party came to number all who were in favour of the war, all who believed in sustaining the results of the war, all who denied the old dogma that states had rights paramount to the central power, all who favoured a strong centralized administration at Washington. It embraced that portion of the American people who felt that slavery was a crime, a political disease, an injury to North and South, to master as well as slave, who believed also that the republic should be one and indivisible, and that whoever aimed to sever that bond or to weaken it, was an enemy to the country. They believed that the greatness of America could only be found in the union of the American states, and that if secession were to be tolerated as a political expedient, or as a possible contingency, the republic would fall into the dismal condition of the Spanish American republics about the equator. They feared that instead of two confederacies, one North and one South, there would soon be a dozen. Foreign intervention would come, as it did come to Mexico. The same power which seated an Austrian prince on the throne of the Montezumas might find another prince for Texas or Georgia. Wars, standing armies, questions of boundaries, conflicting tariffs, the spread of slavery were certain to come if the controversy with the South ended without the emancipation of the slave and the consolidation of the Union.

The Democratic party took its rise in those divisions of sentiment which prevailed in the United States after the French Revolution. Hamilton and his friends were in favour of keeping the new Republic close to the English model. For this reason they preferred

a president with special prerogatives, holding office for life, or for a long term of years. They preferred a senate depending upon the States, and not directly upon the people; whose members would serve for longer terms than the representatives—an imitation of the House of Lords. They were anxious to surround the office of the president with forms and ceremonies which they deemed becoming to a station so exalted. The opponents of Hamilton, under Jefferson, were in favour of giving sovereign rights to the state, and limiting the power of the national government, of diminishing the prerogatives of the president and the senate, of doing away with all forms and ceremonies in the presidential office, of making the government purely democratic. Jefferson had spent some time in France before the French Revolution, and became a believer in the ideas of the French Republicans. Out of these discussions the Democratic party arose. As the slavery question took shape the Democratic party—mainly because those who directed its organisation and its discipline were from the South—gradually became the party which defended the rights of the slaveholders. Senator Douglas of Illinois, who ran for president against Lincoln, endeavoured to free it from their control. But they would not permit it, and overthrew Douglas in his canvass for the presidency. The Southern leaders made their democracy a name for devotion to slavery. The Northern section divided, a large fragment going over to the Republicans on the war issue. Mr. Douglas died in the first months of the war, or he would no doubt have followed. So far as the Democratic party held its organisation in the Northern States during the war, its influence was against Mr. Lincoln and his efforts to suppress the rebellion. Even in 1864 the Democratic general convention nominated General M'Clellan for president upon a platform which declared that the war was a failure. Of this convention Mr. Tilden was a



leading member. Since the war the Confederates have governed the Democratic organisation in the South. In the North the party has gained accessions from many causes: the disappointed ambition of leading Republicans, like Mr. Greeley and Mr. Chase; a desire for change; a belief that change would bring reform. But the party is virtually where it was when the war began, and stronger than before the war. For while in the Southern States the defeat of the Confederacy made every confederate a Democrat, in the Northern States the party has two important elements — whose discipline is perfect — the Irish vote and the influence of the Roman Catholic Church.

The question may be asked, Why is it that with the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy and the proclamation of peace the two parties, so far as their relations to the war were concerned, should not have terminated their work? Since there was peace in name, why should there not be peace in fact? Why should not painful memories be buried? Why should not the American people devote themselves to new questions — questions concerning the honour, the prosperity, and the development of the country? Why should not the principles of free trade, in which the intelligence of America more and more believes, become a part of the national system? Why should not the commerce of the Republic, the manufactures, the special industries of the South, the mining interests of the West, so rich, so necessary to mankind, become the special care of the leaders of politics? Why should not the financial condition of the Southern States, whose credit is in deplorable contrast with the stainless credit of the national government, be redeemed? There is no country in the world which presents so many problems to the statesman as America. The burdens of the older countries do not rest upon its people. They are not required to have a large army or a navy. They have no far-reaching empires to watch and defend. They are practically free from invasion. On the southern

border is a republic which is gradually gravitating towards them. On their northern border is a colony containing a fragment of their population. For them there is no Eastern Question, no guarantees of Belgium and Luxemburg, no powerful classes whose vested interests and long-established rights make every problem of reform as distasteful as an operation in surgery. And if there should be, as there no doubt is, difficulty about labour, wages, and the condition of the poor, there are the vast territories within a few days' ride of the Atlantic, where a hundred millions of men could find work without crowding each other any more than in England or France. Why is it then that with all these duties and opportunities, with so clear and broad a field for statesmanship and patriotism, the parties in America should divide themselves upon the burning issues of the war, upon questions which can only arouse the worst passions? The answer to these questions is the best explanation that can be given of the recent canvass for the presidency, and of the complications which have succeeded it, and which are viewed with so much alarm by all who wish well to America and to free institutions in every land.

The surrender of General Lee devolved strange conditions upon the North and the South. If the war was really a rebellion, then defeat imposed upon the defeated the consequences of rebellion. In the Southern ranks was despair. A Virginian, old in years, whose life had been a crusade against the Union and in favour of slavery — who had been invited by Beauregard, as a mark of distinction, to fire the first gun against Fort Sumpter, committed suicide. Although past the limit given by the Psalmist to human life, he would not survive the lost cause. Daniel of Richmond, who edited the representative journal of the South, a man of delicate and lofty genius, now quite forgotten, died from grief, as his friends believed, when the fall of Richmond was inevitable. Mr. Davis and his cabinet fled into the wilderness. The

forlorn and undaunted president was captured in the woods like a stag at bay. Some of his followers found shelter in the West Indies, in Canada, in Great Britain. The Southern leaders expected nothing from the North, not even their lives. There was scarcely a commander who surrendered at Appomattox who did not expect to be tried for treason. There was a truculent feeling in some parts of the North which demanded that "treason should be made odious," that "traitors should be punished." This feeling, narrow and limited at first, found new life when Mr. Lincoln was murdered. The president who took Lincoln's place pandered to it. He would have tried General Lee for treason but for the protest of General Grant, who, having paroled Lee, threatened to resign his commission as the head of the army if that parole were violated. To General Grant it is due in a large degree that there were no trials for treason. For, if Lee could not be reached, all who served under him were safe. Mr. Davis was imprisoned, but this was because, at the time of his capture, there were allegations that he knew of the proposed assassination of Lincoln. As soon as this story was seen to be preposterous and incredible, his release was a matter of time. His imprisonment was simply detention in one of the most salubrious forts on the coast of Virginia. With his release passed away all possibility of any punishment for treason, either by confiscation, imprisonment, or death.

The Southern leaders came out of the war in a mood which made any fate welcome that was not the fate imposed by law upon unsuccessful rebellion. They had only to turn their swords into pruning-hooks and follow the ways of peace. If they had been wise, they would have accepted the magnanimity of the North in the spirit in which it was intended; they would have united with the Northern statesmen in solving the extraordinary and embarrassing problem involved in the emancipation of the slaves. No calm observer of

American history can look back upon the political situation in 1865 without seeing that the Southern men—even the men who had created and commanded the Confederacy—could have regained a political influence even greater than that which the war had taken away, if passion had yielded to prudence, if patriotism had not been forgotten in revenge. It is said now in many American journals, that the policy of the successful North towards the Confederate leaders has been the policy of wanton, deliberate oppression, like the policy of Russia towards Poland, or of Turkey towards Bulgaria. But nothing could be more untrue. We are told, for instance, that giving the slaves the suffrage, and thus placing them on a political equality with their masters, was an act of tyranny. Even conceding this conclusion for the sake of the argument, we find that at the close of the war there was no disposition on the part of the Republicans to give the slaves the suffrage. President Lincoln, writing at a time when the success of the North was assured, said to the first Republican Governor of Louisiana, "You are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the coloured people may not be let in—as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom." In other words, Mr. Lincoln was in favour of a suffrage based upon education and military service. He did not desire universal suffrage. In this he was sustained by the bulk of his party. A few distinguished and advanced Republicans, like Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, and Thaddeus Stevens, believed in universal suffrage as the necessary result of emancipation. But Republican leaders, with far more political authority, Senator Seward, Senator Morton, Mr. Greeley, and others, were in harmony with Mr. Lincoln. Their intention was to edu-



cate the negro, to enable him to stand alone; to teach him habits of reliance, thrift, and self-respect, and to give him the suffrage only as he became fit for it.

Why then was universal suffrage imposed upon the South? Why were the conservative and wise counsels of Lincoln, Greeley, and others set aside, and the slaves lifted to a political equality with their masters? It was because the Southern leaders, instead of accepting peace, continued the war. They compelled universal suffrage as a war measure.

This conclusion may be challenged by those who look at American politics as it appears in the heat of a canvass for the presidency. But to form an intelligent comprehension of the issues involved in the recent canvass in America, we must study the situation at the close of the war, for it was then that this canvass between Hayes and Tilden began. We repeat, then, that the fatal error of the Southern leaders after they discovered that they were not to be tried for treason, and their lives put in jeopardy, was in continuing the war—a war against every Northern idea, against every Northern man who belonged to the Republican party, against every measure of the Republican majority so far as the South was concerned. The North, at the close of the war, divided the South into military districts—a most necessary and conservative measure, intended to aid the black and the white in reconstructing society. The South declaimed against military rule as a tyranny, although many leaders wish the generals had remained five years longer. The government established a Freedman's Bureau. This was a branch of the civil service intended to found schools for the negroes, to help them in studying agriculture and various industries. There was never a more beneficent scheme. It was not a tax upon the South, but upon the general government. It did not interfere with the planters, but it did try to give some poor recompence to the negro for his sufferings and his slavery, to make him an intelligent working man,

obeying the laws, and earning bread for himself and his children. The South made war upon the Freedman's Bureau. Teachers were mobbed and maltreated, school-houses were burned, and from Southern journals, as well as from those who sympathised with them in the North, the cry arose that the Freedman's Bureau was another form of oppression, that it was an iniquitous, unholy proceeding, and that the "Radicals would never stop until every nigger was compelled to marry a white woman." Many white men from the North went into the South at the close of the war. Slavery was at an end, and they could live in a free society. The climate was temperate and inviting. The lands were rich and cheap. Farmers who had battled with Maine winters and tilled the granite soil of Vermont looked with longing eyes upon lands where the snow rarely fell, where winter was as genial as on the Mediterranean, where the orange and the fig flourished in rich and sunny profusion, where the soil gave double crops of corn. Slavery had made the South a forbidden and romantic land, for before the war any Northern man who ventured to express opinions contrary to Southern ideas, who dared to say aloud, for instance, that slavery was a sin, and that all men, black and white, should be free, would have been maltreated, banished, probably killed. The war ended this, and many Northern Republicans hurried into the South. If the Southern leaders had been wise, they would have welcomed this emigration. They wanted money, and labour, and population. The Northern men came as friends, and they sorely needed friends. If this emigration had been encouraged, the new men who sought homes in the Carolinas, in Alabama, and Mississippi, would in twenty years have made these states as rich and great as Ohio and Illinois. The Southern leaders made war upon the Northern men. They called them "carpet-baggers," adventurers, refugees from prison, who came to plunder the South—a South, be it remembered, that, because of the war,

was almost as poor as Siberia. When it was said that Georgia was as free to Americans as Michigan, the answer was: "Let the Northern men come if they want to work, and keep out of politics, and leave the negroes alone. Then only they are welcome." In other words, no Northern Republican was welcomed in the South unless he surrendered his self-respect, unless he unmanned himself. Otherwise he was outlawed. His children were insulted in school; he was fortunate if he was not insulted in church. Sometimes he was mobbed, sometimes he was killed. Bands of knavish spirits, masked and armed under a military discipline, secret societies who met in the woods fell upon him at night, and either drove him out of the country or murdered him in cold blood. Reports to Congress are filled with evidence of this character, and the word "carpet-bagger" has passed into the common speech of American life as the Southern man's expression of hatred for the Northern immigrant. As a consequence, therefore, Northern men, when they seek new homes, go to the West. Their labour, their capital, their ingenuity are lost to the South; and as an observer of American affairs said in a New York journal recently, the invention of the term "carpet-bagger" "has cost the Southern states a hundred million of dollars." The war upon the Northern men and the negro has not been more severe than the war upon any Southern man who dared to accept Republican principles. In a few cases Southern men who had held high place in the Confederacy became Republicans. The famous General Longstreet is an illustration. General Longstreet was one of the most distinguished of the Southern chieftains. When Lee surrendered he was next to him in command. From the beginning of the war to the end he showed himself a true soldier. Yet because he avowed his belief that the Republican party offered the South its only means of resuscitation, he became a social outlaw. There is, perhaps, no name in the South so

detested as that of Longstreet. No one questions his honesty, his sincerity, or his courage. He has chosen as a free man to express opinions unwelcome to his former associates and friends. His services, his genius, his loyalty, his very wounds are forgotten, and the South, whose soldiers he commanded on many a battle-field, and for whose sake he shed his blood, now despises and disowns him. Wherever a Southern man has followed the same example, he has met with the same fate.

These are not exceptional illustrations, but a cold statement of what for ten years has been the policy of the South. It was the policy of war, of continued war, of war that would accept no peace until the political fortunes of the Republic were in the hands of a President and a Congress, chosen by the Southern votes, and the votes of those same allies in the North, who declared in convention, nine months before Lee surrendered, that the war against the South was a "failure."

Let us now look at the tables of votes, as we find them in the American newspapers and see what story they tell as far as the Southern States are concerned. Take Georgia. In 1870, according to the census, the population of Georgia embraced 638,926 whites and 545,142 blacks. Georgia gives a majority of about 81,000 for Tilden,<sup>1</sup> and yet a few years ago it elected a Republican for Governor. The preponderance of white over black would in the ordinary course of events, with the present policy of the Southern whites, give this state to the democracy. But there is no combination of circumstances known to the present condition of American politics that would give Mr. Tilden a majority of 81,000 in Georgia. Yet Georgia is one of the states whose vote is unchallenged. How is it that this majority

<sup>1</sup> In the estimates of majorities for Hayes and Tilden, the writer has taken the latest reports from the New York journals. In no case are these estimates official. There is, however, rarely any material difference between the estimate of a leading newspaper and the final count of the returning board.



has been gained? By the Southern Democratic leaders carrying out the war policy, by making any political opposition impossible, by resolving that there shall be no rest, no peace, until they are in power. They have resolved that there shall be no Republican party in Georgia. One American writer of high authority, whose sympathies are with the Democrats, says that within five years 25,000 negroes have left Georgia, having been compelled to leave by coercive laws, by imposing severe punishments for trivial offences, by excluding them from the jury, by making it impossible for them to vote in some counties. There was a "peaceable" election in Georgia, because the Democrats had it all their own way. So a majority of 81,000 was within their reach. It was a "peaceable" election, but no one can say that, under an honest observance of the constitutional enactment giving universal suffrage, it was a fair election, in any sense that election by a majority intended by the law. Take Alabama. There are no official figures of the majority given in this state to Tilden,—but it is put down at 35,000. In Alabama, the census showed 521,384 whites and 475,510 negroes. In 1872 it gave the Republican governor 8,487 majority out of a total vote of 171,705. How is it that this majority in four years has been transformed into 35,000 for the Democrats? By the intimidation that was so successful in Georgia. So it has been in North Carolina, where there is a large section of white Republicans. The Chairman of the Republic organisation in that state, has challenged the return of Tilden electors on the ground of fraud. Mississippi, Arkansas, and Virginia, have been "captured" by the Democrats. In each of these states, and especially in Arkansas and Mississippi, the negro vote fairly cast is so large as to give the Republicans a majority, or a fair chance for a majority. In Florida and Louisiana, two of the states now in question before Congress, the preponderance of the negro population makes them as surely

republican as Vermont and Minnesota. South Carolina should be the most republican of all states. Large sections of South Carolina are given to the cultivation of rice and sea-island cotton. These staples grow in low malarious regions where white men cannot live, where only black labour is possible, where the population is largely black. As a consequence the blacks far outnumber the whites, and in every election since the war they have carried the state for the Republicans. The white men in South Carolina are able men, with wide knowledge of politics,—men of courage and ambition. Before the war, their state was one of the most aggressive in the Union. It was South Carolina which forced the war of secession, and when we remember the men who ruled the state in the past, we can well imagine the chagrin with which they have viewed the negro ascendancy. How to break that power has been their aim for ten years. The negro vote is so large, however, and it has held together with such tenacity that thus far the effort has failed. It can only succeed by revolution, or by a complete change in the conditions of Southern politics.

What then does Tilden represent in the electoral college? The "solid South," the electoral votes of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, carried by the preponderance of the Irish, and the Roman Catholic vote of New York city and Indiana, which has always had a large Southern vote, so large at one time during the war as to place that state almost in the attitude of secession by refusing to vote supplies for the war. The "solid South," and the processes by which it has been solidified have been explained. Of the Southern States, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, and Georgia, and perhaps Virginia, have voted for Mr. Tilden upon a fair vote, as was intended by the constitution. In some of these states, such as Texas and Georgia, the Republicans had no organisation and made no effort. As a result Mr. Tilden's majorities in these

states are large. The other Southern States—North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, and Louisiana—have voted for Hayes, if they have voted at all as was intended by the constitution. The electoral votes of four of these states will be counted for Tilden, and the friends of that gentleman insist that he shall receive them all. The practical question, therefore, which this claim presents to the Northern people is: Will they permit the Southern leaders, who have never ceased a policy of war since the surrender of their armies, and the assurance that they would not be tried for treason, to seize the executive machinery of certain states in which they are in a minority, and the executive machinery of the national government?

Let this be made clearer by showing upon what the support of Mr. Hayes rests. His vote is thus reported in the New York journals:—

California	...	...	5,000	majority.
Colorado	...	...	2,300	"
Illinois	...	...	19,425	"
Iowa	...	...	59,228	"
Kansas	...	...	40,039	"
Maine	...	...	16,720	"
Massachusetts	...	...	41,103	"
Michigan	...	...	25,439	"
Minnesota	...	...	24,008	"
Nebraska	...	...	15,000	"
Nevada	...	...	1,000	"
New Hampshire	...	...	3,073	"
Ohio	...	...	7,057	"
Oregon	...	...	1,200	"
Pennsylvania	...	...	17,944	"
Rhode Island	...	...	5,091	"
Vermont	...	...	23,837	"
Wisconsin	...	...	6,141	"

This represents all the Northern and Western States, except the four which voted for Tilden, as follows:—

Connecticut	...	...	2,900	majority.
New Jersey	...	...	12,438	"
New York	...	...	32,989	"
Indiana	...	...	5,555	"

The votes of these four states represent exceptional conditions in the United States. Indiana, as has been said, was during the war the only Union State whose sentiment was Southern enough to decline at one time to vote supplies

to the Northern armies. Consequently Indiana would naturally lean towards the South in a battle for "Southern Rights." The votes of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut were swayed by the influence of the Irish population and the Roman Catholic Church—more powerful in New York city than in any other. Connecticut is within an hour's ride of New York city, and is one of the reservoirs for its redundant population. The two largest cities of New Jersey are as near to New York as Lambeth and Greenwich to Westminster, and as much a part of the American metropolis, as these are a part of the English metropolis. We see the power of New York city when we read that it gave Tilden a majority of more than 53,000 out of a poll of 170,000 votes. Thus while the State of New York outside of the city voted for Hayes, the city vote, overbalancing the vote of the state, gave him the state electors by a majority of 32,989. This was the influence of the Irish vote and of the Roman Catholic Church. We use the name of the Church in this relation, because wherever the Irish Protestants have settled in the United States, they have voted the Republican ticket. This is seen in the vote of Philadelphia, a city with a large Irish Protestant population, and one of the few large cities which gave a Republican majority. Therefore, eliminating the Irish and Roman Catholic influence, which, as the figures show, turned the balance in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and the old Confederate feeling which was able to carry Indiana for Tilden by a small majority, we have the United North and West for Hayes. Beginning with Maine, on the North Atlantic, and sweeping over to Oregon and California, on the Pacific, we have an unbroken column for Hayes. To those who know America, this is a pregnant fact. It means that the states where corn grows—where coal and iron, gold and silver are found—the states which represent the wealth, the enterprise, and the industry of the Republic, the states where the largest part of the



national revenue is gathered, the states where education, railways, and telegraphs are advanced—the free states, who fought and won the war for the Union, have voted for Hayes. If the franchise were untrammelled in the Gulf and South Atlantic states, we might also add that the men who have raised cotton and rice and sugar voted for Hayes. In other words, the more closely these figures are studied, looking at America as she really is, the more clearly it appears that, in spite of the cries of “reform” and “Southern misrule,” the ruling sentiment of the United States is still with the Republican party.

These figures show that the people of the North did not permit the cries of “reform” and “Southern misrule” to divert them from the real issue—the war policy of the South. Such cries belong to the literature, the comedy of the canvass. Reform will never come by the triumph of one party or another, but by the education and elevation of the people. In that respect America improves every year, and her civil government is an efficient and thrifty government. As for “Southern misrule,” the fault is with the Southern leaders themselves, who, instead of winning the confidence of the negro, and inducing Northern men of character to make their homes with them, threw the governments into the hands of an inferior and an alien outlawed class. There is no reason why the Southern States should not now have a large and constantly-increasing population from the Northern States. There is no reason why men like Wade Hampton and his fellows, had they been wise, should not have given their people as good governments as Ohio or Kansas. The “Southern misrule,” about which so much has been said in canvass, is one of the results of the policy of the Southern leaders. There was no desire on the part of the North to misgovern the South. But if the Southern men, in their madness, threw away their influence over the negro, and ostracized

every self-respecting Republican who came from the North, what could be expected but the triumph of adventurers? If the Southern leaders had accepted the Northern overtures in the spirit in which they were made in 1865, there would be no pretext for the cry of “Southern misrule”—a cry which lost its potency in the North, because it was accompanied with bulletins of massacres like those at New Orleans, Memphis, and Hamburg, and stories of midnight pillage and assassination on the part of the very men who were asking the sympathy of the nation.

Looking at the canvass from the highest point of view, even with all sympathy and respect for the Republican party, it would be better for the welfare of the United States if Mr. Tilden should be declared President—even if he is, as a careful examination of the canvass indicates, the choice of the minority of the American people. America has had four Presidents who did not receive a majority of the votes. John Quincy Adams was chosen President by the House although he had 47,578 votes less than Andrew Jackson, and 141,930 less than his three competitors. The result was that Jackson came into power at the next election, and remained for eight years. General Taylor had 152,092 votes less than Mr. Cass and Mr. Van Buren, but his party was defeated at the next election by an overwhelming vote. Mr. Buchanan received 369,553 votes less than General Fremont and Mr. Fillmer, and even Mr. Lincoln had 747,289 votes less than his three opponents. So that if Mr. Tilden should become President as the choice of the minority of the American people, and such he would be, there would be no harm to the Republic. He is a shrewd, safe, able man, trained in the law, educated in the hard common-sense school of New York city. No one knows so well the advantages of conciliation and fair play in the management of a trust so momentous as the Presidency. The Democrats in power would be compelled to accept and confirm all that the Republicans

have done in sixteen years, just as Lord Beaconsfield and his followers have been compelled to accept the "heroic policy" of the Gladstone administrations. The Southern leaders who have been assailing every measure of the North since the close of the war would find that their efforts were hopeless, that the constitutional amendments were insurmountable; and that the achievements of the Republican party—the union, emancipation, universal suffrage, the sanctity of credit—were "whole as the marble, founded as the rock." Those who have been impatient for a change as the precursor of a millennium of reform, would be as much disappointed as the enemies of Walpole, who, as Macaulay expresses it, expected when that statesman fell from power that it was the business of his successor "to abolish faro banks and masquerades, to stint the young Duke of Marlborough to a bottle of brandy a day, and to prevail on Lady Vane to be content with three lovers at a time." The discipline of the opposition would be a great advantage to the Republicans. Mr. Tilden, as President, would be compelled to lean on their patriotism and good-will. The Democrat leaders in the South would then learn that it is much better to give the negro equality than to banish him as they have done in Georgia, or shoot him, as has been so often the case in Louisiana or South Carolina. Once that the Southern men learned this lesson, we might indulge the hope that the war and its issues would pass from our politics. There would be a new division of parties. Free trade would become an issue, and a successful issue. The incongruities and embarrassments of the electoral system would be removed. The government would become more an expression of the popular will. The Presidency would be shorn of many of its dangerous prerogatives, such, for instance, as the right to dismiss eighty thousand civil servants of the government in an hour. The Senate, which has, since the war, become an object of anxiety to all who believe in Republican principles, would be re-

modelled. The Republican party, naturally aggressive, progressive, the party of thought and action, would no longer be on the defensive. Mr. Tilden's grotesque coalition of Catholicism, Fenianism and Secessionism, would dissolve, and when the canvass of 1880 opened, it would be for higher and nobler aims than those which have degraded the canvass of 1876, and brought a new scandal upon Republican institutions.

For it cannot be too earnestly said that the contest of the Southern leaders, no matter who is now declared President, can only be a losing contest. When General Grant said the other day to a reporter that "we should have peace if we had to fight for it," he expressed the thought of the North. Whether for good or ill, whether administrations are Democratic or Republican, the Northern men and Northern ideas will control the American Republic. If these results were for a moment in peril there would be another uprising, as when Beauregard fired on Sumpter. It is because they have seemed to be in question that the Northern, the Middle, and the Western States, with the exception of the Irish and Roman Catholic province on New York Island, and the old Confederate colony in Indiana, have voted for Hayes. In other words, the wealth, the industry of the country, the payers of taxes, the tillers of the soil, the dwellers in farming regions, the white men who plant corn, and the black men who plant cotton, are united. They are strong enough not to fear any administration, and this is the reason they accepted so cheerfully the premature announcement of the election of Tilden. This, too, is why they will accept with cheerfulness and loyalty Mr. Tilden's Presidency, if the forms of Congress should bring it about. There seems no other issue as the matter now stands. The electoral returns must go to the House. That body will exercise its undoubted prerogative to throw out what states it pleases. If so, its Democratic



majority will elect Mr. Tilden. If the laws permit such a result it will be accepted, although the best part of the American people will regard him as a minority President. The Republican party will go out of power, after a career which will grow more and more splendid as time goes on. This party saved the Union and emancipated the slave. It not only sustained an enormous debt, but in ten years has paid a good share of the principal. It has laboured to give justice and equal rights to all. While achieving these difficult labours at home, it has not forgotten its obligations abroad. The relations of America with other powers have never been so just and friendly as during the administration of President Grant. With temptations to win territory in Mexico and Spain, and many grievances with both nations which would have been a justifiable pretext for a powerful

and ambitious ruler, the President has kept the peace. With the temptation to embroil America and England, and in so doing win that very Irish vote which gave Mr. Tilden New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, General Grant's policy has brought England and America into closer and more affectionate relations than have been known since the colonial days. What this may even yet bring no one can say. But in a time when we hear of Slav and other nationalities, preaching crusades against the peace of the world, when we read of German unity, and Slavic unity, and sympathies of race and religion, it should not be unpleasing to England to feel that the mighty Republic she called into being, was never so friendly as now. That fact the world will owe to the Republican party and the administration of General Grant.

AN AMERICAN REPUBLICAN.

LETTY'S GLOBE,<sup>1</sup>

OR SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,  
And her young artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere  
Of the wide Earth, that she might mark and know  
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.  
She patted all the world; old Empires peep'd  
Between her baby-fingers; her soft hand  
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leap'd,  
And laugh'd, and prattled, in her pride of bliss!  
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye  
On our own Isle, she rais'd a joyous cry,  
"O yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"  
And while she hid all England with a kiss,  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

<sup>1</sup> This charming Sonnet was inaccurately given in the December number. It is now reprinted correctly.

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ERRATUM.

Page 199—line 32, *for* "Fourth Eclogue," *read* "Tenth Eclogue."



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN SHIPS OF WAR.

IN the recently-published memoir of the late Commodore Goodenough, an officer in whom great professional ability was combined with general culture of the highest order, and whose early death was a most serious loss to the naval service, there are many passages to be found, which are calculated to relieve the apprehensions of those, who regard with alarm the naval armaments of other Powers. While holding the post of Naval Attaché to our Embassies in Europe, which imposed on him the duty of watching and reporting on those armaments, he wrote from St. Petersburg in 1871, with reference to his work, "The best thing I can do is to allay the foolish fears of aggression which come up every now and then." As his reports were not, and indeed could not, from their confidential nature, be made public, it is not surprising that they failed to produce the desired effect on the public. A few months later, in 1872, there occurred one of those scares which he deprecated, when it became known that Russia had in hand the ironclad, *Peter the Great*, of the same design as the English *Devastation*, but with thicker armour-plates on some parts of her sides by 1 or 2 inches; and when it was stated by a very high authority that Russia was already in possession of a vessel, which could steam into any one of our ports, and that England had nothing to oppose to her. Five years have elapsed since then, and the last account we have of this vessel is that, if not a

No. 208.—VOL. XXXV.

failure, she is a disappointment, and that she is not yet in a condition to steam out of Russian ports, much less to steam into the ports of other Countries.

Another scare, not more founded, but more to be expected, was caused by the language of the present First Lord of the Admiralty, when, on the assumption of office, he spoke of the "dummy ships" and "paper fleets" of this Country. Commodore Goodenough, then in command of the Australian squadron, thus commented on the discussion which followed upon the statement of the First Lord: "I have just been reading the naval debates of April, and am amazed at the sudden tremor which has passed over the country about the navy. . . . I am sorry for it. It diverts the proper attention of conscientious friends of the navy from the real needs of the service, and causes those disquieting leaps in naval policy which are barren of result."

Although the public have not the advantage of seeing the periodical reports, which are sent home by the Naval Officers, who are charged with the duty of reporting the progress of shipbuilding in foreign countries, those who are interested in the matter can have no difficulty in informing themselves as to the exact state of the ironclad vessels, not only of every European Power, but of our own, down to the minutest detail of the last vessel, which has been designed, but which exists only on paper, from the recent works of Mons. Dislere, Secretary of the Council of Naval Con-

struction in France, and Mons. Marchal, an officer in the same department.<sup>1</sup>

These show, conclusively, that, with the single exception of Germany, which has had to create a navy where little or none previously existed, there has been less of activity in foreign dockyards during the last six or seven years than in previous years; and that as the efforts of England in the direction of ironclads have not been diminished, but rather increased, our position, relatively to other powers, is stronger than it has been in the past.

There are indeed some who would not be satisfied unless England were at all times prepared with fleets, equal in number and force to the united fleets of Europe; this, however, may easily be shown to be a condition as unnecessary as it has been unprecedented. Such was certainly not the condition of England at the commencement of the great war with France in 1793. Our navy was then superior to that of France, but did not equal those of France and Holland combined, still less those of France and Spain combined. Measuring the naval forces of England and France by line-of-battle ships, which alone were then counted as of value in great engagements, the following was the relative position in 1793:—

	Ships of the line.	Number of guns.	Weight of broadides in lbs.
England .	115 ...	8,718 ...	88,937
France .	76 ...	6,002 ...	73,957

The ships of France, though fewer in number than those of England by one-third, were proportionally larger, more heavily armed, and with more numerous crews; they were also, as a rule, better designed and faster sailers. At that time, also, Spain was still a great naval power, standing third on the list, almost on an equality with France, and with 76 ships of the line. Holland also was then a respectable naval power, with 49 vessels of the line, and with a marine and the traditions of a brave

<sup>1</sup> *La Guerre d'Escadre (les Nouveaux Navires de Combat)*, par P. Dislere. Paris, 1876.  
*Les Navires de Guerre les plus Récents*, par M. Marchal. Paris, 1876.

service, which she certainly did not belie in the well-fought battle of Camperdown against a nearly equal British force. Russia then counted her 40 ships of the line, Denmark 24, and Sweden 18. Out of a total, then, of 349 ships of the line, without counting those of Turkey, and of some of the smaller powers, England had 115, or less than one-third. In 1796 this country found itself confronted by the most powerful naval combination which could then be formed against her, viz., France, Spain, and Holland; yet within little more than a year she had separately defeated the fleets of these powers, in the battles of Camperdown, St. Vincent, and the Nile, at all of which the British forces were either inferior in numbers and power, or on a bare equality. Again, when after the short peace of Amiens, war again broke out, such had been the exertions of France to repair the losses of her ships, and so great the activity in her dockyards, that in combination with Spain she again attained a superiority in numbers and force of ships of the line. The plans formed by Napoleon for the invasion of England were based upon the combination of these two fleets, and the temporary command of the Channel to be secured thereby. The combination was formed, but, as is well known, was defeated by Nelson in the ever-memorable battle off Cape Trafalgar, with a fleet of 27 line-of-battle ships against 32 of France and Spain; this secured for the remainder of the great war the uncontested superiority of our naval power. It may be worth while to recall the measure which France and England took before Trafalgar of the values of their respective fleets. When Admiral Villeneuve, in command of the combined fleet, of 30 sail of the line and several frigates, on his return from the West Indies, put into Ferrol, Napoleon, fearing lest he should be blockaded there, directed that if there were less than 23 English vessels before Ferrol he was to put to sea and attack them, and that if, by the junction of a squadron under Admiral Allemand, his force was raised to 35



sail of the line, he was not to be stopped by less than 29 British vessels. On the other hand, when shortly after, Sir R. Calder, with 15 British sail of the line, met Admiral Villeneuve with 20 sail of the line, and captured 2 Spanish vessels, but on the following day allowed the French fleet to proceed on its course, without again forcing it to engage, he was tried by court-martial, and severely reprimanded, for not having engaged the superior force of the enemy on the second day. Although Trafalgar definitively established the superiority of the British navy, the Emperor Napoleon scarcely relaxed his efforts to increase that of France. Large fleets were collected in the Scheldt and at Toulon, where they were for years blockaded by inferior forces of British vessels; there were also smaller fleets shut up at Brest, Rochefort, L'Orient, and in the later days of the Empire at Cherbourg, the opening of which was inaugurated with great pomp by the Empress Marie Louise. In the last two or three years of the war, although the French fleet was still maintained in considerable force, so far as its *matériel* was concerned, its *personnel* was much reduced, in part by the drafting of great bodies of seamen to serve in the army, and in part also by the want of training due to the almost complete blockade of their ports, which prevented the French vessels and their crews obtaining any experience at sea.

In the interval between 1815 and the present, many changes have taken place in the relative strength of foreign navies. Spain, which in 1793 was third among naval powers, has now all but disappeared from the list of those which have efficient navies; nothing has been added to her navy during the last six or seven years, and she has but two ironclads of real power, with 5 inches of armour-plates, and 4 ironclads of inferior quality.

Holland also has ceased to have any pretensions to be reckoned among naval powers; she has no vessels designed for offensive purposes. The few vessels she is now content with, are suitable only for defence of her estuaries. For

this purpose she has provided herself with 17 turreted vessels, of low draft of water, of the Monitor type, 6 of which are somewhat larger than the others. The same may be said of the Scandinavian powers. Sweden and Norway have no longer a sea-going fleet; they have 8 large Monitors completed, and 2 building, and 9 smaller Monitors afloat. Denmark has but 3 ironclads of the second class, or corvettes, and 4 vessels suitable only for coast defence.

In the place of these Countries, which have ceased to have any pretensions to a position among naval powers, three others have now assumed positions of some importance. The German Empire has made great advances towards securing an effective navy, which now stands fairly third on the list of European navies; next to her probably comes Turkey, then Italy. Russia still occupies but a low position; and Austria, with a small but most efficient fleet, may be considered as very superior to Spain.

To estimate the naval force of these various powers, either as compared with one another, or with our own, is a work of the greatest difficulty, on account of the great variety of vessels of modern types. In former days the task was comparatively easy. At the commencement of the Great War, and indeed for nearly a hundred years before, the standard of naval strength was fixed and determined. The old line-of-battle ship, of such majestic beauty, with its double or treble tier of decks, and its 74 to 100 guns, had become stereotyped universally as the true and only standard of strength. Frigates, though of value for protecting commerce, or for committing depredations on that of the enemy, were counted of little or no value in the pitched naval battles; experience had shown that they could not stand against their more formidable rivals, with double tiers of guns, fired from loftier platforms, and they seldom took part in the great engagements. At the battle of the Nile, a French frigate was sunk by a single broadside from an English line-of-battle ship; and in 1796 the *Glatton*, armed with 68lb.

carronades, beat off six French frigates. Looking back at the twenty years of naval war, it is singular to us who have witnessed so many changes of late years, how few improvements were then effected in ships of war. As were the ships when the war began, so were they when it ended. The line-of-battle ships had increased somewhat in size; ours at least had improved in many qualities—in their buoyancy, in fast sailing, and as steady platforms for guns; but this was due, mainly, to copying the better designs of the French ships, which were captured during the war, and many of which not only became the best vessels in our own navy, but were the types on which many others were constructed. The *Canopus* alone, when taken from the French, served as a model for nine British vessels.

The introduction of steam made a first real break in this monotony of shipbuilding; it was not, however, till 1859, when the first ironclad was completed by the French, on the designs of Mons. Dupuy de Lome, that the commencement was made of the new era of naval shipbuilding. Since then the contest between ships and guns has been incessantly carried on; and the genius of our constructors, Mr. Reed, and more lately Mr. Barnaby, has supplied us with vessels of new design and increased armour, just in proportion as the Armstrongs, Whitworths and Krupps have invented heavier guns, or the means of working them.

The earlier ironclads were covered with plates of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches only, and were armed with 68-pounders. A little later, heavier guns were produced, and the means of working them improved; this compelled the adoption of thicker plates. The next class of ironclads were protected by plates ranging from 6 to 8 inches in thickness. This again led to yet further improvements in gunnery. So late as in 1871, the Committee on Naval Designs reported that the day was not far off, when the gun would obtain a definitive victory over armour. Yet in spite of this prediction the contest has been continued, and con-

structors have been able to employ even thicker plates. The *Devastation*, with its 12 inches of armour-plating and its guns of 35 tons, was thought to be the ultimate goal to which it was possible to arrive; but almost before her trial was concluded, she was surpassed in the designs of new ships. Woolwich undertook to construct a gun of 81 tons; Sir W. Armstrong has actually produced, for the Italian Government, guns of 100 tons. Means were also found by the latter of overcoming the great difficulties of manœuvring such large guns, of pointing and firing them with ease and rapidity, by the application of hydraulic machinery; and the *Inflexible*, which is now approaching completion, will not only be armed with guns of 81 tons, but will be protected by armour-plates of double the thickness of those which are affixed to the sides of the *Devastation*, that is, by 2 plates, making together 24 inches of iron. To what further point we are likely to be carried, in this never-ending contest between guns and plates, it is impossible to say. Already we are promised by Woolwich a gun of 200 tons, and we may presume that before long a platform and a protection, adequate to its size and increased power will be devised by our constructors.

It is this constant advance in the size of guns, and in the thickness of armour-plates, which makes it so difficult to appreciate the relative strength of different navies. What is it that now constitutes a line-of-battle ship? Where is the line to be drawn as to vessels which shall be counted in the first line of battle? and what value is to be assigned to all these vessels of various types in the comparisons that are to be made?

In the opinion of the eminent French constructors already quoted, armour-plating, which is not impenetrable to the guns which are now ordinarily carried by powerful vessels, is worse than useless; consequently they pronounce all vessels built before 1865, and with 6 inches only of armour-plating, or less, unworthy of being placed in the



first rank; such vessels could no more fight, with success, against the more powerful vessels, built since 1865, and protected by 8 to 12 inches of armour, and mounted with guns from 12 tons to 35 tons, than could frigates cope with the line-of-battle ships in former times. In this view, then, the first class of ironclads must be confined to those vessels with over 6 inches of armour-plates, and ranging from 8 to 12 inches and up to 24 inches, as in the *Inflexible*. These vessels may be further divided into three heads:—(1) Masted vessels of the first class; (2) Unmasted, but sea-going vessels; (3) Unmasted vessels, for coast defence.

It will be seen that, of these, there is but a limited list. Beginning then at the bottom of the list, Austria has but 4 vessels in the first rank built, and 1 building. Of the 4 completed, 2 have 6½ inches of armour, and the other two 8½ and 9½ inches respectively. These vessels are armed with 12-ton guns. She has also 8 ironclads of an inferior class, 4 of which are wooden vessels, now rapidly deteriorating.

Russia has but one sea-going vessel of the first class, the unmasted *Peter the Great*, already alluded to, and 2 circular vessels, built for the Black Sea, which are suitable only for coast defence, and are not likely to tempt other Powers to an imitation. She has 4 turret ships, protected by 5½ to 6 inches of armour-plates, and carrying guns of 27 tons. These vessels are built on the principle of the unfortunate *Captain*, with a low freeboard, and cannot, therefore, be considered as sea-going vessels. She has further 10 monitors, also suitable only for coast defences, and 3 floating batteries, with 4½ inches of iron; she is building 3 ironclads of the second class, suitable for cruising purposes. Mr. Reed's last account of her is that her pretensions in the direction of a navy are moderate enough; that so far from having evinced any ambition of late, Russia has allowed herself to fall far behind the position she ought to occupy even in the Baltic, where nearly all the above vessels are stationed.

Italy has no vessel of the first class

completed. Two very powerful unmasted vessels of the *Devastation* type, with 22 inches of armour-plating, and guns of 100 tons, are building, and 2 more are just commenced. She has also 10 ironclads of the second class, of varying qualities, none of them, however, vessels of much value.

Turkey, out of the millions which have been lent to her by confiding bondholders, has at least provided herself with a powerful fleet, of which 6 vessels come within the definition of the first class; 2 of these are protected by 12 inches of armour, and carry 18-ton guns, 2 by 9 inches, and the remaining 2 by 7 inches of plating. She has also 4 ironclads of the second class, with 5½ inches of armour, and 6 armour-clad corvettes.

Germany, late in the field, has made up for it by considerable exertions during the last few years. The latest programme which has been put forward by her Government, proposed a fleet of 23 ironclads, of which 8 were to be vessels of the first class for the North Sea; 6 of the second class, as corvettes for the North Sea; and 7 monitors for coast defence. In presenting this programme in 1873, Prince Bismarck said, "Our fleet is not intended to attack the great European states, but it should carry our arms wherever we have to protect interests less considerable, and where it would be impossible for us to send our troops, which are the real force of the country."

Towards this programme she has already provided 5 of the first class, vessels of the *Kaiser* type, about equal to our *Hercules*, with from 8 to 10 inches of armour, and carrying 18-ton guns, and 4 of the second class, while she is building 1 of the first class and 2 of the second. In 1874 the Minister of Marine announced that the progress made in torpedoes would relieve them of the necessity for building monitors for coast defence.

There remain France and England only of European powers, for consideration. The former, up to the date of its war with Germany, made great exertions to maintain its fleet, and even to rival that of England; the disastrous results

of that war, however, compelled great economies, and attention was directed wholly to the reorganisation and increase of the army, to the almost complete neglect of the *matériel* of the navy. For three or four years, little or nothing was spent on new ships, and it was melancholy to read the complaints made by the Minister of Marine in 1874 to the French Assembly of the state of his ships. "Unless," he said, "you are prepared to go beyond the present votes your *matériel* and fleet will inevitably perish away. It is indispensably necessary to reconstruct the fleet."

The reason for this statement, no doubt, was the fact, that with two or three exceptions, the French ironclad fleet was constructed of wood, and our own experience shows that wooden vessels will not stand the wear and tear of the enormous engines which are now necessary to propel them at a great speed, and that rapid decay is caused by casing their sides with armour-plates. The Assembly rejected, however, the appeal of the minister. In 1875, owing, perhaps, to the increased activity in English dockyards, a vote of 30 millions of francs was added to the French navy estimates, with the object of carrying out the programme of 1872, which aims at 16 ironclads of the first class, 12 of the second, and 20 coast-defence vessels. The present state of the French navy is this: it has 6 sea-going ironclads of the first class, 3 of which, of the *Ocean* type, are about equal to our ships of the *Iron Duke* type, and 3 others of the *Colbert* type, are rather more powerful. She has also 4 vessels of this class on the stocks, one of which is of the *Colbert* type; another, the *Redoutable*, will have 12 inches of plating; and 2, the *Foudroyant* and the *Dévastation*, will have 15 inches of armour, and will be armed with 40-ton guns. France has no unmasted sea-going vessels of our *Devastation* type; but she has 6 coast defence vessels of the first class completed, and 6 others building. These vessels may be reckoned as somewhat more powerful than the *Cyclops* class.

Of vessels of the second class it is

difficult to say what France now has, in the absence of certain information, as to the condition of her wooden vessels. With two exceptions, the *Couronne* and the *Héroïne*, all the sea-going vessels of the second class—23 in number, and with 6 inches or less of armour-plating—are built of wood; and it may therefore be safely assumed, that either these vessels are already in the condition, in which our own wooden armour-clad vessels of the same date have proved to be, or are every year more certainly arriving at that point. In this view these vessels can count for very little.

Compared, then, with the above, England has of masted ironclads of the first class, 10 built and 3 building. The 10 completed consist of 5 vessels of the *Iron Duke* type—the *Hercules*, *Sultan*, *Monarch*, *Alexandra*, and *Shannon*; while the 3 building, and not far from completion, are the *Téméraire* and 2 vessels of the *Shannon* type, but somewhat larger, vessels on which the armour-plating is confined to a belt of twelve inches at the water-line, and is abandoned as a protection to the guns.

In the class of unmasted sea-going vessels, England is comparatively very strong. It has 4 completed, the *Devastation*, the *Thunderer*, and *Dreadnought*, vessels of the same type, but each somewhat more powerful than its predecessor, and the *Rupert*, a vessel intended for ramming purposes; while it has 3 building, the *Inflexible*, with 24 inches of iron and 81 ton guns, and the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, of the same type, though somewhat smaller. The *Inflexible* will, it is stated, have masts, but in other respects it is more properly included in this class.

Of vessels intended for coast defence, England has 6 of the first class, 4 of the *Cyclops* class, the *Glatton* and the *Hotspur*.

Of ironclads of the second class, England may be said to be rich. Of 26 sea-going ironclads built before 1865, 9 only were constructed of wood; these, with one exception, are now useless. The remaining 17, however, including such vessels as the *Bellerophon*, *Black*



*Prince*, *Warrior*, the 3 vessels of the *Minotaur* type, the *Penelope*, *Defence*, &c., though no longer to be counted in the first rank, are very valuable vessels, and having been constructed of iron, are as sound in hull as when first launched.

Confining our attention, however, to vessels which from the thickness of their armour-plating are deserving of being considered in the first class, the list works out as follows :—

	Masted Ironclads.		(Seagoing) Unmasted Ironclads.		Coast Defence Vessels.	
	Built.	Build- ing.	Built.	Build- ing.	Built.	Build- ing.
England.	10	3	4	3	6	...
France .	6	4	...	...	6	6
Germany .	5	1	...	...	...	...
Turkey .	6	1	...	...	...	...
Italy . .	...	...	...	4	...	...
Austria .	4	1	...	...	...	...
Russia .	...	...	1	...	2	...

Comparing the value of the various vessels included in these lists, Mons. Marchal, after a careful analysis of the various elements, which make up their force and value, arrives at the following result. Estimating the most powerful, the *Inflexible* at 100, he estimates the *Duilio* (Italian) at 92, the *Ajax* (English) at 75, *Foudroyant* (2) (French) 72, *Dreadnought* 72, *Peter the Great* 71, *Redoutable* (French) 65, *Thunderer* 63, *Tegethoff* (Austrian) 61, *Alexandra* 56, *Kaiser* (German) 48, *Colbert* (French) 46, *Sultan* (English) 43, *Nelson* 42, *Océan* (French) 40, *Monarch* 38, *Shannon* 35, *Iron Duke* (English) 29, *Tonnerre* (French) 45, *Rupert* (English) 33, *Hotspur* 29, *Glatton* 28, *Bélair* (French) 24, *Popoff's* (Russian) 25, *Cyclops* (English) 17.

Adding together the values of all these vessels for their respective countries, he arrives at the following result, as giving the comparison of the really powerful ships built or building of the principal naval powers :—

England .	1,112	Turkey . .	215
France . .	853	Russia . .	153
Germany .	372	Austria . .	134
Italy . .	284		

He makes this important addition :—  
“ To represent the actual force of the various navies, included in this classification, there should be added the ironclads of earlier construction ; but the addition to the relative values would not be considerable, as each vessel would individually bring but a very feeble addition of power, and in any case the proportion would not be affected.”

It must be observed, also, with reference to these figures, that they work out very favourably to France and Italy, in consequence of their including very powerful vessels in each case, which have been only very recently laid down. On the average, the French vessels are much longer on the stocks than English vessels. A deduction should be made on this score of not less than 150 from the French total, and 100 from the Italian, in making comparison with other countries.

When we descend below the rank of ironclads, we find in the British navy a considerable number of fast cruisers, for which no match can be found in any foreign navies ; the *Shah* and *Inconstant*, vessels of 4,000 tons, and able to steam at 16 knots ; the *Raleigh*, *Bacchante*, and *Boadicea*, covered corvettes of a formidable character ; the *Active*, *Volage* and *Rover*, uncovered corvettes of 2,400 tons, larger even than the old line-of-battle ships, and steaming at the rate of 15 knots ; and in the next class we have a class already numerous, and still growing, of corvettes of 1,500 to 2,000 tons, of the *Encounter* type. For none of these are there equals, still less superiors, in any other navy that we are acquainted with.

In the United States navy, formerly famous for its frigates, no new vessels of this size and type have been built since the war of Secession. A few sloops of 1,200 tons have, with the greatest difficulty, been obtained from Congress, which shows great unwillingness to vote money for their navy. The navy, therefore, of the States consists only of monitors, the inheritance of the civil war, some old frigates, and a few cruising sloops ; 23 monitors have been struck off the list since that war, and

there remain, 3 monitors of the larger type and 14 of a smaller size. During the past few years the exertions of their dockyards have been confined to replacing the wooden hulls of some of these monitors by iron hulls of the same size and lines. Though powerful for the defence of their coast, and especially of the numerous estuaries and rivers, the more so by reason of their low draft of water, these vessels are not suitable for offensive operations at any distance, still less can they be reckoned as cruisers. Although, however, the state of preparation of the United States is not such as to cause the smallest apprehension, or to affect in any way the building policy of our own dockyards, it would be wrong to suppose that in the event of war we might not find a very active, enterprising, and dangerous opponent. Whenever the occasion has required, the Americans have shown a versatility and invention which have gone far to supply the place of preparation and armaments; while the deeds of Admiral Farragut and others at the forcing of the Confederate forts of the Mississippi, and the attacks on Mobile and Wilmington, show that their officers are from the same stock as our own.

Our immediate attention need be devoted only to Europe; and there, as regards the existing ships of the first class built and building, England may be considered in the ratio of 1112 to 2011, representing the combined forces of France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia, and Turkey; almost exactly in the same proportion as we held in 1793 to the then existing naval powers, France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Sweden, Norway. We were then inferior to France and Spain, the two next most powerful navies; we are now about equal to France and Germany combined, or to France, Italy and Turkey combined, or to Germany, Prussia, Italy, Turkey and Russia combined. It is wholly unnecessary, however, even to suppose the possibility of many of these combinations. The most improbable event in the future of Europe is a combination between France and Germany. As against France, the existence of a powerful Ger-

man marine, is an element of strength to England, rather than the reverse. As against Germany, the same may be said of the French navy. The creation of an Italian fleet need be no cause of jealousy to England, but the reverse; nor is it probable that the fleet of Turkey would in any combination be found against us; though it is not beyond possibility that Navarino might be repeated. No combination therefore so formidable as was that of France, Spain, and Holland in 1796 is within the limits of reasonable speculation.

There are also considerations which, in the event of a naval war, appear to me to weigh most favourably for England, as compared with the conditions of the last great naval war.

1. The introduction of steam has vastly increased the importance, if not the absolute necessity, of depots of coal, where fleets and cruisers may be able to supply themselves. Neutral ports, by the law of nations, cannot be used for the purpose of facilitating hostile operations; coal may only be supplied there sufficient to enable belligerent ships *bonâ fide* to return to their own ports. England has depots of coal in her own possessions in every part of the world. Where are the foreign depots of France, of Germany, of Russia, of the United States? How could their vessels supply themselves with coal at a distance from their own ports and especially eastward of the Cape of Good Hope? It seems to me that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for their fleets and cruisers to venture into seas where they cannot rely on obtaining coal.

2. As depots for coal, the value of such fortified posts as Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Bermuda, the Cape of Good Hope and Hongkong is greatly increased; we should be enabled to employ vessels of the *Devastation* type at a distance from our shores, and make these places the centre of their operations; while their opponents would be dependent on coal drawn from a distance.

3. The strategic value of Gibraltar has been greatly increased. That port has often been called the key of the Mediterranean; the experience however of the



Great War scarcely justified that appellation. It does not appear that it was ever used by our naval forces in this sense. Fleets did not lie there with the object of preventing the entrance or exit of the enemy's fleets. Over and over again we read of French or Spanish fleets, making their way through the Straits, without difficulty or opposition. On one occasion, a French fleet passed through the Straits, outward bound, in sight of a superior force of British vessels, lying at anchor off Gibraltar, but unable, on account of the wind and current, to attack them. We read also that during the great siege of Gibraltar, the relieving fleet of Lord Howe, with 33 sail of the line and a large convoy of store vessels, was carried by the strong current into the Mediterranean, and was several days before it could again make the port.

In the future, it seems to me, that a few powerful vessels of the *Devastation* type, assisted by some fast cruisers, despatch-vessels, and torpedo-ships, would make it a most hazardous operation for a hostile fleet, still more for any enemy's cruisers, to attempt to pass the Straits. Aden also gives us command over the entrance of the Red Sea, and therefore of the Suez Canal.

It may be observed also that, in future wars, the principal naval powers of Europe might find their forces hopelessly divided. If I am right in my supposition, a naval force at Gibraltar would make it a most dangerous operation for a French fleet issuing from Toulon, to combine with those from Cherbourg and Brest. It would equally cut off the Baltic fleet of Russia from that of the Black Sea, supposing the latter could make its exit from the Dardanelles. Similarly it would cut in two the Spanish fleets lying at Carthagen and Cadiz. It is worthy of notice, also, that the German fleet would be equally divided by a naval force at the Sound.

4. Lastly, coal and iron have enor-

mously increased the relative resources of England. Greatly as our commercial marine preponderates over those of every other power, it is in the steam trade that this is the most marked. It may almost be said that at the present time the steam-carrying trade of the world is in the hands of England. Of the steamers crossing the Atlantic a vast proportion belong to England. All were built in England. A greater amount of tonnage of steamers is annually built on the banks of the Clyde alone than forms the total commercial steam tonnage of almost any other power; and in twelve months the shipbuilders of this country could nearly double the tonnage of our navy. At the present time, at Liverpool, owing to a depression in trade, no fewer than 35 of the largest steamers, each above 2000 tons burthen, are laid up in the Birkenhead docks, without the present prospect of employment. What available force does not this show? These vessels could easily be made suitable either for transports or for swift cruisers, fitted with a few guns for the protection of our commerce or the destruction of the enemy's.

The real naval power of a country consists not so much in its present naval force, as in the resources of its commercial marine, on which that force is based, and which forms the reserve which can be called upon to support a long war. In this sense England never was stronger than at the present moment.

If the number of ships of the first class belonging to this and other countries be small as compared with past times, they are at least proportionally more powerful and costly; while the experience of the last few years shows how quickly ships of the latest designs become out of date, and are superseded by the later inventions of the active brains, which are engaged in devising these engines of war and their guns for their respective Countries.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER IV.

## AFTER THE SILENCE OF YEARS.

"COME in," said the Squire. He was sitting among his books, working with such a genuine sense of importance as was strange to see. Mary did not know that she thought anything in the world (except this present mission of hers) so important as he thought his search into the heraldic fortunes of the family. He was in full cry after a certain augmentation which had got into the Musgrave arms no one well knew how. It was only the Musgraves of Penninghame who bore this distinction, and how did they come by it? It appeared in the thirteenth century—in the age of the Crusades. Was it in recollection of some feat of a Crusader?—that was the question. He put down his pen and laid one open book upon another as she came in. He had no consciousness in his mind to make him critical or inquiring. He did not observe her paleness nor the special glitter in her eyes. "I am busy," he said, "so you must be brief. I think I have got hold of that 'chief' at last. After years of search it is exciting to find the first trace of it; but perhaps it is best to wait till I have verified my guesses—they are still not much more than guesses. What a satisfaction it will be when all is clear——"

"I am glad you are to have this satisfaction, papa."

"Yes, I know you take little interest in it for itself. Ladies seldom do; though I can't tell why, for heraldry ought to be an interesting science to them and quite within their reach. Nothing has happened about the dinner, I hope? I notice that is your general subject when you come into my room so late. Law business in the morning,

dinner in the evening—a very good distribution. But I want a good dinner to-night, my dear, to celebrate my success."

"It is not about dinner. Father, we have been living a very quiet life for many years."

"Thank Heaven!" said the old man. "Yes, a quiet life. A man of my age is entitled to it, Mary. I never shrink from exertion in my time, nor do I now, as this will testify." He laid his hand with a genial complaisance upon the half-written paper that lay before him. Then he said with a smile, "But make haste, my dear. There is still an hour before dinner and I am in the spirit of my work. We need not occupy our time, you and I, with general remarks."

"I did not mean it for a general remark," she said with a tremble in her voice. "It is that I have something important—very important to speak of, and I don't know how to begin."

"Important, very important!" he said, with the indulgence of jocular superiority for a child's undue gravity. "I know what these important matters are. Some poaching story of Brown that you don't know how to manage, or quarrel in the village? Bring them to me, but bring them to-morrow, Mary, when my mind is at rest—I cannot give my attention now."

"It is neither poaching nor quarrelling," she said. "I can manage the village. There are other things. Father, though we have been quiet for so many years, it is not because there has been nothing to think of—no seeds of trouble in the past—no anxieties——"

"I don't know what you are thinking of," he said, pettishly. "No anxieties! A man has them as long as he is in the world. We are mortal. Seeds of trouble? I have told you, Mary, that you may spare me general remarks."



"Oh, nothing was further from my mind than general remarks," she cried. "I don't know how to speak. Father—look here—read it; it will tell its own story best. This is what, after the silence of years, I have received to-day."

"The silence of years!" said the Squire. He had to fumble for his spectacles, which he had taken off, though he carefully restrained himself from betraying any special interest. A red colour had mounted to his face. Perhaps his mind did not go so far as to divine what it was; but still a sudden glimmering, like the tremble of pale light before the dawn, had come into his mind.

And this was the thunderbolt that suddenly fell upon him in his quietness after the silence of years:—

"MY DEAR SISTER MARY,—This will be given to you by my little daughter Lilius. The sight of my handwriting and of the children will be enough to startle you, so that I need not try to soften the shock which you must have already received. I claim from my father's shelter for my children. Their mother is dead; so are the others of my family whose very names will never be known to my nearest relations. Never mind that now. I am a man both sick and sorry, worn by the world, lonely, and not much better than an adventurer. These children are the last of our race, and the boy, however reluctant you may be, is my father's heir. I claim for them the shelter of the family roof. I have no home to give them, nor can I give them the care they require. Mary, you are a good woman. You are blameless one way or another. I charge you with my children. God do so to you and more also, according as you deal with them. Some time or other before I die I will drag myself home. That you may be sure of, unless God cuts short my life by the way, of which, if He will, I shall not complain.

"Your brother,

"JOHN MUSGRAVE."

This was the letter which the Squire placed upon his mouldy books, over the

statement he had been writing. He did not speak, but read it steadily to the end, betraying no emotion except by the glow of colour that rose over his weather-beaten face. Who that has sat by, anxious, watching the effect of such a letter, needs to be told with what intense observation Mary Musgrave noted the signs of that rigid control kept upon himself—the tight clutch of one hand upon the table, the tremor of the other which held the letter? But the Squire said nothing, not even when he had visibly come to the end. He held it before him still for some minutes; then he began to fold it elaborately, but said nothing still. The shadow of his head with its falling locks of white hair shook a little upon the wall. There is a peculiar tremble which shows the very severity of restraint, and this was of that kind.

"Father! have you nothing to say?"

"I thought it was a subject put aside, not to be mentioned between us," he said. "I may be wrong—if I am wrong you can inform me—but I supposed this and all cognate subjects to be closed between us——"

"How can this be closed? I have ceased to importune you, but this is a new opening. And there is more than the letter—the children——"

"Ah!" He gave a slight cry. If he could it would have been an exclamation of scorn, but this was too much for him; the cry was sharp with impatient pain.

"I could not keep *them* a secret from you, father."

"I hate secrets," he said; "nevertheless there are few families in which they are not necessary." When he had said this he pushed the letter towards her, drew forward his heraldry books, and took his pen in his hand.

"Will you say nothing to me?" she cried. "Will you give me no answer? What am I to do?"

"Do! It seems to me quite an unnecessary question. It is a long time since I have given up exercising any control over you, Mary," he said.

"But, father, have a little pity. The house is not mine to do as I like with."

"It is unfortunate," he said, with a cold precision which made it doubtful whether he spoke satirically or in earnest. "But that is not my fault. You cannot expect me to make place voluntarily for another; and even if I did, as you are a woman, it would be of very little use to you. You cannot be the heir——"

"And this boy is!" she said, with a gesture of appeal.

Mr. Musgrave said nothing. He shook his head impatiently, pushed the letter to her with an energy that flung it into her lap, and resumed his writing. She stood by while he deliberately returned to his description of the "chief," turning up a page on his heraldry books, where all the uses and meanings of that "augmentation" were discussed. According to all appearance his mind took up this important question exactly where he had left it; and he resumed his writing steadily, betraying agitation only by a larger, bolder, and firmer handwriting. His daughter stood for a moment by his side, and watched him speechless—then went out of the room without another word. The Squire went on writing for a full minute more. The lines he wrote had not been so bold, so firm, so well-defined for years. Was it because he had to put the whole force that remained in him, soul and body, to get them upon the paper at all? When all sound of her departing steps had died out, he stopped suddenly, and, putting down his pen, let his head drop upon the open book, and its figured page. An augmentation of honour! The days were over in which such gifts came from heralds and kings. And instead, here were struggles of a very different kind from those which won new blazons. But the most insensible, the most self-controlled of men, could not take such an interruption of his studies with absolute calm. He had never come into such desperate conflict with any man as with this son, and

here his enemy, whom nature forbade to be his enemy, his antagonist, say rather, had come again after the silence of years and confronted him. To see such a one pass by, could not but excite a certain emotion; but to meet him thus as it were face to face! The passion of parental love has been often portrayed. There is no passion more fervent, none perhaps even that can equal it; but there is another passion scarcely less intense—that which rises involuntarily in the bosom of a man between whom and his son there are no ties of mutual dependence, when the younger has become as the elder, knowing good and evil, and all the experiences of life; when there is no longer a question of authority and obedience, and natural affection yields to a strain of feeling which is too strong for it. Many long years had passed now since young Musgrave ceased to be his father's pride, and boyish second in everything. He had grown a man, his equal, and had resisted and held his own in the conflict half a lifetime ago. All the embitterment which close relationship gives to a deadly quarrel had been between them, and though the father had so far got the better as to drive the rebel out of his sight, he had not crushed his will or removed him from his standing-ground. He was the victor, though the vanquished. His son had not yielded, nor would ever yield. When Mr. Musgrave raised his head his face was pale, and his head shook with a nervous tremor; all the broken redness of his cheeks shone like pencilled lines through his pallor, increasing it. "This will never do," he said to himself, and rising, went to an old oak cupboard in the corner, and poured himself a small glass of the strongest of liqueurs. Not for all that remained of the Musgrave property would he have shown himself so broken, so overcome. This other man who was no younger, but only stronger than himself, was at the same time his successor, ready to push him out of his seat; waiting for a triumph that must come sooner or later. He had been able to forget all about



him for years ; to thrust out the thought when it occurred ; but here this man stood once more confronting him. The Squire was wise in his way, and knew that there was nothing in the world so bad for the health, or so likely to give his antagonist an advantage as the indulgence of emotion—therefore he crushed it “upon the threshold of the mind.” He would not give him that help towards the inevitable eventual triumph. He went back to his writing-table when he had fortified himself with that potent mouthful ; but knowing himself, tried his pen upon a stray bit of paper before he would resume his writing. What he wrote was in the quivering lines of old age. He tore it into pieces. No one should see such a sign of agitation in the manuscript which was to last longer than he. He took up the most learned of his books, and began to read with close attention. Here, at all events, the adversary should not get the better of him ; or, at least, if thoughts did surge and rise, obliterating the old escutcheon altogether and the lion on its “chief,” nobody should be the wiser. Thus the old man sat with a desperate courage, worthy a better object, and mastered the furious excitement in his mind. But he was not thinking of the children as perhaps the reader of this story may suppose. He was not resisting the thrill of natural interest, the softening of heart which might have attended that sudden arrival. He did not even realise the existence of the children. His thoughts were of conflicts past, and of the opponent against whom he had striven so often : the opponent whom he could not altogether dismiss or get rid of, his rival, his heir, his successor, his son. There was nothing he had wished as a father, as a Musgrave, as the head of a great county family, which this man had not done his best to undo ; and as he had by ill-fortune thirty years the advantage of his father, there was no doubt that he would, some time or other, undo and destroy to an extent of which he was incapable now ; un-

less indeed he was prevented in the most disgraceful way, incapacitated by public conviction of crime. This consciousness had always been in Mr. Musgrave's mind. It had returned to him at intervals throughout the last twenty years. It had made him to a great extent lay aside his natural occupations, and leave the management of the estate in his daughter's hands. Sometimes, indeed, he would be stimulated by it into a determination to have, so long as it was in his power, everything his own way ; but this impulse yielded to the sickening of impatient disgust with which he remembered that his wishes some time or other would have no weight at all among his own people. The more completely he could banish this thought from his mind, the happier he was, and he had done so to a wonderful extent for many years past. He had avoided successfully enough the idea that he himself would one day be compelled to die. Many men do this who have no painful consciousness of the heir behind who is waiting to dispossess them ; and Mr. Musgrave had, to a great degree, attained tranquillity on this point. The habit of living seems to grow stronger with men as they draw near the end of their lives. It has lasted so long ; it has been so steady and uninterrupted, why should it ever cease ? But here was the death's-head rising at the feast ; the executioner giving note of his presence behind backs. John ! he had dismissed him from his mind. He had exercised even a kind of Christianity in forgetting him. But here he was again, incapable of being forgotten. What a tremor in his blood ! What undue working of all that machinery of the heart which it is essential to keep in calm, good order had this interruption caused ! he who had no vital energy to spare ; who wanted it all for daily comfort and that continuance which with younger people is so lightly taken for granted. How much of that precious reserve had been consumed by this shock. It had been done on purpose, perhaps, to try

the effect of a shock upon his nerves and fibres.

Mr. Musgrave pushed back his chair again from the table, and gave all his faculties to the task of calming himself down. He would not allow himself to be overcome by John. But it took him a long time to accomplish this, to get his pulse back to its usual rate of beating. When he relaxed for a moment in his watch over himself, old recollections would throw back scenes of the long warfare, words that were as swords, and smote him over again with burning and stinging wounds. He had to calm it all down and still memory altogether if he would have any hope of recovering. It wanted about an hour of their ordinary time for dinner when he began this process. Up to that time it did not so much matter, except for wearing him out and diminishing his strength. But it was his determination that no one should know or see this agitation which he had not been able to master. His daughter thought she had a harder task before her when she left him and hurried back to the ghostly, half-lighted hall where she had left the children; but what was her work, or the commotion of her thoughts in comparison to that which raged within the bosom of the old man in his solitude, defying Heaven and nature, and all gentler influences, whose conflict was for himself only, as it was carried on unhelped and unthought of by himself alone?

## CHAPTER V.

### WAKING UP.

MISS MUSGRAVE went back to her visitors with a heightened colour and assured step. Her alarm had departed along with the wistful and hopeful ignorance as to what her father might do. Now that she knew her courage came back to her. When she opened the door which led out of the little passage into the hall, the scene before her was striking and strange enough to arrest her like a picture she had never seen before. The great

ancient room with its high raftered roof, and wide space, lay in darkness—all but one bright spot in the midst where the lamp stood on the table. Miss Brown had hastily arranged a kind of homely meal, a basket of oatcakes, some white bread in a napkin, biscuits, home-made gingerbread, and a jug of fresh milk. The white and brown bread, the tall white jug, the cloth upon the tray, all helped to increase the whiteness of that spot in the gloom. In the midst of this light sat the Italian nurse, dark and vigorous, with the silver pins in her black hair, and red ribbons at her breast. The pale little boy sat on her knee; he had a little fair head like an angel in a picture, light curling hair, and a delicate complexion, white and red, which was fully relieved against that dark background. The child's alarm had given way a little, but still, in the intervals of his meal, he would pause, look round him into the gloom, and clutch with speechless fright at his attendant, who held him close and soothed him with all the soft words she could think of. Little Lillas stood by her on the further side, sufficiently recovered to eat a biscuit, but securing herself also, brave as she was, by a firm grasp of the nurse's arm to which she hung, tightly embracing it with her own. Miss Brown was fitting about this strange little group, talking continuously, though the only one among them who was disposed to talk could not understand her, and the children were too worn out to pay any attention. There was a little start and thrill among the three who held so closely together when the lady returned. Little Lillas put down her biscuit. She became the head of the party as soon as Miss Musgrave came back—the plenipotentiary with whom to conduct all negotiations. Nello, on the other hand, buried his head in his nurse's shoulder. In the midst of all her agitation and confusion it troubled Miss Musgrave that the child should hide his face from her. The boy who was like herself and her family was the one to whom her interest turned most. Lillas bore another resemblance which



was no passport to Mary Musgrave's heart. Yet it was hard to resist the fascination of this child's sense and courage; the boy, as yet, had shown himself capable of nothing but fear.

"Go and have fires lighted at once in the two west rooms—make everything ready," Mary said, sending Miss Brown away peremptorily. It was not a worthy feeling perhaps, but it vexed her, agitated as she was, to see that her maid woke no alarm in the children, while she, their nearest relation, she who, if necessary, had made up her mind to sacrifice everything for them, was an object of fear. She thought even that the children clung closer to their nurse, and shrank more from herself when Martha was sent away. Miss Musgrave stood at the other side of the table and looked at them with many conflicting thoughts. It was altogether new to her, this strange mixture of ignorance and wonder, and almost awe on her own part of these unknown little creatures, henceforward to be wholly dependent upon her, with the natural authority and absolute power over them with which she was endowed. They were afraid of her, but she was scarcely less afraid of them, wondering with an ache in her heart whether she would be able to feel towards them as she ought, to bring her middle-aged thoughts into sympathy with theirs, to be soft and gentle with them as their helplessness demanded. Love does not always come with the first claim upon it; how was she to love them, little unknown beings whose very existence she had never heard of before? And Mary thought of herself with a certain pity in this strange moment, remembering almost with a sense of injury that the fountain of mother's love had never been awakened in her at all. Was it thus to be awakened? She was not an angelic woman, as poor Mr. Pen imagined her to be. She knew this well enough, though he did not know it. She had been young and full of herself when the family misfortunes happened, and since then what had there been in her life to warm or awaken the heart? Was

she capable of loving, she asked herself? was there not a chill atmosphere about her, which breathed cold upon the children and drove them away? This thought gave her a pang, as she stood and looked at the two helpless creatures before her, too frightened now to munch their biscuits, one gazing at her with big pathetic eyes, the other hiding his face. An ache of helplessness and pain not less great than theirs came into her mind. She was as helpless as they were, looking at them across the table, as if across a world of separation which she did not know how to bridge over, with not only them to vanquish, but herself. At last she put out her hands with a sense of weakness, such as perhaps she had never felt before. She had not been able, indeed, to influence her father, but she had not felt helpless before him; on the contrary his hardness had stirred her to determination on her side, and a sense of power which quickened the flowing of her blood. But before these children she felt helpless; what was she to do with them, how bring herself into communication with them? She put out her hands, hands strong to guard, but powerless she thought to attract. "Lilias, will you come to me?" she said, with a tremulous tone in her voice.

The weariness, the strangeness, the darkness had been almost too much for Lilias; her mouthful of biscuit and draught of milk had been too quickly interrupted by the return of the strange, beautiful lady, with whom she alone, she was aware, could deal. And she could not respond to that appeal without quitting hold of Martuccia, who, though powerless to treat with the lady, was still a safeguard against the surrounding blackness, a something to cling to. But the child was brave as a hero, notwithstanding the nervous susceptibility of her nature. She disengaged her arm slowly from her one stay, keeping her eyes all the time fixed upon Miss Musgrave, half attracted by her, half to keep herself from seeing those dark corners in which mysterious dangers seemed to lurk;

high, and a swell of conscious force in her bosom. Whatever might be coming, she was prepared for any blow.

Mr. Musgrave, too, was late. He who was the soul of punctuality did not enter the room for a minute or more after his daughter had hastened there, knowing herself late—but whereas she had hurried her toilet his had never been more careful and precise. He took his seat with a careful steadiness, and insisted upon carving the mutton and partridge which made their meal, though on ordinary occasions he left this office to Eastwood. It gratified him, however, to-day, to prove to himself and to her how capable he was and how steady were his nerves. And he talked while he did this with unusual energy, going over again all the history of the "chief."

"I hope it will interest the general reader," he said. "Not many family questions do, but this is really an elucidation of history. It throws light upon a great many things. You scorn heraldry, Mary, I am aware."

"No, I do not think I scorn it."

"Well, at all events you are little interested; the details are not of much importance, you think. In short, I suspect," he added, with a little laugh, "that if the truth were told, you and a great many other ladies, secretly look upon the science as one of those play-sciences that keep men from being troublesome. You don't say so, but I believe you think we fuss and make work for ourselves in this way, while you are carrying on the real work of the world."

"I am not so self-important," she said; but there was a great deal of truth in the suggestion if her mind had been free enough to think of it. What was it else but a play-science to keep country gentlemen too old for fox-hunting out of mischief? This is one of the private opinions of the gynæceum applying to many grave pursuits, an opinion which circulates there in strictest privacy and is not spoken to the world. Mary would have smiled at the Squire's discrimination had her mind been free. As it was

she could do nothing but wonder at his liveliness and composure, and say to herself that he must be waiting till Eastwood went away. This, no doubt, was why he talked so much, and was so genial. He did not wish to betray anything to the servants, and her heart began to beat once more with renewed force as the moment came for their withdrawal. No doubt it would come, and most likely come with double severity then. She had seen all this process gone through before.

But when Eastwood went away the Squire continued smiling and conversational. He told her of a poacher who had been brought to him, a bumpkin from a distant farm, to whom he meant to be merciful; and of some land which was likely to be in the market which would, if it could be got, restore an old corner of the estate and rectify the ancient boundary.

"I do not suppose there is any hope of such a thing," he said, with a sigh. "And besides, what does it matter to me that I should care? my time cannot be very long."

"The time of the family may be long enough," she said, with a throb of rising excitement, for surely now he would speak. "One individual is not all."

"That is a sound sentiment—though perhaps it may seem a little cold-hearted when the individual is your father, Mary."

"I did not mean it to be cold-hearted; you have always taught me to consider the race."

"And so you ought," he said, "though you don't care so much for the blazon as I could wish. I should like to talk to Burn and to see what the lawyers would think of it. I confess I should like to be Lord of the Manor at Critchley again before I die."

"And so you shall, father, so you shall!" she cried. "We could do it with an effort—if only you would—if only you could—"

He interrupted her hastily.

"When Burn comes to-morrow let me see him," he said. "This is no



question of what I could or would. If it can be done it ought to be done. That is all I have to say. Is it not time you were having tea?"

This was to send her away that he might have his evening nap after dinner.

Mary rose at the well-known formula, but she came softly round to his end of the room to see that the fire was as he liked it, and lingered behind his chair, not knowing whether to make another appeal to him. Her presence seemed to make him restless; perhaps he divined what was floating in her mind. He got up quickly before she had time to speak.

"On second thoughts," he said, "as I was disturbed before dinner, I had better resume my work at once. You can send me a cup of tea to the library. It is not often that one has such a satisfactory piece of work in hand; that charms away drowsiness. Be sure you send me the cup of tea."

"You will not over-fatigue yourself, father?" said Mary, faltering. "I—hope you will not do too much."

This was not what she meant to say, but these were the only words that she could manage to form out of her lips.

"Oh, no; do not be uneasy. I shall not overwork myself," said the Squire once more, with a laugh.

And he went out of the room before her, erect and steady, looking younger and stronger in the force of that excitement which he was so careful to conceal. Mary did not know what to think. Was he postponing his sentence to make it more telling? or was he, happier thought, moved by it, as she herself had been, warmed into forgiveness, into relenting, into the happiness of old age in children's children? Could this be so? She stood over the fire in her agitation holding her hands out to the ruddy blaze, though she was not cold. Her heart beat violently against her breast. How uneasy a thing this life was, how restless and full of change and commotion. Yet so much more, so much greater than the guilty stagnation which was gone.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AT THE VICARAGE.

THE vicarage was stilled in the quiet of the evening, the children in bed, the house at rest. It was not the beautiful and dignified old house which in England is the ideal dwelling of the gentleman-parson, the ecclesiastical squire of the parish. And indeed Mr. Pennithorne was not of that order. Though there had been many jokes when he first entered upon the cure as to the resemblance between his name and that of the parish, Pennithorne of Penninghame was a purely accidental coincidence. Mr. Musgrave was the patron, but the living was not wealthy enough or important enough to form that appropriate provision for a second son which, according to the curious subordination and adaptation of public wants to family interests, has become the rule in England, unique as are so many others. Randolph Musgrave had his rectory in Devonshire, in the district which was influenced by his mother's family, where there was something more worth his acceptance, and his old tutor had got the family living. Mr. Pennithorne was not a distinguished scholar with chances of preferment through his college, and it had been considered a great thing for him when, after dragging the young Musgraves through a certain proportion of schooling and colleging, he had subsided into this quiet provision for the rest of his life. He was a clergyman's son, with no better prospects, and whatsoever glimmerings of young ambition there might have been in him, there was no coming down involved when he accepted the small rural vicarage where his heart was. We have already said that in his wildest hopes a vision of the possibility of bringing Mary Musgrave to the vicarage to share his humble circumstances with him had never entered into Mr. Pennithorne's mind; but to be near her was something, and to be her trusted and confidential friend

seemed the best that life could give him. Here he had remained ever since, being of some use to her, as he hoped from time to time, and some comfort at least, if nothing more, in the convulsions of the family. During the first years of his incumbency Mr. Pennithorne's own mind had been subject to many convulsions as one suitor after another came to the Castle; but as they had all ridden away again with what grace they could after their rejection, comfort had come back. It was a curious passion, and one which we do not pretend to explain. After a while, impelled by friends, by convenience, and by the soft looks of Emily Coniston, the daughter of the clergyman in his native place, to which he had gone on a visit, he had himself found it possible to marry without any drawback to his visionary love; but still to this day, though he had been Emily's husband for ten years, it troubled the good vicar when any stranger came to the Castle whose society seemed specially pleasant to Miss Musgrave. He would hang about the place at such times like an alarmed hen when something threatens the brood, nor ceased to cluck and flutter his wings till the danger was over. Did he not wish her happiness? Ah, yes, and would, he thought, have given his life to procure it; but was it necessary that happiness should always be got in that one vulgar way? Marriage was well enough for the vulgar, but not for Mary. It would have been a descent from her maiden dignity, a lowering of her position. He was willing that everybody should love her and place her on a pedestal above all women; but it wounded his finest feelings to think that she too, in her turn, might love. There was no man good enough or great enough to be worthy of awakening such a sentiment in Mary Musgrave's breast.

As is not unusual in such cases, Mr. Pennithorne, the chief inspiration of whose life was a visionary passion of the most exalted and exalting kind for a woman, had married a woman for whom

no one could entertain any very exalted or impassioned feelings. Perhaps the household drudge is a natural double or attendant of the goddess. They "got on" very well together, people said, and Mr. Pen put up with his wife's little foolishnesses and fretfulnesses, as perhaps a man could not have done whose heart was fortified by no ideal passion. Emily was a good housekeeper of the narrow sort, caring very little for comfort, and very proud of her economy; and she was a good mother of the troublesome kind, whose children are always in the foreground, always wanting something, always claiming her attention. Mr. Pen adored them, and yet he was glad when they were got to bed, when his wife could be spoken to without one child clinging to her skirts, or another breaking in upon everything with plaintive appeals to mamma. But he took it for granted that this was how it must be, and that a more lovely course of life was impracticable. One woman excepted, all women, he thought, were like this; it is thus that the dogmatisms of common opinion are formed and kept up; and what could be done but to shrug his shoulders at the inevitable, escaping from it into his study, or with a sigh into that world of the ideal where imagination is never ruffled by the incidents of common life. The children were in bed on this October night, and everything was still. The vicarage was not a handsome house, nor very old, but badly-built and commonplace, redeemed by nothing but its garden, which was large, and gave a pretty surrounding to the place in summer. But the night had become stormy, and the wind was raving in the trees, making their close neighbourhood anything but an advantage. Mrs. Pennithorne thought it extravagant to use two sitting-rooms, so the family ate and lived in the dining-room, a dark room papered and furnished as, in the days when Mr. Pen was married, it was thought right to decorate such places, with a red flock paper of a large pattern which relieved the black horsehair of the furniture. The room was not very



large. It had a black marble mantelshelf, with a clock upon it, and some vases of Bohemian glass, and a red and blue tablecover upon the table, about which there lingered always a certain odour of food, especially in cold weather, when the windows were closed. Mrs. Pennithorne sat between the fire and the table. She had some dressmaking in hand, which made a litter about, dark winter stuff for little Mary's frock; and as she had no genius for this work, it was a lingering and confusing business to her, and made her less amiable than usual. The reason why her husband was there at all instead of being in his study was that the evening was cold; but it had not yet become, according to Mrs. Pen's code, time for fires. There was one in the dining-room, for she had not been well; but to light a second so early in October was against all her traditions, and Mr. Pen had been driven out of his study, where he had been sitting in his greatcoat, and now stood with his back to the fire, warming himself, poor man, in preparation for another spell of work at his sermon. He was thin and felt the cold. It was this, she had just been saying, that had brought him, and not any regard for her loneliness—which indeed was quite true.

"No, Emily," he said meekly, "for I have my work to do, you know; but while I am here, I hope you are not sorry to see me. The children were rather late to-night."

"I am glad to keep them up a little for company," she said. "It is not so cheerful sitting here all alone, hearing the wind roar in the trees; and my nerves are quite gone. I never used to fear anything when I was a young girl, but now I start at every sound. I don't mean to blame *you*, but it is lonely sitting by one's self after being one of a large family."

"No doubt—no doubt," he said soothingly. "I suppose we gain something as years go on, but we do lose something. That must be taken for granted in life."

"I don't like your philosophy, Mr.

Pennithorne," said Emily; "the way you have of always making out that things have to be! I don't see it, for my part. I think a married woman should have a great deal to cheer her up that a girl can't have——"

"My dear," he said, "perhaps I am not much—and you know the parish is my first duty; but have you not the children?—dear children they are. I do not think there can be any greater pleasure than one's children——"

"You have nothing to do but enjoy them," said Mrs. Pennithorne, slightly softened; "but if you had to work and slave like me! There is never a day that I have not something to do for them; mending, or making, or darning, or something. Fathers have an easy time of it; play with the baby now and then, take out the elder ones for a walk, and that's all. That is nothing but pleasure; but to sit for days and work one's fingers to the bone——"

"I wish you would not, Emily. I have heard you say that Miss Price in the village was a very good dress-maker——"

"For those who can afford her," said Mrs. Pennithorne. "But," she added, with a better inspiration, "you make me look as if I were complaining, and I don't want to complain. Though it is dull, William, you must allow, sitting all the evening by one's self——"

"But I have to do the same," he said, with gentle hypocrisy. "You know, Emily, if I wrote my sermon here, we should fall to talking, which no doubt is far pleasanter—but it is not duty, and duty must come before all——"

"There is more than one kind of duty," said Mrs. Pennithorne, who was tearing her fingers with pins putting together two sides of Mary's frock. While she was bending over this, the maid came into the room with a note. There was something in the "Ah!" with which he took it which made his wife raise her head. She was not jealous of Miss Musgrave, who was nearly ten years older than herself, an old maid, and beneath consideration;

but she did think that William thought a great deal too much of the Castle. "What is it now?" she said pettishly. Perhaps once more—they had done it several times already—it was an invitation to dinner for Mr. Pennithorne alone. But he was so much interested in what he was reading that he did not even hear her. She sat with her scissors in her hand, and looked at him while he read the note, his face changing, his whole mind absorbed. He did not look like that when their common affairs were discussed, or the education of his children, which ought to be more interesting to him than anything else. This was other people's business—and how it took him up! Mrs. Pennithorne was a good woman, and did her duty to her neighbours when it was very clearly indicated; but still, of course, nothing could be of such consequence as your own family, and your duty to them. And to see how he was taken up, smiling, looking as if he might be going to cry! Nothing about Johnny or Mary ever excited him so. Mrs. Pennithorne was not only vexed on her own account, but felt it to be wrong.

"Now, life is a wonderful thing," he said suddenly. "I went to the Castle this afternoon——"

"You are always going to the Castle," she said, in a fretful voice.

"Expressly to tell Miss Musgrave how much my mind had been occupied about her brother John. You never knew him, Emily; but he was my pupil, and I was very fond of him——"

"You are very fond of all the family, I think," she said, half-interested, half-aggrieved.

"Perhaps I was," he said, with a little sigh, which, however, she did not notice; "but John particularly. He was a fine fellow, though he was so hot-headed. The other night I kept dreaming of him, all night long—over and over again."

"That was what made you so restless, I suppose," Mrs. Pennithorne put in, in a parenthesis. "I am sure you have plenty belonging to yourself to dream of, if you want to dream."

"— And I went to ask if they had heard anything, smiling at myself—as she did for being superstitious. But here is the wonderful thing: I had scarcely left, when the thing I had foreseen arrived. A carriage drew up containing John Musgrave's children——"

"Did you know John Musgrave's children? I never knew he had any children——"

"Nor did I, or any one!—that is the wonder of it. I felt sure something was happening to him or about him—and lo! the children arrived. It was no cleverness of mine," said Mr. Pennithorne with gentle complacency, "but still I must say it was a wonderful coincidence. The very day!"

Mrs. Pennithorne did not make any reply. She was not interested in a coincidence which had nothing to do with her own family. If Mr. Pen had divined when Johnny was to break his arm, so that they might have been prepared for that accident! but the Musgraves had plenty of people to take care of them, and there seemed no need for a new providential agency to give them warning of unsuspected arrivals. She put some more pins into little Mary's frock—the two sides of the little bodice never would come the same. She pulled at them, measured them, repinned them, but could not get them right.

"I have heard a great deal about John Musgrave," she said with a pin in her mouth. "What was it he did that he had to run away?"

"My dear Emily! don't do that, for heaven's sake—you frighten me; and besides it is not—pretty—it is not becoming——"

"I think I am old enough by this time to know what is becoming," said Mrs. Pennithorne with some wrath, yet growing red as she took out the pins. She was conscious that it was not lady-like, and felt that this was the word her husband meant to use. "If you know the trouble it is to get both sides the same" she added, forgetting her resentment in vexation. It was a troublesome job. There are some people in whose hands



everything goes wrong. Mrs. Pen shed a tear or two over the refractory frock.

"My dear! I hope it is not my innocent remark——"

"Oh no, it is not any innocent remark. It is so troublesome. Just when I thought I had got it quite straight! But what do you know about such things? You have nothing to say to Mary's frock. You never would notice, I believe, if she had not one to her back, or wore the same old rag year after year——"

"Yes, Emily, I should notice," said Mr. Pen with some compunction; "and I am very sorry that you should have so much trouble. Send for Miss Price tomorrow, and I will pay her out of my own money. You must not take it off the house."

"Oh, William! William!" said his wife, "who is it that will suffer if your own money, as you call it, runs out? Do you think I am so inconsiderate as only to think of what I have for the house! Isn't it all one purse, and will it not be the children that will suffer eventually whoever pays? No, your money shall not be spent to save me trouble. What is the good of us but to take trouble?" said Mrs. Pen with heroic fortitude.

Mr. Pen sighed. Perhaps he was more conscious of the litter of dressmaking than of this fine sentiment. But anyhow he did not give any applause to the heroine. He left indeed this family subject altogether, and after a momentary pause, said half to himself, "John Musgrave's children! Who could have thought it! And how strange it all is——"

"Really, Mr. Pennithorne," said his wife, offended, "it is too much. I don't believe you think one half so much of your own children as of those Musgraves. What did they ever do for us?"

"They did this for us, my dear. That but for them I should not have had a home to offer you—nor a family at all," said the vicar with a little warmth. "I might have been still travelling with boys about the world——"

"Oh, William, not with your talents,"

said his wife, looking at him with admiration. With all her fretfulness and insensibility to those fine points of internal arrangement for which he had a half-developed, half-subdued taste, Emily had still a great admiration for her husband. Now Mary Musgrave, who was, unknown to either, her spiritual rival, had no admiration for good Mr. Pen at all. This gave the partner of his life an infinite advantage. His voice softened as he replied, shaking his head:

"Unfortunately, my love, other people do not appreciate my talents as you do."

"That is because they don't know you so well," she said with flattering promptitude. Mr. Pennithorne drew a chair to the fire and sat down. It was but rarely that he received this domestic adulation; but it warmed him, and did him good.

"Ah, my dear, I fear I must not lay that flattering unction to my soul," he said.

"You are too modest, William; I have always said you were too modest," said Mrs. Pennithorne, returning good for evil. How little notice he had taken of her fine heroic feeling and self-abnegation! Women are more generous; she behaved very differently to him. And the fact was, he very soon began to think that old Mr. Musgrave had made use of him, and given him a very poor return. The vicarage was not much—and the Squire had never attempted to do anything more. It is sweet to be told that you are above your fate—that Providence owed you something better. He roused himself up, however, after a time out of that unwholesome state of self-complacency. "What a strange state of affairs it is, Emily," he said. He was not in the habit of making his wife his *confidante* on matters that concerned the Musgraves, but in a moment of weakness his resolution was overcome. "What a painful state of affairs! Mr. Musgrave knows of the coming of these children, but he takes no notice, and whether she is to be allowed to keep them or not——"

"Dear me, think of having to get permission from your father at her time of life," said Mrs. Pennithorne, with a naive pity. "And whom did he marry, William, and what sort of a person was their mother? I don't think you ever told me that."

"Their mother was—John's wife; I must have told you of her. She was not the person his family wished. But that often happens, my dear. It is no sign that a man is a bad man because he may make what you may call a mistaken choice."

"My dear William," said Mrs. Pen, with authority, "there is nothing that shows a man's character so much as the wife he chooses; my mother always said so. It is the best test if he is a nice feeling man or not," the vicar's wife said blandly, with a little cousin's smile upon her face.

Mr. Pennithorne made no reply. There was something humorous in this innocent little speech, considering who the speaker was, to anyone who knew. But then nobody knew; scarcely even Mr. Pennithorne himself, who at this moment was so soothed by his wife's "appreciation," that he felt himself the most devoted of husbands. He shook his head a little, deprecating the implied condemnation of his old pupil; for the moment he did not think of himself.

"Now that we are sitting together,

and really comfortable for once in a way," said Mrs. Pennithorne, dropping Mary's bodice with all the pins, and drawing her chair a little nearer to the fire; "it does not happen very often—tell me, William, what it is all about, and what John Musgrave has done."

Again the vicar shook his head. "It's a long story," he said, reluctantly.

"You tell things so nicely, William, I sha'n't think it long; and think how strange it is, knowing so much about people, and yet not knowing anything. And of course I shall have to see the children. Poor little things, not to be sure of shelter in their grandfather's house! but they will always have a friend in you."

"They will have Mary; what can they want more if they have *her*?" he said suddenly, with a fervour which surprised his wife; then blushed and faltered as he caught her eye. What right had he to speak of Miss Musgrave so? Mrs. Pennithorne stared a little, but the slip did not otherwise trouble her, for she saw no reason for the exaggerated respect with which the squire's daughter was treated. Why should not she be called Mary—was it not her name?

"Mary, indeed! what does she know about children? But, William, I am waiting, and this is the question—What did John Musgrave do?"

*To be continued.*



## THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BILL.

THE reform of 1854, so far as Oxford was concerned, was a transfer of the university from non-academical to academical hands. This was the main object of the reformers, and this they accomplished. Before 1854, the colleges were the university; and the heads and fellows of colleges were for the most part elected on account of kinship, birthplace, or place of education, with very little reference to academical qualifications, and, with few exceptions, were bound to become clergymen of the Established Church. Such intellectual interests as the place then had were not academical, but ecclesiastical; and it had just been the scene of a High Church reaction, which, as in the days of Laud, brought it into conflict with the nation. By sweeping away the general restrictions on the election of fellows, greatly reducing the clerical restrictions, and imposing the examination test, the university and its destinies were restored to the keeping of men chosen for academical qualifications. This having been done, the reformers of that day could with confidence leave the rest to the future.

No one, revisiting the university after a long interval, can fail to see that the change has produced its natural effect. Oxford, however far short she may still fall of attainable perfection, has at any rate become again academical; lay learning and science have revived; the university is rapidly resuming her place among the great literary and scientific institutions of the world; and there has been a marked improvement in the quality of the instruction, at least for the higher class of students. Vested interests were necessarily respected by the reform of 1854; their retarding influence was for many years severely felt, and has hardly even yet been worked off: but due allowance being

made for this drawback, the progress has been great. The most genuine reformers, and those who have done most for Oxford themselves, speak in tones of cheerfulness and general satisfaction. Problems, and hard problems, still remain; but they may be approached in a spirit of hope as well as of loyal devotion to the great university, which, with its royal revenues and its still more royal dower of beauty and association, forms so noble a part of the intellectual heritage of the whole English race.

The chief questions now pressing for solution appear to be:—the extension and further endowment of the professoriate for the purposes both of instruction and of research; the limitation of prize fellowships; the relaxation of the rule of celibacy, with the supplementary provisions for the maintenance of the college system under the altered conditions which it will entail; and the course to be taken with the remainder of the clerical restrictions. To these, I venture to think, ought to be added the reform of the visitorships, and the institution of some authority competent to exercise a vigilant supervision and an effective control in the public interest over the dealings of colleges with their property. This necessity has become urgent since the concession to the colleges of powers of sale and redistribution, especially as the introduction of marriage among the fellows is creating personal interests of a kind unknown to the old celibate fraternities, and questions are moreover arising between the pecuniary claims of the tutorial staff and those of the rest of the fellows. That the intellectual freedom of the universities should be respected, and that they should be allowed, like other organs of the body politic, to perform independently their own functions for

the state, provided they are reasonably open to the influence of public opinion, seems the dictate of sound policy, and was the guiding principle of reformers in 1854. But the state is entitled to see that the funds are properly applied, and that in assigning salaries and pensions to themselves, college administrators are duly guarded against influences which it would be madness to ignore, even in the case of the least covetous of mankind.

The intervention of an impartial authority representing the nation may be sometimes requisite in the case of endowed institutions, not only for the prevention of pecuniary abuse, but for the enforcement, in the last resort, of official duties. It is needless here to repeat the arguments which are advanced in favour of endowments. But their strongest advocates would not venture to deny the dangers which beset them; dangers, the magnitude of which is proved by a calamitous experience, as well as by the reasonings of Adam Smith. Had Oxford and Cambridge, during the last century, not been placed by their endowments above the need of effective teaching, England would not then have had an uneducated upper class, and perhaps more than one dark page might have been torn from the Book of Fate. Few are inclined to impose upon themselves work which is not imposed by their interest or their ambition. The visitorship, with its general powers of inspection and reformation, was an essential part of the original constitution of a college, and its revival will be an essential part of college reorganisation.

The existence at Oxford of a large fund available for new objects seems to have been established by the late Commission of Inquiry. Only let us remember that the whole fund is after all not larger than the estate of one of our wealthiest nobles or millionaires. Let economy reign, and sinecurism be put away; but to treat a surplus and to alienate from the university every penny for which a perfectly satisfactory use cannot at once be found, would surely

be a mistake. We cannot exactly forecast the future of learning and science; but we may be sure that they will develop, and that their development will bring fresh needs.

The Bill proposes a Parliamentary Commission like that of 1854, with the addition of college representation on the board; a liberal provision, though liable to some awkwardness in case of a disagreement on an important point between the representative and his constituency. But I will venture to raise the question, whether the instrument which was the best for the work to be done in 1854 is equally adapted to the work to be done now? A Parliamentary Commission consists of men of high position, whose hands are full of other things, who meet only at the board, and between the sittings can seldom bestow much thought upon the subject; men, moreover, whose university experience is usually somewhat out of date, so that they can hardly forecast the result of measures or the degree of cordial co-operation to be looked for on the part of those to whom will be intrusted the practical execution of their schemes. The judgment of such a board may be good upon any definite case laid before it; but for construction or elaboration it is almost powerless. The main work of the commission of 1854, and the only work which it did to the general satisfaction, was the removal of a mass of obsolete statutes and restrictions. The principles upon which it dealt with each case, were either laid down in the Act, or pretty clearly settled by public opinion. Had its functions been of a more creative character, we had proof enough that its operation would have been very blind. But the functions of the new commission will be creative, or at least reconstructive, in a high degree. If in the short span of its existence it does much, there is reason to fear that a great amount of crudity, error, and miscarriage may result: if, perplexed by the difficulties of its task, and by the multitude of rival schemes, it ends by doing little, the door will be closed



against further improvement for some time to come ; for not only are the legal powers of reform exhausted when such a commission closes its course ; but in the university itself, after a long series of tedious college meetings and negotiations, lassitude and temporary aversion to legislation of any kind ensue.

Might it not be worth while to consider the alternative of at once constituting on a good footing, and calling into direct and immediate action the University Committee of Privy Council, the establishment of which for subsidiary and ulterior purposes is proposed by later clauses of the Bill ? The power of the visitors, excepting those belonging to them as ordinaries, might be at once transferred from the bishops, in whose hands they are necessarily almost nullities, to the Committee of Council, and combined in the hands of that body with the powers already given to the Council by the Act of 1854, and with any other powers requisite to an efficient supervision and control both of the employment of the funds and of the general performance of university and college duties. The initiative might be left as a general rule, where as a general rule it would be clearly expedient to leave it, in the university and colleges themselves ; but, in default, it might be given to the committee of council on the principle embodied in the old Act, and re-embodied in the present Bill. The committee would of course have the power of calling on the university or college to act in case of waste of funds, or manifest non-performance of duty. In the functions of the committee would of course be included the exercise of a strict control over all college legislation respecting the distribution of the fund. The expediency of this course may at all events deserve consideration.

The University Committee of Privy Council, however, to do its work, must be composed of more effective elements than those specified in the Bill. It is useless to ask the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, or a Cabinet Minister with an onerous department,

to give his mind to the supervision of college expenditure, or the elaboration of schemes of university reform. The President of the Council, and the Vice-president, as ministers of education, would be properly included ; so would the chancellors of the universities, who, we may hope, in time to come will be genuine representatives of the universities as places of learning and science, not political patrons and protectors. But to make the committee efficient, to give its councils at once activity and continuity, it would probably be necessary to add two paid members, whom the long list of the Privy Council might well supply, and whose salaries might be drawn from the university funds. The University of London, having a comparatively small amount of endowments, would perhaps be sufficiently represented by its chancellor.

Of the problems which the commission or committee, as the case may be, will be called upon, in conjunction with the university, to solve, the most difficult perhaps is that relating to the marriage of fellows. Those who cling to the college system, with its social unity, its common hall, and the constant intercourse which it fosters between teacher and pupil, as well as among the teachers themselves, might be tempted to give way to ungallant sentiments when they think what an inroad upon the system the marriage of fellows will entail. But there is no use in repining. Efficient teachers the colleges must have ; the teachers cannot be efficient unless they are devoted to their calling ; and no one, in a Protestant country, will be devoted to a calling in which he cannot marry. It is useless to attempt to lay down a general rule. Each college must reconcile the two objects, college unity and tutorial efficiency, from time to time, as well as it can.

If the fellows, on marrying, cease to reside in college, fresh importance will obviously attach to the headships ; and it is time that, without reflection on heads elected under the different circumstances of the past, the duties of these

offices should for the future be defined. If the income of a head were made partly dependent on tuition fees, he would have a stimulus to exertion which would be no more degrading in his case than in that of any liberal profession.

As to the prize-fellowships, which are called by their enemies "idle" fellowships, and which their friends might call fellowships for culture, the accepted solution appears to be a limit of tenure, equivalent to the practical limit imposed by the requirement of orders under the old system. A limit of income was imposed by the old commission. I must confess that transatlantic experience has inclined me to look with rather more affection on these fellowships, and made me perceive more clearly that if the nation does not get its money's worth from them in education or research, it gets something like its money's worth in culture. That they give a chance to brain and industry without connection, and that in a country which is fast becoming the closest of plutocracies, they are a slight anti-plutocratic element, is probably too well known to those whom the fortune of political war has made the arbiters of their fate.

On the question of the clerical restrictions parliament will probably find itself compelled to pronounce, though the Bill throws the difficulty on the commission, with a slight tilt to the side of emancipation. The rival objects, academical and ecclesiastical, are clearly understood, and both parties in the controversy know their own minds. Dr. Lyon Playfair appears to have voted for the retention of some clerical fellowships as the means of keeping up a connection between the university and the special studies of the clerical profession. Experience, however, has not shown that these fellowships lead in any great degree to the systematic study of theology. We should perhaps be better supported by facts in saying that their existence as a religious security conduces to the retention of Anglican students.<sup>1</sup> I fear I shall produce little effect, and that of an uncertain

<sup>1</sup> I must confess that I do not see the objection to allowing a benefactor, if he thinks

kind, by bearing witness, as with a safe conscience I can, to the moral and even conservative demeanour and influence of lay heads of colleges in the United States.

It is admitted on all hands that a principal object of any commission or committee will be a more complete endowment and organisation of the professoriate than was possible in the time of the old commission, when reformers had to contend both with a violent prejudice against professors, as propagators of "Germanism," and with a prevalent feeling that the diversion of college property to university objects was "confiscation," and menaced the sanctity of property in general. But we must renounce the idea of finality: the exigencies of learning and science are ever varying; new mines of research are opened, while old ones become partly worked out: the professoriate should not be stereotyped, it should remain capable of modification and adaptation in all its departments. In this point of view, the action of a standing board, such as a Committee of Privy Council is much to be preferred to that of a temporary commission. As to the mode of election, boards of experts, or boards in which experts preponderate, seem to have succeeded best; but there are still obvious reasons for retaining a variety of modes. It would be well, however, that all elections of professors should be submitted for ratification to the Privy Council. As to the sources of endowment, I cannot help once more calling attention to the fact that All Souls' remains to be utilized, the somewhat timid scheme of the old commission having undeniably failed; that an opportunity is thus afforded of founding a College of Professors, with some reference to the character of the fine library which has already been formed; and that it would be a poor policy to miss that opportunity by turning All Souls' into a mere counterpart of other colleges.

fit, to found new clerical fellowships of any religious denomination, though I do see clearly enough the objection to the private imposition of tests.



The Bill recognises as a special object the encouragement of research. We have the weighty authority of Dr. Lyon Playfair,<sup>1</sup> among others, for saying that research cannot be more effectively encouraged than by the organisation of the professoriate on a liberal scale, with educational duties not so onerous as to prevent private study and investigation. In special cases a power of dispensation might, if needful, be exercised, with the consent of the Privy Council, which could hardly, in this or any other university matter, be accessible to mere personal solicitation. Dr. Lyon Playfair holds that the best investigators are generally the best teachers, and Tyndall and Huxley are living confirmations of his opinion. Niebuhr's saying, that his pupils were his wings, has been often repeated. There may still be some to whom pupils are weights; but there are probably at least as many who have been rescued by the necessity of lecturing from complete literary inaction and from the total loss of a learned life. Notable instances will probably occur to the minds of most Oxford men. The protests against the necessity of lecturing come not so much from men of science, among whom the foremost investigators seem to be also the most active lecturers, as from literary men, whose natural disinclination to leave their library chairs may sometimes need correction in their own interest as well as in the interest of national education.

In what other way than by the extension of the professoriate research can be specially encouraged, those who are most anxious to encourage it seem to find it difficult to say. It appears that the Royal Society sometimes hardly knows how to dispose of the limited sum placed in its hands by Government for this purpose. You cannot take at his own price any man who declares himself engaged in a special research. Yet what test are you to adopt? What test of the value of research can there be but its success? The case of research

is not very different from that of invention, and I see it stated that in America invention has taken out in the aggregate about 200,000 patents, of which, perhaps, not more than the hundredth part has turned out of real value. It might be possible to give rewards to discoverers, though discovery as well as invention generally brings its own reward. Professors of science might be furnished with the means of enabling their more advanced pupils or other assistants to conduct experiments under their guidance. The university press encourages research by employing learned men in works which, though welcome to the world of letters, would not be remunerative to their authors; as in the case of the Icelandic dictionary recently published. If the press would undertake an English dictionary on a worthy scale, it would at once encourage philological research and confer a great boon upon the English race.

It is assumed in the Bill, and in these comments, that the university remains a federation of colleges, the colleges retaining a substantive existence, and a life of their own. Some plans of educational reorganisation seem to point to the annihilation of the colleges as places of education, and their reduction to mere boarding houses, so that the university would be all in all. If it is not impertinent again to refer to personal experience, I would say that my acquaintance with universities which have no colleges has confirmed my sense of the value of these little communities, not only as places for social training, and for the formation of friendships (no unimportant object, and one which a college serves far better than a students' club), but as affording to students personal superintendence and aid which they miss under a purely professorial system. The boundary line between university and college teaching cannot be strictly drawn. It will vary with the subject, classics, literary subjects generally, and mathematics being more appropriate to the college lecture-room, while

*Universities and Universities.* By the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P., in *Macmillan* for January, 1877.

science requires the laboratories, museums, and demonstration rooms of the university.

I assume also that the university remains devoted to two equally important and distinct, though not conflicting, objects—culture and research; or, to use the more common terms, high education and the advancement of learning and science. The group of reformers who have acquired the *sobriquet* of “researchers” aim, it would seem, at the elimination of one of these two objects. They propose, in effect, to get rid of education and distinctly educational duty; to devote the university entirely to research as its only proper and worthy object; to consolidate the college revenues into a number of places like stalls in cathedrals for learned and scientific men; to sweep away the examinations and the university course; and to take no students but such as may resort to the university for the purpose of research, and with whom curiosity would be a sufficient incentive to industry, and their own predilections a sufficient guide. It is easy to place ourselves at the point of view of the authors of this plan; and nothing more is required than that they should present the plan in a distinct form and ascertain that the nation assents, and is willing to forego the advantages or supposed advantages, social and political, of a cultivated governing class. Till this has been done, high education must remain a function of the university, and educational duty must retain its claim upon all who draw their incomes from the colleges of Oxford.

In the meantime there is surely no use in overstating the case against the university, especially before audiences already somewhat prejudiced against university culture, or in laying for the proposed reform a historical basis at variance with the real facts. In a volume, which is the manifesto of the movement, attention is emphatically called to the alleged fact that research, literary and scientific, flourished in the colleges of Oxford till it was extinguished by the legislation of

1854, which, while it opened the fellowships to intellectual merit, substituted the general obligation to promote the objects of the college as a place of learning for the obligation to take unmeaning degrees. Those who know, or will be at the pains to ascertain, the real condition of the colleges before and since the opening of the fellowships, will probably deem it needless to comment on such an assertion. Let the literary and scientific productions of the university, during the last twenty years, be compared with those of any similar period before the change. And it must always be remembered that the reform has not even yet taken full effect.

The proposal to apply the college revenues to the foundation of stalls, has been often met with the inquiry in what hands this mass of literary and scientific patronage can be safely vested? What appointing authority or board of electors can be devised sufficiently sagacious, sufficiently well-informed, sufficiently free from the bias to which even scientific minds are liable, sufficiently raised above personal solicitation and intrigue? If competing by examination for rich prizes is so deleterious to the character of young students, as we are told it is, surely competing for far richer prizes by canvassing might produce equally bad effects on the character of older men. In the case of a professorship, if an unworthy appointment is made, the electors are put to shame by the professor's failure in his chair; but in the case of a stall there would be nothing to put them to shame.

The whole plan seems to be closely connected with the desire of realising a very special ideal of the literary character; one of which the virtues seem to be great mental seclusion, abstraction from living interests, avoidance of living questions, retirement, one may almost say, from contact with humanity. In Germany, while the literary men were isolated and the people were children, devoid of intellectual and political life, it might have been possible to realize such an ideal. It would scarcely be possible in England,



where the great men of letters have always touched humanity.

The literary calling is liable to various perils. There is the peril of interruption, against which the policy in question specially seeks to guard. But there is also the peril of fastidious inertia and of wasting life in fancied preparations for an effort which never comes.

No doubt there may be cases in which absolute seclusion is requisite for the prosecution of some literary work. In such cases, it has been already said, when the professoriate has been organized on a liberal scale, the power of dispensation may be exercised in favour of the professor. If a literary recluse is unmarried (and they not unfrequently shun domestic as well as official cares) an "idle" fellowship will suit him well. The life of the author of *Fasti Catholici Temporis*, whatever may be the value of his theories, was that of a perfect devotee of research; and it was passed, and by preference, in a fellowship.

Moreover, we must not measure the points of university training in the shape of research merely by what is produced on the spot. Knowledge is not localized now as it was in the middle ages. If the university trains well, the results will be seen in the advance of learning and science throughout the nation.

From the same quarter comes a desperate onslaught on examinations, of the mental effects of which the most ghastly pictures have been drawn. These charges have been met with positive contradictions by judges equally competent and perhaps more entirely free from theoretic bias. They seem to be directed specially against the examinations in the School of Philosophy, which no doubt lies under the disadvantage of dealing with opinions rather than with science. It would hardly be alleged that the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge ruins mathematicians, or that the Classical Tripos ruins scholars. A thorough grounding in the rudiments of his subject can scarcely incapacitate a man for higher study or for research.

"That the love of a special subject is a great spur to industry, needs no proof; and it has never yet been shown that the mind is less exercised when it is exercised with pleasure. Every experienced student knows that the great secret of study is to read with appetite. Under the old system, the university relied mainly on the motive of ambition. Such ambition is manly and generous, and its contests here, conducted as they are, lead men to keep the rules of honour in the contests of after life. Study pursued under its influence generally makes an aspiring character; but study pursued, in part at least, from love of the subject makes a happier character; and why should not this also be taken into account in choosing the subjects of education? But the grand and proved defect of ambition as a motive is that it fails with most natures, and that it fails especially with those, certainly not the least momentous part of our charge, whose position, as men of wealth and rank, is already fixed for them in life." I venture to reproduce these words written fifteen years ago, as a proof that the reformers of that day were not fatuously enamoured of the system of competitive examination, nor blind to its liabilities, mental and moral. The adoption of competitive examination in the election of fellows was enforced upon the legislators of 1854 by the necessity of the case; there was no other available mode of compassing that which was the main object of the movement, the transfer of the university from non-academical to academical hands. The class list and the class list alone had preserved up to that time the intellectual industry of the student; alone it had saved the proper functions of the University from total submersion in the tide of ecclesiastical reaction during the twenty preceding years. To abandon it then would have been madness. Now, the question as to the use of the examination stimulus may be open to deliberate revision. But deliberate, and undisturbed by the influence of any special projects or antipathies, the

revision ought to be, considering how closely the system is entwined with the fibres of Oxford industry. Rash or heated action might bring on intellectual ruin with a witness. The curriculum has been greatly liberalized, and large concessions have been made to the optional principle. The further this policy can be carried the better for culture as well as for research, provided that we do not go the length of confusing the student's aim, dissipating his industry, and depriving him of the intellectual power which can only be gained by the steady prosecution of some study, and which is after all the best fruit of a superior education. The notion of mere mental gymnastics, it is to be hoped, has been for ever laid aside. But unless general culture is to be discarded as an object of university training, and research alone to be retained, out of twenty students who come to Oxford nineteen will require some other spur than their own curiosity, and some other guidance than their own tastes. To say that it is degrading to a student to take advantage of a good system instead of reading as his own unregulated fancy leads him, is surely a mistake. Nor would it be wise to defer much to the cry of "Cram," or to the cry of "China." "Cram" is "what I know and you don't;" and if the characteristic results of the Chinese system are uniformity and immobility of opinion, the Oxford system during the last quarter of a century, can hardly have been identical with the Chinese.<sup>1</sup>

Laud, who was a university reformer in his way, instituted examinations, but without honours: the result was total failure. In the American universities a respectable standard—though one falling, I believe, considerably short of the

high honour standard of Oxford and Cambridge—is obtained by pass examinations held at regular intervals through the four years course; but they "drop" with a rigour which would hardly be palatable here.

Should the hope which Dr. Lyon Playfair entertains of a more intimate connection between the universities and the professions be realised, as I trust it may, there will be another incentive to study, and as I cordially admit, a better one than that of the class list. Still, if Oxford and Cambridge are to educate the nobility and gentry, they will have many students with whom nothing but a pretty vigorous system will avail.<sup>1</sup>

A reasonable ground of complaint is afforded by the number and complexity of the examinations, especially as they are all crowded with the teaching into an academical year of only twenty-four weeks, and the teachers are employed as examiners—an arrangement highly objectionable on more grounds than one. Let justice be done alike to the student and to those who pay for him, by a reasonable extension of the working year; let the examinations be reduced in number, and placed out of term; and let regular examiners independent of the teachers be appointed, with proper salaries for that which, if the examination system is to be continued, is about the most important part of the work. If tutors at present break down, I suspect it is partly because in order to get vacations of extravagant length, they cram all the work both of teaching and examinations into a time wholly insufficient for its performance.

Another good ground of complaint is afforded by the want of due preparation on the part of students entering at the university, and the consequent degradation of the teaching, to which, in this point of view, the name "gerund grinding" may be sometimes justly

<sup>1</sup> The question of health is more serious. Yet my conviction is that if a student manages himself well, works early and not late, avoids excess in tobacco as well as in other things, eschews "athletics," and contents himself with exercise, he may read as much as will do him any good in an examination without doing any harm to his health. As an examination approaches, the hours of work ought to be *diminished*.

<sup>1</sup> When the idleness and luxury of English universities are contrasted with the industry and frugality of the Scotch, it should always be borne in mind that the wealthier classes of Scotland resort to the English universities.



applied, though it cannot with reason be applied to the general duty of educating the governing class of a great country. For this the obvious remedy is a university entrance examination; a reform which, since the days of Whately, has been constantly recommended by unanswerable arguments, and constantly defeated. People fear, we are told, that it would reduce the numbers of some of the colleges. An endowed institution resisting reform from fear of loss of custom is not in a very tenable position.<sup>1</sup> The public schools cannot be fairly taunted with inefficiency while the universities thus refuse them the benefit of the proper test.

With university extension the Bill does not expressly deal. But if Oxford and Cambridge are to remain the national organs of culture, some means must be devised of making university education available to the destined chiefs of industry, without excessive expenditure of time and money, or, what they can still less afford, excessive estrangement from business and interruption of business habits. The plea of affiliation, I am glad to find, is under the consideration of the university, though the difficulties attending it have somewhat increased. It is to be hoped that the plan of dividing the course, and giving the B.A. degree at the end of the first part, and the M.A., which is now a nullity, at the end of the second and higher part, will also receive attention. Why compel all students, however different their circumstances, to spend exactly the same time at the university? And why let literary honours be wasted, when they might be utilised as a motive power?

Oxford will remain a university of colleges, and extension on the spot will, in the main, assume the college form. This is both probable and to be desired. But it is absurd to suppose that a college is a barred and grated

sanctuary of virtue, or that the difference between the unattached student living in lodgings, and the student living in college, is that between purity and the reverse. The sweeping charges which have lately been brought against the lodging-houses seem, when examined, to resolve themselves into little more than the whisperings of an unregulated confessional, or even less trustworthy disclosures. It is unlikely that the only lodging-houses in the kingdom which are under supervision should above all lodging-houses be scenes of vice. The passion which prevails in some quarters for driving or scaring people into colleges has manifested itself before by similar alarms. But economical competition will do the colleges no harm. It seems already in fact to have done them some good. It is to be hoped that the authorities will not give ear to any proposal, however benevolent, for restoring a monopoly, or withdrawing from those who wish to avoid the social expenses of a college, the privilege of coming to the university on their own terms as to board and lodging, provided they conform to the discipline of the place. Colonial and American students, who may not be able to secure rooms beforehand in a good college, have also an interest in the retention of the "unattached" system.

There is one mode of extension against which transatlantic experience emphatically protests—the multiplication of universities. The effects of the "one-horse university" system in the United States and Canada have been ruinous to high education and to the value of degrees. When a college, after obtaining from a facile legislature university powers, fails or falls into decay, it keeps its powers, which unhappily retain a pecuniary value though their literary usefulness has ceased. Three universities are enough for England. The University of London, in itself, is not, properly speaking, a university, but merely an examining board. It, however, forms all the independent institutions into a university for the purpose of graduation, and thus

<sup>1</sup> Of late, I am told, the opposition has been swelled by friends of "special research," who are opposed to all reform in the direction of education.

practically serves a useful purpose, though its existence is a monument of the illiberal policy to which, by the ascendancy of a party, the old universities were formerly condemned. The principal drawback to an arrangement, which in the main is practically good, is that it has a certain tendency to foster a political and religious distinction between the alumni of the old universities, and those of the university of the Revolution.

After all it must be remembered that there is a limit to university extension. The market for graduates may be overstocked, and, if it is, waste of life and unhappiness will be the result. Amidst the intellectual torpor of the middle ages, the force of endowments was

needed to compel men to come into intellectual callings; the difficulty is the other way now.

But I have said at least as much as the readers of a magazine will bear on such a subject, especially from one whose interest in the English universities is now only that of a colonist. I will merely sum up my views so far as the action of the Government or Parliament is concerned, by submitting that the cardinal principles of true policy are to provide for strict, constant, and vigilant supervision of the use of endowments; but in questions of learning and science, and in the conduct of education, to leave the university free.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



LORD SPENCER.<sup>1</sup>

EVERY nation has its own ideal representative of itself, embodying in one person the leading national characteristics. The nearest approach to this standard which is attained by any living individual is usually indicated by saying that such a one is a thorough Frenchman, German, or Italian, as the case may be. And were we to look for a specimen of the thorough Englishman, it would be a long time before we found so nearly perfect a type as the subject of the present memoir. He exhibited a singular mixture of liberal opinions with old-fashioned prejudices. A practical farmer and a keen sportsman, he was at the same time an eminent statesman. And while his heart was with his flocks and herds, or ranging the stubble with his pointers, he conducted the affairs of a great party, and led the English House of Commons, with consummate success. Without the gift of eloquence, without official experience, without even any original or philosophic conceptions, he quietly came forward at the call of public duty, stepped into the vacant place to which men of twice his powers were unequal, and without a particle of personal ambition or even liking for the task he had undertaken, saved the Whig party from dissolution, and carried the greatest political measure which this century has witnessed. The success of the Reform Bill was attributed by both Whigs and Tories to the tact, temper, and high personal character of Lord Althorp; and although at this distance of time we can see that the march of events was irresistible, and that the carriage of some such measure sooner or later could not have been dependent on the character of any single individual, nobody

can say what scenes of violence, or even bloodshed, the influence of Lord Althorp may have spared us.

In Lord Althorp's case there is a special fitness in saying that the child was father of the man. The second Lord Spencer, a man of great ability and some literature, was also First Lord of the Admiralty, and his official duties and his love of metropolitan society, kept him a good deal away from the family seat in Northamptonshire. Here, however, his son and heir passed a most blissful boyhood, in the society of the bailiff, the groom, and the gamekeeper, who familiarised him with flocks and herds, taught him to ride and shoot, and, as his nickname in after days testifies, to speak the truth also. A footman taught him to read; and these seem to have been the sum of his accomplishments when, in 1790, at the age of eight years, he was transferred to Harrow. Here he read the *Georgics*, to learn how the Romans farmed; but the major part of his time was given up to birdnesting and rearing silkworms. Among his companions at school were the future Lords Ripon, Duncannon and Pepys, afterwards Lord Cottenham. He was fag to Mr. Hodges, who for many years represented the county of Kent in the House of Commons, and who always spoke of him with great affection. He worked hard enough at Harrow, however, to be able to do his exercises without making any mistakes, and this caused them to be in great request among copyists. Some of his letters from school are very interesting, and we subjoin one written at the age of twelve:—

"HARROW, May 26th, 1794.

"DEAR PAPA,

"I have a nest of three young greenfinches, and two old ones, who feed the young ones whenever they want it, and it is very

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Viscount Althorp, Earl Spencer*, by the late Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart., London, 1876.

pretty to see them ; they have learnt how to fly now, and I mean to teach them to sing by sister's organ ; and I have got two young skylarks, who, I expect, will sing well. I believe you have seen one Mrs. Bromley had at her door that she gave a half-guinea for. Lord Duncannon has got three skylarks, two titlarks, and two sparrows ; I went after a bird's nest with him yesterday, the birds were flown, and we got wet through into the bargain. We have eat a gooseberry pie out of the garden. I have heard something of the Duke of York being surrounded and cutting his way out again, and I think of his being wounded. I shall be obliged to you if you will tell me when any news comes, because I should like to hear it. My Johnson's Dictionary is of great use to me in reading Blair's sermons, because there are so many fine words I cannot understand.

"I suppose you are all at Althorp now. My duty to Mamma, love to Sal and Bob.

"I am your dutiful Son,

"ALTHORP."

Lord Althorp remained at Harrow till he was sixteen, and was then placed under a tutor to be prepared for Cambridge. He did not profit much, however, by this gentleman's instructions, who preferred amusement to mathematics, and when he finally went up to Trinity in January, 1800, he entered that learned society with about as small a stock of knowledge relating to the studies of the place as any young nobleman has ever boasted. At this time, however, his mother, a very accomplished woman, beginning to fear that the young man was in a fair way of sinking into a mere fox-hunting, cock-fighting country gentleman, exhorted him earnestly to read, and with such good effect that in the College examinations of June, 1801, he came out first man of his year, the late Lord Wensleydale, who was afterwards Fourth Wrangler, being among his competitors. His rank as a nobleman debarring him from competition in the Senate House, Lord Althorp, after this success, relapsed into his former life, and devoted his whole energies to hunting and racing. Of his taste for the latter diversion he was cured by heavy losses at Newmarket. But he left Cambridge without having acquired any real taste for literature, or any ambition beyond that of being the hardest rider in his set. But, as Sir Denis le Marchant points

out, the year's reading to which he had devoted himself at the instance of Lady Spencer was destined to bear good fruit.

"He had gained a command over figures which made all calculations easy to him ever afterwards. He was one of the few country members to whom the long tables of figures in the Blue Books gave no alarm, and who could sound the depths of a financial proposition without assistance. Long before he even entertained an idea of office, he took a prominent part in the debates on the Currency and the Bank Charter, boldly combating the arguments of practical men who had made these questions a particular study. Hence, likewise, he escaped some of the difficulties which had beset Chancellors of the Exchequer in entering upon the very miscellaneous duties of that department. One of his predecessors, Sir Francis Dashwood, a clear and ready debater, found, it is said, a sum of five figures an impenetrable secret. Charles Townsend never trusted himself with the preparation of large financial operations. Even Mr. Pitt used to take a Treasury clerk into his confidence, if either a loan or a new tax was in contemplation. Lord Althorp worked out all his calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet ; and when he had to receive deputations from the City, he never was at a loss in discussing the details of their propositions. Indeed, it was at these interviews that he appeared to advantage. Feeling thoroughly conversant with his subject, and consequently free from the embarrassment which at other times clouded his expressions, his manner then did justice to his sound and clear understanding."

We should be wrong, however, in supposing that the awkwardness and shyness which characterised Lord Althorp on his first entrance into society, and which clung to him, in a measure, through life, were exclusively due to the amusements and companions of his youth and boyhood. That he was early accustomed to good company, we learn from the *Life of Mr. Ticknor*, who was told by Lord Althorp himself



that when he was a boy he delighted in the society of Mr. Pitt, because of his powers of what we should now call chaff. Neither Cambridge nor London, however, could cure him of his Northamptonshire manners, and at the Peace of Amiens foreign travel was prescribed for him. Furnished with the best introductions, and accompanied by a young Irish baronet "of a lively disposition, with some sprinkling of literature," he embarked for Naples in the summer of 1802. But Lord Althorp, at this time, had that old-fashioned English contempt for foreigners of all kinds which Mr. Thackeray has described so admirably in the *Book of Snobs*. He scorned to present his introductions. The galleries of Rome and Florence had no effect upon him: and he boasted on his return that he had not acquired a syllable of the French language. With the *vis inertiae* of such a character as this, the lively Irishman had been wholly unable to cope, and Lord Althorp returned, destined, to all appearance, his father's soul to cross in every plan he had designed for him. He came back to London in the spring of 1803, and, except that in 1804 he was returned to Parliament for Okehampton, he was allowed for the next ten years to go his own way. He had a seat, indeed, at the Treasury, under Lord Grenville, in 1806, in which year also he exchanged Okehampton for Northamptonshire, but he lived at Althorp, and never passed a night in London if he could help it.

At this period of his life he was a typical specimen of the young English country gentleman of the day, a warm patron of the ring, which he regarded as the nurse of manliness, a master of foxhounds, and a devotee of the trigger. He was a great proficient with the gloves, and frequently "set to" with Lord Byron; and it is not impossible that the Earl of Calton described in *Pelham* may have been intended for this patrician athlete. In the decline of his life he used to dwell with regretful eloquence on the great fights he had witnessed, how Mendoza was knocked

down five or six times by Humphreys, "till the Jews got their money on;" how he dined with Byron, Jackson the trainer, and a congenial party the night before the great battle between Gully and the Chicken; "then the fight the next day; the men stripping; then the first round, the attitude of the men—it was worthy of Homer." So strong were Lord Althorp's convictions on this subject, that he was frequently heard to say he had been considering whether it was not his duty to attend every prize-fight that occurred, in order to encourage the noble science to the best of his power. Of partridge-shooting he was very fond indeed; and in the middle of a great political crisis we find him writing to his father:—

"I have had capital sport. I told you that I killed 20½ brace on the 1st; on Monday I killed 15 brace; on Tuesday 19 brace; on Wednesday 8 brace; on Thursday 11½ brace; and on Friday 11 brace, a cat, and a weasel. Of these two brace were wounded birds of other people's, which my dogs caught, for I have not yet shot on preserved ground, so that to my own gun I have killed 83 brace in six days. I am shooting better than I did; but if I could expect to keep up to my work of Thursday and Friday, I should distinguish myself very much this year."

The master passion of his life, Lord Althorp said, was "to see sporting dogs hunt," whether across the thick stubbles, which then afforded happy hunting-grounds to the partridge-shooter, now, alas! unknown, or over the wide pastures of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, which are still comparatively unchanged. In 1806 he became master of the Pythley hounds, and the sport which he showed is still fondly remembered by a few surviving veterans. Lord Althorp, however, seems to have got something more than sport out of fox-hunting. Ticknor sat next him at dinner at Mulgrave Castle, and found him very agreeable.

"We talked about the hunting season, which is now just beginning. He



said he used to keep a pack formerly, and that the relations into which it brought him with his neighbours and the country had taught him more of human nature than he had learnt in any other way. The whole affair of fox-hunting, he added, with all its trespasses upon property, could not be maintained, if the whole neighbourhood did not take as great an interest in it as the owner of the hounds." He describes him as "about fifty-three years old, short, thick-set, with a dark red complexion, black hair beginning to turn grey, a very ordinary farmer-like style of dress, and no particularly vivacious expression of countenance."

Althorp Park is situated a few miles north of Northampton, a little to the left of the high road to Leicester, lying low, though on a gentle slope. The dense mass of foliage on which the traveller by road looks down extends over about five hundred acres, and was formerly a deer-park, though when the subject of the present memoir succeeded to the property, he found it too expensive to keep up. The house was built principally in 1688, and is famous for the splendid library collected by the second earl, First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Pitt, and the rare collection of pictures lately on view at South Kensington. But these were not the charms which made Althorp so dear to its future owner. Its position in the heart of the best hunting country in England was to him more valuable than the rarest edition, or most undoubted "original." The Pytchley hunt at that time embraced a good part of south Leicestershire and nearly the whole of north Northamptonshire, a magnificent extent of grass country, with stiff fences, wide brooks, and not too many woods. In the east of the county lay Rockingham forest, invaluable for cub-hunting, and the master of the hounds had kennels both in the forest at Pytchley and at Althorp. Lord Althorp's father and grandfather had hunted this extensive country on a grand scale, which, according to our

present author, made the Pytchley hunt the pride of the Midland squires. And when Lord Althorp succeeded to it in the year 1806, he did not allow it to degenerate. His horses and hounds were the best that money could procure; and the expenses which he incurred at this period of his life were the source of some trouble to him afterwards. His great friend and ally was the late Sir Charles Knightly, with whom he occupied a cottage at Brigstock, in the forest, for the cub-hunting season. The rest of the country was hunted part of the time from Althorp, and part of the time from Pytchley, it being the fashion with a good many country gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Althorp to shut up their houses when the move took place, and transport themselves and their families to Pytchley Manor House, an old-fashioned gable-ended mansion, which has since been pulled down, but seems to have been capable of accommodating a large party. Lord Althorp was a real enthusiast in field sports. We read of Assheton Smith driving up to town in his carriage and four to vote for Government after a day's hunting, and driving back again in time for the next. But when Lord Althorp was at the Treasury he used to ride home from London to Althorp after a day's work, having horses posted all along the road at distances of ten or eleven miles. Having rather a loose seat, he placed one of his whips in the Northampton infirmary to learn the art of setting bones, an art which he was frequently called upon to exercise in the hunting-field. "Many years later, when he had become the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, he once went with a party to Deville, the craniologist. On his return, he said Deville knew nothing about the matter, for he had entirely missed and passed over his leading passion. A friend asked what that passion was, Lord Althorp replied, 'To see sporting dogs hunt.' That was the thing that gave him the greatest pleasure in the world. He had then given up hunting; and he said he dared not trust himself even to take an

occasional look at the hounds, for if he once began he could not help going into it desperately."

A chase-book was kept at Althorp, in which are the records of some splendid runs during Lord Althorp's mastership; three especially taking the hounds right into the old Quorn country, now Mr. Tailby's. Once they found near Crick, now a station on the London and North-Western Railway, and ran in a north-easterly direction to Bruntingthorpe in Leicestershire, where they killed, the distance certainly not being less than eighteen miles, and the time one hour and twenty minutes. Lord Althorp calls this by far the best run he ever saw. Another very good one was from Naseby field to Wistow Hall, in Leicestershire, the seat of Sir Henry Halford, a distance of about fifteen miles, and over a very heavy country. There is an historical interest attaching to the line of country which the fox took on this occasion, since it was from Wistow Hall that Charles the First set out to Naseby field, though he did not go so straight as the hounds. These were the days when men rode to hunt instead of hunting to ride. But if we are right about the distances—and it is a country with which the present writer is not wholly unacquainted—the pace must have been nearly as good seventy years ago as it is now.

Marriage first, and politics afterwards, changed the current of Lord Althorp's life. In 1814 he married a Miss Acklom, heiress of Wiseton, in Nottinghamshire, gave up the Pytchley hounds and hunting at the same time, deserted his beloved Althorp, and taking up his abode at Wiseton Hall, turned his attention more particularly to farming, though he still kept up his shooting. Feminine influence, in the shape of his wife, as it had done once before in the case of his mother, made him think a little more about books; and he used to read, we are told, all "the new publications," and discuss them afterwards with Mr. Shepherd, the vicar of the parish. Unhappily his married life was of short duration.

Lady Althorp died in 1818, and left him, at the age of thirty-eight, a childless widower. But he never married again; and after a year or two of unconsolable mourning, sought a distraction in politics, to which the Whig party were only too happy to welcome him. Farming and stock-breeding, however, continued to be his principal occupation for some years, and after he became a political leader were still his solace and delight.

It would scarcely interest the general reader to trace year by year the Parliamentary career of Lord Althorp, even after he began to take a part in public business. Our interest in him as a man dates from his election to the leadership of the Whig party in the House of Commons. His rank and station may have had something to do with the selection, though neither Tierney nor Ponsonby, the two previous leaders, were men of this position. But it is evident that his character was the main attraction. In those days of intrigue and ambition, when hardly any man could trust his neighbour; and when the most brilliant talents and fervid eloquence were too often prostituted to purely selfish ends, a man of strong sense and sterling honesty, who wanted nothing for himself, and did not covet even opportunities of shining, was simply invaluable; and in this moral force the Whigs found a safe anchorage. It was not likely that a man like Lord Althorp should understand a character like Canning's; and we are not surprised, therefore, to find that in 1827 he dissuaded his friends from combining with him. It so happened, however, that exactly what he had foretold came to pass, though had Canning lived the result would probably have been different. As it was, however, events justified his language, and he acquired a character for sagacity, not perhaps beyond his deserts, but for which he was as much indebted to luck as to anything else. The Whigs had gained nothing by their short-lived alliance with the Tories, who had used them and thrown them over, as Althorp foretold,

They had sunk rather than risen in public estimation by conduct which was imputed to want of principle ; and their fortunes, perhaps, had never seemed lower than in the autumn of 1829, when the Duke of Wellington had settled the Roman Catholic question, and when it was confidently supposed that he would settle the Reform question too.

"At this critical moment Mr. Portman, the member for Dorset, happening one morning to meet Mr. George Dawson, the Secretary of the Treasury, on his way to attend a parliamentary committee, their conversation turned on some recent defeat of the Whigs, when, Mr. Portman attempting to explain it, Mr. Dawson laughingly said, 'Oh, you are a mere loose bundle of sticks, and will be always beaten.' This taunt rather excited Mr. Portman, while at the same time he felt its truth, and he reported Mr. Dawson's words to his friends, Mr. Pendarves and Sir Francis Lawley, country gentlemen, like himself, of high standing and consideration in the House, when they met in the committee over which Lord Althorp was presiding, and the result was an agreement to propose to him to undertake the leadership. As soon as the business was concluded, and the room had been cleared, they drew his attention to the slights of late put on the Whigs by the Government, their differences amongst themselves, and the little influence they now exercised on public affairs, and assured him they spoke in the sense of a very large majority in saying that these evils could only be remedied by his becoming their leader."

Lord Althorp replied that if as many as forty-five Whigs could be got together to meet him at his chambers in the Albany on the following Saturday, and make the same request, he would comply with their wishes. The required number of righteous men was easily made up, and amid loud acclamations Lord Althorp was installed in this important and responsible position. As we have already said, he did more

for the Whigs than men of the most brilliant abilities without his peculiar character could possibly have effected. There must be at all times a large number of people in the country who are, comparatively speaking, unaffected by party considerations, and judge of men and measures, as far as they can, upon their merits. Among this class the idea had undoubtedly taken root during the latter part of the reign of George the Fourth that both the Whigs, and the Tories who coquetted with the Whigs, thought more of their personal interests than of the public good. Brougham, Canning, and Lyndhurst were all exposed to this suspicion, and at the same time the measures which had come to be more or less identified with the Whig party were not really popular. The people of England were hostile to Roman Catholic Emancipation, and cared little for Parliamentary Reform ; and the Whigs had got very little credit for patriotism by their advocacy of either. But it was impossible to doubt the purity of Lord Althorp's motives, or to underrate the gravity of a crisis which called forth such a man as this from all that he loved best, and induced him to undertake responsibilities highly distasteful to him at the time, and subsequently almost intolerable. The very advanced Liberal opinions which Lord Althorp was known to entertain clearly did not spring from enthusiasm, which was foreign to his nature, or from political philosophy, with which he seems to have been unacquainted, or from any desire to use them for his own aggrandisement. The inference was that they were the sober convictions of a practical man, who felt that certain anomalies and abuses had reached a height at which they had become dangerous to society. As soon as the cause of reform could be separated, in the public mind, from the dreamers, speculators, and self-seekers with whom it had so long been identified and associated with such a man as this its success was certain. And this separation was mainly the work of Lord Althorp. When a fox-hunting,



partridge-shooting, cattle-breeding nobleman, who read no books, and wanted no place, declared that reform was necessary, nobody any longer could condemn it as fantastic nonsense; and, this point gained, it became merely a question of time and detail. When Liberal journalists whet their wits on the agricultural interest, they would do well to remember that England too has had her Cincinnati, and that at a crisis of unexampled danger in the annals of the present century the country was saved by a farmer.

Curious and highly interesting illustrations of the influence wielded by Lord Althorp are given by Sir Denis Le Marchant. On one occasion when a motion was made in committee by Mr. Sheil for placing the Tory borough of Petersfield in Schedule A, Lord Althorp merely said:—

"As a Reformer I am unable to answer your arguments—they are unanswerable as matters of reasoning. My only reply is, that your proposal is impolitic. I state now, as I have stated before, that it will be more prudent not to create unnecessary opposition to the great measure of reform by carrying the principle of disfranchisement further than the Lords have carried it. I shall therefore oppose your motion."

And sat down. But this settled the question, and the motion was at once withdrawn. A still more remarkable circumstance was told Sir Denis by Sir Henry Hardinge:—

"Once, in answer to a most able and argumentative speech of Croker's, he rose and merely observed, 'that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honourable gentleman's arguments, but unfortunately he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment'—which they did accordingly. There was no standing against such influence as this."

The only political indiscretion of which Lord Althorp appears to have

been guilty was in the affair of O'Connell and the Irish Coercion Bill, when he certainly allowed Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary, to make a communication to O'Connell which, to say the least of it, was premature. The story is too long to tell here; but the affair led to the resignation of both Lord Althorp and Lord Grey, though the former was induced to resume his situation under the Premiership of Lord Melbourne. But in the following November (1834) Lord Spencer died, and Lord Althorp succeeded to the title, burst his bonds, and made his final escape from the world of politics, which, according to himself, he ought never to have entered; but which, nevertheless, according to others, is deeply and lastingly indebted to him.

Lord Althorp's judgment occasionally differed from Lord Grey's and from other members of his own party. In regard to the Irish Coercion Bill, it is impossible to say who was in the right, himself or Lord Grey, who refused to abandon certain clauses of peculiar stringency. On the question of creating new peers, one may say that the Prime Minister and his colleague were both right, each from his own point of view. Lord Grey saw more clearly the danger to the constitution entailed by such a precedent; Lord Althorp the necessity of keeping faith with the public by taking any measures that were necessary to carry the Bill. Lord Grey's was undoubtedly the more statesmanlike view of the two. But it is pleasant to find "honest Jack" true to his character throughout, and always going the straightest way to the object that lay before him.

Seeing that Lord Althorp was never out of humour, was singularly sensible, and never said anything either for the sake of effect or out of mere perversity, we have been struck with his constant impression that the Tory party would ultimately carry the Reform Bill. He expected the Duke of Wellington to do it, as we have seen, in 1829. And on the resignation of Lord Grey in May, 1832, he fully expected that Lord Lyndhurst

would form an Administration and carry the Bill. His biographer thinks that the wish was parent to the thought, and that his own delight at quitting office warped his judgment. Still the fact remains on record that he did express this opinion, and that it tallies very closely with one he had expressed before, without any such bias to explain it. It is curious for this reason, namely, that the failure of the Tory party to fulfil Lord Althorp's anticipation has often been imputed to a single individual. It has been said that if Sir Robert Peel had been willing to co-operate cordially with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst, the thing might have been done, and a Conservative Reform Bill have been carried. This opinion seems based on the conviction that the public in general were more anxious to have the question settled than to have it settled in any particular way, or by any particular set of men. This view of the case was eminently characteristic of Lord Althorp, and if he was the typical Englishman we have described him, may be supposed to have been largely entertained. Yet the balance of opinion at the present day we believe to be against it. It should be remembered, however, that thirty years afterwards this was very much the state of mind in which the people of this country were found on the self-same question of Reform; anxiety to have it closed taking precedence by a long way of any kind of anxiety as to who should close it.

If anything were wanting to demonstrate the extraordinary influence which Lord Althorp had acquired as leader of

the House of Commons, it is the fact that William the Fourth thought it impossible to keep the Whigs in office without his assistance. That the king was glad of an excuse for dismissing them may probably be true; but to whatsoever cause it was owing, Lord Althorp was then the only man who could have kept his party in power. It is said also that if Sir Robert Peel had resigned on the sugar question in 1844, it was the intention of her present Majesty to summon Lord Spencer to her counsels. As he died in 1845, he could not have been sent for at the Corn-Law crisis. But great efforts were made to lure him back again in 1835. All, however, were in vain. Mr. Drummond, formerly his private secretary, was sent down to Althorp to persuade him, on a warm April day. "He found him sitting at the open window, looking out at the sheep, and he protested nothing should induce him to leave them."

*Sic fortis Etruria crevit.*

By such men as these has the greatness of England been established, our political liberties secured, and the comparative simplicity and hardihood of our national manners been preserved intact. With a little more mental culture Lord Althorp would have been a perfect English gentleman; for even among English gentlemen it is rare to find one who combined in his own person so high a degree of excellence in the three great national pursuits of politics, field sports, and agriculture.

T. E. KESSEL.

## THE LIBERAL ASSOCIATION—THE "600"—OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE nature of an organization giving unity and strength to the social and political life of a great town possesses a general interest apart from any influence it may exercise upon questions of party politics. The history of our nation is becoming more and more emphatically the history of its towns. In the free activity of independent municipalities a central government finds its surest safeguard against disorder. Liberty of self-government within a clear and definite area, such as has been largely secured in England, affords unparalleled opportunities for carrying out any organized plans by which a healthful civilization may be secured. The range of public institutions has been so widened that there is ground for anticipating its speedy extension to the necessities not only of physical well-being, but of that higher intellectual culture which has hitherto been the monopoly of wealth. Local affairs may be guided by views as noble as our people choose to cherish. The institutions supported by voluntary contributions, and those legally placed under representative government, may be so adjusted to each other that whatsoever it is right and fitting man should do for man, may be done within the manageable boundaries of a great town.

The Birmingham Liberal Association has, I believe, done more than devote a powerful organization to the service of a party; it has shown the practical methods by which those who possess deep personal convictions can secure their local application, and win a fair and solid ground of experience from which to appeal to the nation at large.

Through the successful action of this association, it has happened that during the last few years Birmingham has acquired alike among friends and foes a very definite and distinct reputation, and

has exercised a marked and special influence in connection with the political life of the country. As the official centre of the "National Education League," its arms have been stretched far and wide, while the influence of the League has been increased by the fact that the town in which its head-quarters have been placed has, so far as the Education Acts permit, heartily adopted its policy. A "Central Nonconformist Committee" has the credit of an activity which is denounced as restlessly mischievous, or praised as patriotic, according to the tribunal from which the judgment is delivered. Gossip, however random, at least indicates an impression actually made; and a rumour has been circulated that a saloon railway carriage is kept always ready to convey a few discontented agitators to the remotest parts of the country, in order that the proper echoes may speedily reply to the deliverances of a Birmingham Committee. Condemned on the one hand as the hot-bed of a fanatical Radicalism, threatening the most sacred bulwarks of Church and State with a new-born zeal; it is, on the other hand, regarded with high favour as a town which has flung fresh life into the hopes of those reformers who regard the achievements of the past, not as resting places at which to take their pleasant ease, but as points of departure for other campaigns. However unwise the agitations on great public questions which have been connected with Birmingham may be pronounced, they certainly have not been dismissed to the limbo of matters which may be treated with indifference, as either weak in purpose or halting in execution. In many large towns the "Liberal Party" is treated as though it were a patient upon a sickbed, and rival physicians gather around the unfortunate sufferer, each one insisting upon the correctness of his own diagnosis, and peremptorily demand-



ing the administration of his own remedy lest it should prove a sickness unto death; but Birmingham, by the admission of men of all parties, enjoys a clear, strong, vigorous, and united political life.

Notwithstanding the claims with which the minority clause impedes the free action of the constituency, it returns three members who sit on the same side of the House. Mr. Cross has expressed a quaint and curious hope that the difficulty of distributing the votes fairly among three candidates presented by the Ballot Act, may baffle the will of an overwhelming majority of the electors, but the spectre he raises has brought no terror to the Liberal camp. The forces at the disposal of the "Liberal Association" are not hordes of wayward Free Lances—they are armies of disciplined men, well accustomed to stand side by side and to move in unbroken battalions.

Its School Board contains a majority pledged to the separation of religious and secular education; the reduction of school fees to as low a rate as the Department will sanction; the establishment of free schools in poor districts; and the engagement of as highly qualified a staff of teachers as can be obtained. In seeking election, the members of the majority signed an address declaring their belief that it is impossible for a School Board to provide religious instruction acceptable both to Roman Catholics and to Protestants, to Jews and to Christians, and their willingness to make arrangements under which ministers of religion and other persons may give religious instruction in school buildings to children whose parents may desire them to receive it, but without imposing any cost on the rate-payers. So satisfied with this policy are the great mass of the people, after an experience extending over three years, that the return of its supporters was unopposed.

The Town Council has what is locally termed "a Liberal majority," i.e. a majority composed of members of the Liberal political party in the borough, who hold the same views with respect to the government of the town, and who act together to ensure their practical enforce-

ment. The Town Council is *in fact*, what in many other places it is little more than in name, a local parliament. Some of the ablest and most cultured men in the town devote themselves to its service; and in meeting their constituents for election seriously address themselves to the task of persuading the people to accept without niggardliness or reserve large and generous principles of self-government.

Discussions upon public questions, both social and educational in character, and national as well as local in range, occupy a large place among the interests of the daily existence of all classes and sections of the inhabitants. Were I asked to indicate the special "notes" by which Birmingham may be most aptly characterized, I should name—(1) the *individual* interest felt in the just government of the town and the nation, rendering a proposal made in the Imperial Parliament, or the School Board, or the Town Council, a subject of *personal* concern; and (2) the wide-spread conviction that a just government means a government under which not only the conditions of physical health and prosperity should be secured, but opportunities for receiving the largest culture and enjoying the best results of science and art, be brought by corporate action within the reach of the greatest possible number. On these points the poor and uneducated are beginning to feel as strongly as the rich and educated, and may often be heard to express with a pathetic intensity of passionate fervour the desire that their children may receive not merely the rudiments of knowledge, but the joys of an intellectual life, the keys of which have not been granted to their fathers.

These various results *have been deliberately worked for as purposes to be achieved*, and have been obtained through the influence and activity of the Liberal Association. To this Association ninety-nine out of a hundred of all who profess Liberal principles in Birmingham render a loyal allegiance. It determines the policy of the party, and organizes the method of its action. Those who reject the convictions that stir the heart and conscience of Birmingham, as well as those who in other

towns are labouring for the same ends, may find not unworthy of study the constitution of a body which has to such an appreciable extent succeeded in rendering municipal and political life a consistent, earnest, true, and enthusiastic life among the vast population in which it labours, instead of a spasmodic electioneering impulse. I cannot call to mind any town in which Democracy has been so largely interpreted as *the life of the people as an organized whole*, and to the "Liberal Association" the acceptance of this interpretation is chiefly due.

After the passing of the Reform Bill (1867) the leaders of the Liberal party in Birmingham recognised the new conditions under which alone success would be possible. They saw the absolute necessity of taking their party *as a whole* into their direct and intimate confidence. It was evident to them that the day had gone by for attempting to control a large constituency by cliques composed of a few wealthy men. A whole suburb could be outvoted by a couple of streets. Previous efforts had been directed towards the formation on a wide basis of a superior kind of election committee upon which representatives of various sections of the community should act, and which should secure its own harmony by carefully avoiding troublesome questions and confining its work to the support of certain chosen candidates for seats in Parliament.

It was soon perceived that the development of the life of a great town needs some agency far more powerful and more worthy than a mere Election Committee, waking up at certain intervals, and managed by the repetition of party cries. Electioneering in many constituencies, apart from bribery and corruption, has consisted chiefly in the loud utterance of watchwords to a crowd secretly regarded as "vulgar," and in the ingenious invention of inducements sufficiently strong to drive the despised mob to the polling booth.

Time, trouble and thought were not simply spent, but lavished in Birmingham—by not a few men beyond the limits of health and strength—to persuade the people at large that political interests are the interests of civilisation in its broadest

sense. The improvement of the dwellings of the poor; the promotion of temperance; the multiplication of libraries and art galleries; the management of grammar schools, as well as public elementary schools, were all discussed as questions of Liberal politics, that is, as questions which challenged the organized action of the community through its various representative assemblies. The problem presented was how to obtain an intelligent adhesion to a policy of public improvement as well as a vote for a Parliamentary candidate. It was decided that the Liberal party, as a party of avowed Liberals, should, if possible, secure a working majority in every representative body connected with the borough. The proposal was not adopted without considerable opposition. It was asserted that "politics" had nothing to do with municipal affairs. It was replied that "politics" must be held to include the principles by which free men can be fittingly governed, and that, consequently, every organization existing for the purposes of government *must* of necessity be directly influenced by political differences. A municipality contains, like the House of Commons, the party of progress and the party which would keep things as they are; the party which would remove abuses firmly, and the party which has more Conservative patience with them; the party which would mark its rule by improvements, and the party which instinctively resists change. In the Council of a town, which is almost a state in size and importance, men (it was urged) are wanted who will stand on the same side of Liberal progress in municipal matters that Liberal members of the House of Commons take on national affairs, and who will make the town as great in its educational and scientific institutions as it is in commercial activity, and address themselves earnestly to the removal of the preventible causes of ignorance, disease, and crime.

Educational institutions, it was also insisted, must be under "Liberal" direction—by a "Liberal" direction being understood resistance to denominational agency and the widest possible extension of the School Board system under which

the ratepayers control the education of their own children.

It was further contended that the interests of all representative institutions are so intermingled, and the lines of their practical work so often cross and recross each other, that a "Liberal" representation in the House of Commons could not be placed beyond doubt, without the election of a "Liberal" School Board and a "Liberal" Town Council.

By this extension of the idea of Liberalism the Association connected itself with the development of the general life of the town.

Its constitution presents several striking peculiarities.

The town of Birmingham is divided into sixteen wards. Every year the Liberal Association summons a public meeting in each ward of all the "Liberals" residing in it. No restrictions whatever are imposed by any central authority. It is left to each man to decide for himself in what sense he is a "Liberal;" and those who answer to the summons as "Liberals," of the ward have the meeting in their own hands. All who signify their adherence to the objects and organization of the Association (whether they contribute or not a minimum subscription of one shilling to its funds), or are elected to serve on any of its committees, are *members*. No pecuniary qualification whatever exists as a condition of membership.

The following is a copy of a notice issued in one ward, which may be taken as a sample of the whole:—

#### BIRMINGHAM LIBERAL ASSOCIATION.

##### LADYWOOD WARD.

The annual public meeting of Liberals for the election of representatives on the committee of the Liberal Association (the "400,")<sup>1</sup> will be held in the British Workman, Sherbourne Street, on Wednesday, Nov. 29th. Chair to be taken at eight o'clock.

The General Committee of the Liberal Association is composed of thirty-five representatives elected from each of the sixteen wards in the borough; five of the thirty-five from each ward constitute the executive committee. The

meetings at which the thirty-five are elected are public meetings; any Liberal resident in the ward has a right to attend, is eligible for election, or can propose whom he thinks fit. The officers of the Association are anxious that the "400" should fully and fairly represent all classes of Liberals; they therefore earnestly request your attendance at the meeting to be held in Ladywood Ward on Wednesday night.

FREDERICK MILLS,  
Ward Secretary,

4, KING EDWARD'S PLACE.

The strength of the meeting is in its freedom. It is found safer and better to trust that "Liberals" alone will answer an appeal for their attendance than to devise any system of checks and tests.

The business of the meeting is to make the following elections:—

1. A Ward Committee with Chairman and Secretary.

2. Five members (two of whom must be the Chairman and the Secretary of the ward) of the Executive Committee of the Association, who also become members of the "General Committee."

3. Thirty other members of the "General Committee" of the Association.

In the actual conduct of a Ward Meeting, experience has shown that the following *order of business* is the most satisfactory as a means of obtaining the largest list of suitable nominations and the exercise of the greatest care in the selection of capable men:—(1.) The election of a large Ward Committee. (2.) The appointment of Chairman and Secretary of the Ward Committee. (3.) The election of three in addition to the Ward-Chairman and Secretary, to represent the ward on the Executive as well as on the General Committee of the Association. (4.) The election of thirty other members of the General Committee to complete the thirty-five chosen by each ward. By this plan all the names of likely men are in the first instance brought before the meeting, and the work of selection is carried on from the many to the few. The reverse process then advantageously takes place, many of those capable of filling the most important posts necessarily fail to obtain seats on the limited Executive; but their names having been brought prominently before the meeting, their chances of

<sup>1</sup> The "400" has been increased during the last few months, and is the old name, when the numbers were less than at present.



election on the General Committee are very great. This method of procedure combines the freedom of popular election (which it is never attempted to control), with the moral certainty of obtaining fair and full consideration of the claims of the best men to whatever social circle they may belong.

Nominations are freely made throughout the meeting, any "Liberal" resident in the ward being eligible, and, if nominated, formally put to the vote. Occasionally the question is asked whether a person nominated is prepared to be loyal to the Association, it being understood that adherence to "the objects and organization of the Association," implies a willingness to accept the decisions of the majority; but as a rule there is little personal debate, although there is very considerable competition for seats upon the committee. The meeting being confined to residents in the ward, those present know each other fairly well, and are found honourably and honestly to support candidates most likely to render active and faithful service.

The Ward Committee is not restricted in its number, but is made as large as practical work renders possible in order that it may embrace for service in the Ward itself all the most active friends of the Liberal cause. The Ward Committee being chosen, the meeting proceeds to elect the "Executive" and the other members of the "General Committee."

Advantage is frequently taken of the meeting for some member of the Town Council or School Board to attend and explain matters of public policy.

The General and Executive Committees are not, however, altogether completed by the ward elections. The residences of men of character and influence are not of course equally divided among the wards; and the problem is how to combine direct ward representation with the selection of men whose aid is needed, but who may be more numerous in one district than another. This is solved by giving the *elected* members of the "Executive," power to add thirty other members to their number. By this plan the representative principle is respected, and the requisite additions to the roll are made.

The General Committee at its first meeting each year elects a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Hon.-Secretary; and these also become *ex officio* members of the "Executive."

In order to secure the prompt carrying out of the decisions of the Association, and due attention to the thousand and one points of detail which unceasingly need care, the Executive selects a small "Management Sub-Committee," consisting of the officers and seven other members.

The whole organisation thus consists of the following bodies:—

*Sixteen Ward Committees*, numbering altogether some 2,000 members, freely selected by open voting at public ward meetings of Liberals.

*A General Committee* of 594 elected in the same way; but with thirty names of that number added on the nomination of the "Executive."

*An Executive Committee* of 114, also directly representative of the wards, five being chosen by each ward, together with thirty members selected by itself, and four officers of the General Committee.

*A Management Sub-Committee* of 11, seven being chosen by the Executive from their own number, and the other four being officers of the General Committee.

The settlement of the policy of the Association rests with the General Committee only; and this is one of the great elements of its healthful strength. A member of the General Committee is neither a puppet nor a tool (as members of General Committees so often are); but is a representative of an important constituency, possessed of actual power to guide the policy of his party. His opinion and vote are matters of consequence; and, as in all other organizations, it is found that a responsible position is better filled, and sought for by better men than a merely honorary office.

The choice of Parliamentary candidates for the borough belongs absolutely to the General Committee. When there is a vacancy, any member of the committee may nominate a candidate, and if necessary a ballot, the issue of which is decisive, is taken.

The Liberal candidates for the School

Board are chosen by the same body in a similar way. It is an established rule, that if any candidate consents to be put in nomination for selection as a candidate of the Association, should his name be rejected, he is bound in honour not to present himself to the constituency as an independent rival.

The selection of candidates for MUNICIPAL Elections rests with the WARD Committees. The Committee of each ward decides upon its own candidates, and the Executive Committee is bound to use all its influence to secure their election. The candidates selected by the Ward Committees become *ipso facto* candidates of the Liberal Association for seats in the Town Council.

The central authority loyally supports the local decisions of the wards, and any attempt to override them would be contrary to the fundamental principles on which the Association rests. The Ward Committees have also power of communicating with the General Committee. On the vote of two Ward Committees upon any special subject, a meeting of the General Committee must be called to consider it.

The organization I have described has succeeded in harmonizing many elements which in other towns frequently come into angry collision. It unites complete confidence in its largest representative body with the power of prompt executive action. It connects local ward interests with the general, social, and political life of the community. The "Committee of 600" is a responsible, deliberative body, with authority to make final decisions, and yet each separate district of the town feels that it enjoys its own share of influence. Its "Management Subcommittee," its Cabinet Council, has a sufficient power of initiating business, while every opportunity is afforded to the Executive, or the General Committee, or a Ward Committee to bring forward any subject it may desire and enforce within its own range any decision which may be reached. The area of voting is extended over the largest possible circle—including every "Liberal" who may be willing to take part in its affairs—and yet, by means of

the authority given to the elected Executive to select ("co-opt," as a local barbarism runs) a certain number of colleagues, the Association obtains the services of men who may chance to have no personal connection with a ward constituency. The width of the base on which the organization rests has deprived sectional interests of their importance and influence. A "Labour Representation League" struggled hard to defeat the Association both in School Board and Municipal contests, but it was successfully urged against its sectional claims that *the Committee of the 600* actually contains a majority of *bond fide* working men—that any working man willing to hold any office in the town may be nominated by that body and receive its support, if the majority of his fellow-workmen are sufficiently convinced of his fitness—that it is the duty of those who wish for the selection of any candidate to work through the Association, to which they can belong if they choose, and that the fairest, wisest, and noblest policy for working men, as for all other classes, is to select for any office the men most capable of performing its duties, whatever their occupations may be.

The faithfulness of the members of the Association to each other has been strikingly shown. No electioneering problem could be more complex than the problem how to secure the return of eight candidates in a School Board of fifteen, the cumulative system giving each elector fifteen votes to distribute at his pleasure. It was solved by allotting three candidates to each ward—the names of the three being varied according to careful calculations made respecting the voting Liberal strength in each ward—and requesting the Liberal electors in its boundaries to give five votes to each of the three. So carefully and loyally did the Liberal electors follow the directions given, that the eight Liberal candidates were returned at the head of the poll with a gross majority of 119,694 votes, while the difference between the highest and lowest Liberal candidate only amounted to 5,570; and even this relatively small number was chiefly due to the difficulty of distributing votes equally among so many candidates in wards of

various sizes, rather than to any want of fidelity. This faithful loyalty has been secured by the importance of the issues covered by the action of the Association, the openness and frankness of its proceedings, the absence of sectional distinctions in its operations, the confidence it reposes in its members, and the fidelity with which its officers execute the decisions of the majority.

The system adopted by the Birmingham Liberal Association cannot co-exist with the subtle social scheming and elaborate methods of wire pulling in vogue in so many towns. The very breath of its life is its trust in the people at large. Should it be tried elsewhere those who regard themselves as influential men will have to prove their capacity before a body of local constituents, and must abandon any wish they may have to force the limitations of their own policy against the verdict of the great mass of their party. No shadow of fear lest the will of the Association should not be honestly carried out must be permitted to exist; and no subject of public importance should be excluded from its deliberations. Local political leaders must take upon themselves the task of persuading their party and surrender the ignoble hope of *managing* it by indirect methods.

During the years 1873-4-5-6 there have been sixty-eight municipal elections in Birmingham. Of these twenty-two have been contested, the contests resulting in the return of one Conservative by a majority of eighty; and twenty-one Liberals by an average majority of 518. In the uncontested elections forty-five Liberals and one Conservative have been returned. During the same period two general and two intermediate School Board elections have taken place. In 1873 the "Liberal Eight" (constituting a majority of the whole Board) were returned by a majority of 119,694; in 1874 the Liberal candidate was unopposed; in 1875 the Liberal candidate headed the poll with a majority of 15,450 votes; and in 1876 the "Liberal Eight" were returned without opposition and at the present time possess the control of the policy of the Board. Three Parliamentary elections have also taken

place. In 1873 Mr. Bright was re-elected upon accepting office; in 1874 Mr. Bright, Mr. Dixon and Mr. Muntz were returned; and in 1876 Mr. J. Chamberlain succeeded Mr. Dixon.

But *cui bono*? It may be granted that in Birmingham an association has been organised which has won an almost unprecedented series of electioneering victories and filled with Liberals its School Board and its Council Chamber. Have any valuable results followed? Beyond the record of party triumphs is there anything to tell? Electioneering as electioneering is, I grant with all my heart, poor work; and is in no respects whatever the work to which so many men in Birmingham have devoted their strength and their enthusiasm during the last few years.

The "Liberal Association," however, is an agency through which men who believe in the possibility of a higher state of civilisation than now exists—who have faith in realizable ideals—have attempted and are attempting to carry out clear and definite plans for the culture, happiness and prosperity of the community.

As the direct consequence of the action of the Association, a constantly increasing majority in the Town Council has devoted itself to the improvement of the condition of the people without any fear of being thwarted by petty cliques and has had placed within its hands the power of executing large and generous schemes. The extension of its work has been sustained by the hearty co-operation of the vast majority of the inhabitants; and reforms have become practical, which, without the Liberal Association, would have remained the dreams of a few enthusiasts. Sanitary reform has received large attention. During the last quarter of 1874 the death-rate in Birmingham was nearly 28 per 1000, and out of that number 11 per 1000 were due to zymotic and preventible diseases.

"This figure of 11 per 1000 represents an item of 1,014 deaths per quarter, 4,000 deaths in the year, 80 deaths in the week, 10 deaths a day—of people who are slaughtered as distinctly and directly by our ignorance, our indifference,



our want of precaution, as if we were deliberately to poison them by the administration of so much arsenic."<sup>1</sup>

A large proportion of these deaths were notoriously due to the use of sewage-poisoned wells of water. Since that date the Town Council has purchased the water works, and the poisonous wells will be closed and a supply of pure water poured within every court and alley.

Birmingham has been the first great town to adopt the Artisan and Labourer's Improvement Act (1875), by an almost unanimous vote; a vote which could never have been obtained had not the "Liberal Association" undertaken the task of educating the people upon matters so intimately connected with their welfare, and organized the committees through which sanitary and moral convictions have become political powers. "In many weary walks through the district affected by the proposed scheme, it has given me great anguish to see the deplorable condition in which 10,000 or 12,000 of our fellow townspeople are passing their lives, with no bright thing around them and nothing of joy and gladness in their homes. . . . Let me give a few examples. In one case a filthy drain from a neighbouring court oozed into their little back yard; in another, the sitting room windows could not be opened, owing to the horrible effluvia from a yawning midden under it. A house in which the little savings of an industrious man, 4*l.*, had been invested in the stock and goodwill of a greengrocery, was so frightfully leaky that on being taken up into the back chamber, I found the ceiling had fallen down upon the children's bed, while the water had streamed through the bed on which husband and wife slept, in the next floor, down into their only sitting room. . . . The infant mortality in such places is frightful. In one court of five houses I got such replies as: 'Buried four, only this one left'; 'buried six, been married twelve years'; 'buried two'; and so on *ad infinitum*!"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Speech by the Mayor (Mr. Chamberlain) at a meeting of the Birmingham Town Council, Dec. 4th, 1874, in proposing the purchase of the undertaking of the Water Works Company.

<sup>2</sup> Speech delivered by Mr. Councillor White

*And this in the year of grace, 1874!!*

It is estimated that the Improvement Scheme, now happily being carried into execution, will deal with nearly 93 acres of land, including the sites acquired for proper dwellings for the working classes. Of this it is anticipated that the Corporation will acquire about 43½ acres at a total cost of about £1,310,000. These purchases will place the Corporation in possession of some of the most wretched districts in the town; and they are bound to provide for the erection of suitable houses to accommodate the number of the working class estimated to be displaced within the areas included in the scheme. These changes will literally be for thousands a deliverance from conditions of physical and moral death to the conditions of a healthful and ennobled life.

The Liberal Association has placed a majority upon the School Board, but it has done far more than this, it has carried the glad tidings of new educational institutions to the homes and hearts of thousands, and won the sympathies of the people for the policy which would erect noble buildings for a noble purpose, and retain for the service of the town teachers fit to direct the education of children of any rank and class. It has aroused an honest and genuine scorn of the ignoble notion that a poor education will do for poor people.

When the first board was elected in 1870, the average attendance of children in the Public Elementary Schools of the borough was 17,968. In the last week of October, 1876, it was 38,665; and making the official correction for half-timers, 40,466. Compulsory bye-laws have been worked, firmly but considerately; but the Liberal Association has had the power of reaching so many classes of society, and has used that power so systematically for educational purposes, that a public conscience is rapidly being created among the poorest ranks, and those who are unwilling to send their children to school find little or no sympathy among their friends and neighbours.

(Chairman of the Improvement Committee) at a meeting of the Birmingham Town Council, Oct. 6th, 1875.

The Association has largely contributed to that thoughtful formation of opinion which is in itself an education of the people, by its frequent discussions on questions of large social importance. Mr. Chamberlain in the first instance brought his scheme of Public House Reform before the “Committee of the 600”; and it was debated for three evenings with keen interest. Explanations were given, questions asked, difficulties raised, weak and strong points fairly searched out, in frank and open debate. The debate itself was an education in the various problems involved. The control of the liquor traffic by the direct representatives of the inhabitants in the Town Council, was generally felt to be in singular harmony with the tone and temper of a community trained to regard self-government as the greatest of blessings and to fill offices of authority with men upon whom no shadow of personal distrust can fall. The giving adequate compensation for vested interests; the improvement in the character of public houses, to be effected by taking away the inducement to force sales of drink and rendering them more properly and pleasantly houses of refreshment than they now are; the lessening of the temptations to coarse and brutal vice by restricting the number of houses in which intoxicating liquors can be obtained, as well as by their better management under a responsible authority, were points which were found greatly to commend the scheme to the greater number of the working men on the committee, as also to those temperance reformers who have been long anxious that something should be done, but who have been unable to see any door of escape from the tremendous evils resulting from existing arrangements.

A resolution was ultimately passed (by so large a majority as closely to approach unanimity) in favour of the general principles of the scheme submitted by Mr. Chamberlain. As the result of the debate in the “Liberal Association,” the whole subject was discussed throughout the town at large, preparatory to its being brought before the Town Council, in which body, upon January 2nd, Mr.

Chamberlain formally moved the following resolution:—

“That in the opinion of this Council, it is desirable that local representative authorities should be empowered to acquire, on payment of fair compensation, on a principle to be fixed by Parliament, all existing interests in the retail sale of intoxicating drinks within their respective districts; and thereafter, if they think fit, to carry on the trade for the convenience and on behalf of the inhabitants, but so that no individual shall have any pecuniary interest in, or derive any profit from, the sale.”

After a prolonged discussion the resolution was carried by 46 votes to 10.

The “Liberal Association” has been vaguely termed a “tyranny” by the minorities it has defeated, and the only general criticism of any noteworthiness I have heard applied to it, is that its tendency may be to produce too great a uniformity of public life by placing too much power in the hands of one party.

My reply is that the “*Liberal Association*” is the organisation of the people themselves for the purpose of self-government; and that its forms permit the free play of individual convictions. Its policy will change as the people change. It has no stereotyped creed of liberalism.

Large social and political reforms can only be effected by a representative body when it is guided by a majority sufficiently large and sufficiently determined to conquer the petty obstructions which in this world’s history have so often been able to check the doing of great good.

As long as preventible causes of ignorance, misery, and crime exist in a great town, effective organisation for their removal is an imperative duty, because it is an indispensable necessity. The Birmingham Liberal Association is not adequately described or understood when it is regarded as an ingenious piece of mechanism for massing voters at threatened points and conveying them to the poll. Its power depends upon the living intensity of the political convictions of its members. Its principles are not the product of its organisation; but its organisation has sprung from an abiding faith in the first principles of a free representative government.

HENRY W. CROSSKEY.

## SWIFT'S LOVE-STORY IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

NOTHING, it may perhaps be convenient to observe at the outset of this brief paper, could be further from its author's intention than to advance or discuss any theory concerning the true history of Swift and Stella. The hand which would have at least arrayed in lucid order the whole of the evidence existing on the subject, and which had already dispelled some of the most inveterate and perverse legends obscuring it, has been arrested in the midst of its labours. Had the late Mr. Forster lived to complete the last and most interesting of his biographies, the substance of what follows might perhaps have served as a note illustrating the strange kind of immortality which even fictions destined to be refuted by research may secure to themselves in fields of literature not exposed to the criticism of facts. Should any future writer ever complete Mr. Forster's fragment, I hope he will not neglect to note in wider circles than I shall attempt even to approach, the traces not only of a particular legend concerning Swift's life, but also of the influence of his genius in other literatures besides our own.

The period of German literature lying between the years of bondage to French models and the times of emancipation and of independent achievement is known to have been both deeply and variously affected by English influences. The writers of this transition period severally followed models more or less congenial to themselves; but these examples were to a large extent English. Even Gottsched, whose feet still rested upon a French *parquet*, was at least fain to imitate an English imitation of Racine, and to let another *Dying Cato* teach propriety to the German theatre. Bodmer, the chief of the rival school, sought happier

examples in the real masterpieces of Addison and Steele, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, and did honour to the great name of Milton which Addison had recalled to his countrymen. Klopstock, the real herald of the change which was to come over German poetry, drew his inspiration for his most sustained flight—if flight it can be called—from the same source. Even Gellert's homespun genius delighted the sentimental of both sexes with an imitation, rivalling the original in length if not in any other respect, of *Clarissa Harlowe*. But in Lessing, the representative proper of the transition period which was to end by liberating German literature from its bonds and by opening its own classic age, the love of English literature went hand in hand with the desire for rational freedom, and may be almost said to have coincided with it. Lessing emancipated German literature, and more especially the literature of the German drama; and in accomplishing this task one of his chief aids was the power of appealing to English examples.

The critic who, gifted with strong but not transcendent creative genius, seeks himself to translate theory into practice, and to furnish examples of what is better after exposing what is bad, is ill-advised if he attempts to take the public by storm. Nearly all Lessing's dramatic works must, however, be described as noteworthy, and while some will be enduringly treasured by the student, some justly retain on the national stage a popularity which is not a mere popularity of esteem. *Minna von Barnhelm*, even if Frederick the Great wrote the best part of it (as the King says in Grillparzer's amusing dialogue of the dead), or in some degree perhaps for that very reason will always remain a true national





taken from the story of the Jew Melchisedec in the *Decamerone* (i. 3), and that he has invented a very interesting episode in addition. Boccaccio's story is the apologue of the three rings, there, as in Lessing's play, told to the Sultan Saladin. Lessing, as is well known, makes use of the narrative to express in brief the moral of his drama, the essentially didactic object of which was avowed by himself and is manifest to every reader. The plot of the play, as distinct from its idea, is adapted from another story in the same inexhaustible treasure-house of dramatic materials; and yet a third novel in the *Decamerone* supplies the name and one of the most characteristic features—the unsurpassable generosity—of Nathan himself.

The plot of Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* is, as every admirer of this immortal work will be ready to concede, its weak side. In Boccaccio Lessing had found the story (v. 5) suggesting the main points in the adventures of his heroine Recha, with differences on which it is here unnecessary to dwell. Recha, who lives in the house of Nathan as his daughter, has been rescued from a fire by a Knight Templar, for whom she thereupon conceives an affection of which her faithful attendant Daja is the confidante. The Templar returns her passion, and at one time designs to carry her off. In the end, however, it is discovered that they are brother and sister, the children of the same father; and with this *dénouement* (including the discovery that this father was the brother of Sultan Saladin) the drama closes—lame enough it must be confessed, so far as dramatic interest is concerned.

Three elements are therefore blended in this play. Its central idea is that of religious tolerance based on a philosophical indifference to the accidentals of creeds. Its hero is a philosophical Jew of unboundedly generous character. Its plot turns upon the love of a brother and sister unaware of their true relations to one another. What had suggested to Lessing the strange association of these apparently heterogeneous elements? The second of them was a

mere addition to the first, and may be neglected for our purpose; the paradox of making the representative of tolerance a Jew was not paradoxical in a follower of Spinoza and a friend of Moses Mendelssohn; it was suggested by the story in Boccaccio, and commended itself by the nature of the situation of the period in which that story plays—the period of the Crusades, when Christians and Mussulmans contended, and the representative of a third creed was therefore placed between the representatives of theirs. But what association of ideas connected the moral of *Nathan the Wise* and its plot in Lessing's mind?

To this curious question the ingenuity of Professor Caro has suggested a not less curious answer. Lessing, as has been seen, had first sketched his play "many years" before he executed it. At the time when he was actively engaged as a dramatist and was writing his *Miss Sara Sampson*, Lord Orrery's *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift* had recently made their appearance (1752). In 1754 followed Delany's *Observations*, in 1755 Deane Swift's *Essay on the Life* of his namesake. In this very year (1755) when *Miss Sara Sampson*, the woeful story of Sir William Sampson's daughter and her fatally irresolute lover, appeared, was published Hawkesworth's memoir of Swift, and his edition of Swift's works was issued in that or the following year. Swift's works, doubtless including the *Tale of a Tub*, were for the first time translated into German in 1756-7. Lessing might have seen any or all of these publications. It is certain that he not only saw, but constantly read and studied the *Dictionary* of Bayle, and that the edition he used (for he actually published a review of it) was that of Chauffepié, containing supplements. Of this edition the fourth volume, which includes an article on Swift, was published in 1756.

Now, the *Tale of a Tub* may or may not have struck Lessing's fancy and prepared his mind to seize with avidity upon the story of Boccaccio. Hettner, in his admirable *History of the Literature*

of the Eighteenth Century, has shown what hardly needed showing, that the resemblance between Swift's and Lessing's apologues is after all only a superficial resemblance; and many readers of Swift may, like myself, have long been in the habit of contrasting in their minds, rather than comparing, the morals of the two stories. Hettner points out that not only had Lessing in two of his juvenile comedies already treated similar themes, but that in his *Rehabilitation of Hieronymus Cardanus* he introduces a disputation between three representatives of Paganism, Judaism, and Christianity which takes a strictly dramatic form. Now, this disputation, taken from Cardanus, but defended by Lessing and supplemented by him with a speech in which a Mahometan defends his own religion, occurs in an essay which, as Caro remarks, was in all probability suggested to Lessing by his studies of Bayle, whose life of Cardanus (in vol. i. of the *Dictionary*) contains, it must be confessed, matters for "rehabilitation" of another kind than those which interested Lessing. In any case, there can be no doubt that Lessing was a diligent reader of Bayle and Chaufepié, and that the article on Swift in the *Dictionary* could not have escaped his attention.

Now, this article (which is at present before me) not only contains a reference to the *Tale of a Tub* as one of Swift's well-known productions, but gives a life of the Dean, entering at some length into those episodes in which we are here more especially interested. Lord Orrery's *Remarks* had been consulted by the author, and the account which that solemn gossip furnishes to his "dear Ham" is reproduced in its essential features. Chaufepié mentions in a note the rumour that Swift and Stella were both the natural children of the "Chevalier Temple," and that this circumstance accounted for Swift's treatment of Stella, to whom the secret had become known as it had to himself; though he also quotes Lord Orrery's refutation of the story as to Swift's relation to Temple. In another note he gives an account of Swift's treatment of Vanessa, to whose

money difficulties he refers in passing. Here again he follows Lord Orrery; and in his text he states as a fact that Swift married Stella, without ever recognising her as his wife. This is the account given by Lord Orrery of the relation between Stella and Swift, "who scorned, my Hamilton, even to be married like any other man"—an account which was afterwards accepted by Dr. Delany, and of the truth of which Deane Swift expressed his conviction. The story of Esther Vanhomrigh's treatment by Swift is likewise given by Lord Orrery (who teaches us to pronounce her name "Vannumery"), though not with all the details which afterwards accumulated around it.

The reader may now be left to draw his own inferences from the above materials, and to judge in how far the story of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa suggested to Lessing the main dramatic motive of *Miss Sara Sampson*, a drama which, as the first German tragedy of domestic life, exercised a most noteworthy influence upon the history of German literature; and secondly in how far the story of the original relation between Swift and Stella, together with the influence exercised upon Lessing's intellectual fancy by the apologue of the *Tale of a Tub* (strengthened and modified by his study of Cardanus), gave the first impulse to Lessing's conception of the noblest and maturest, though as a drama by no means the most perfect, of the creations of his genius. In arriving at a conclusion on the subject, such coincidences as "Sir William Sampson" and "Sir William Temple" or as "Temple" and "Templar," will probably only weigh with a peculiar class of minds; but the entire association of ideas will hardly be placed in the same category of critical hallucinations.

The story of Swift's life, with its attendant fictions, necessarily spread with the fame of his works. In 1766 Hawkesworth and others added to these the bulk of Swift's correspondence, including the later part of the so-called *Journal to Stella*, from some of which



a series of extracts had been previously published by Deane Swift. The earlier letters were published shortly afterwards, in 1768. No new biography attempted to apply the tests of historical criticism to the current story of Swift, Stella and Vanessa, and even at a later date than is of value for our purpose, Johnson and Sheridan essentially accepted it. Thus, about the year 1775 the story remained in the eyes of the literary and sentimental world—and the two epithets to a great extent coincided in those days—the psychological problem which it has since continued for generations of readers. Meanwhile in Germany the love of English literature (though chiefly directed into channels with which we have no concern here) continued and increased. Goethe's youth fell in the period of the most extravagant Shakspeare worship which perhaps even Germany has ever known; and in this as in other matters Lenz was Goethe's caricature. But the youthful poet had enthusiasm to spare for more than one species and period of English literature. His Sesenheim adventures were, as he tells us, Goldsmith's idyl translated into life; and Goldsmith's pretty ballad of *The Hermit* afterwards (in 1774) furnished Goethe with the idea of the charming pastoral opera of *Erwin and Elmira* (where Erwin is Edwin). And as it was in this period of his career that Goethe was so greatly under the influence of Herder, who taught him to love Goldsmith and to worship "Ossian," and as Herder was so ardent an admirer of Swift that his friends jestingly called him "the Dean" in allusion to this predilection, it would be wonderful if Goethe had not been attracted to the study of a genius with whom his own had at least one pre-eminent characteristic in common—directness of reproductive power. Nor was the vigour or even the frequent coarseness of Swift's manner likely to repel a young author who had not yet wholly freed himself from the influence of the *Kraftgenies*, who as late as 1775 undertook, much to Merck's disgust, a journey to Switzerland with two such "*Burschen*" as the

Counts Stolberg, and who in the previous year, 1774, produced two *jeux d'esprit* very much in the poetic and prose manners of Swift himself—*Plundersweilen Fair*, and the *Prologue to Bahrdt's Revelations*, in which the sceptical theologian holds a "polite conversation" with some of the strangest guests who have ever entered a professor's study.

But it was something very different from literary admiration or sympathy which about this time could not but interest Goethe in Swift's unhappy love-story. That he was acquainted with it, may in any case be assumed as a matter of course; and it is a mere coincidence that in 1774 Goethe too (as we know from his studies of Spinoza) was reading Bayle's *Dictionary*. Goethe was in this period of his life—the period which he spent at Frankfort previously to his removal to Weimar—what Mr. Lewes calls "the literary lion" of his day. In 1771 he had published his *Götz von Berlichingen*, and in 1774 his *Sorrows of Werther*. For a season he was not engaged upon any work of primary importance, though he was already composing fragments of his *Faust*—more especially some of the Margaret scenes. His productivity was at the same time intense; and among his minor works belonging to the year 1774 is the tragedy of *Clavigo*. If, however, at no time was Goethe's personal life absorbed in his literary pursuits, except in so far as these reflected that personal life itself, least of all was such the case in these years of buoyant self-consciousness. At no other time was he with more royal certainty the favourite of the society in which he moved. All men thought him irresistible; and hundreds would have echoed what one of his friends, Frederick Henry or "Fritz" Jacobi (whose name is of significance for us), expressed, that "one needs be with him but an hour to see that it is utterly absurd to expect him to think and act otherwise than as he does." It need hardly be added that what many men felt for Goethe, and something more than this, was felt by many women. This was the period of

his life in which, as he afterwards stated in his *Autobiography*, he conceived the first, and also the only, true love of his life—his love for Lili, to which the most exquisitely beautiful perhaps of all his lyrics owe their origin. He was, however, at or shortly before the time of this passion in relations of indefinitely varying kinds with more than one other woman. With Countess Augusta Stolberg he was engaged in a correspondence which begins with a declaration to the effect that the names "friend, sister, beloved-one, bride, wife," are individually or collectively inadequate to express the sentiment he entertains towards her. In 1774 he wrote his *Clavigo* for Anna Sibylla Münch. There was a Christiane R.—of name unknown—to whom he addressed one of the most jocund (as Herrick might have called it) of his love-lyrics. And it was early in the same year that Maximiliana Laroche had gradually obscured in his heart the memory of Lotte Kestner, to whom he was at that time giving immortality in his *Werther*: "it is," he writes in his *Autobiography*, "a very agreeable sensation, when a new passion begins to rise in us before the old has quite died away. It is thus that at sunset time one likes to see the moon rising on the opposite side, and rejoices in the double splendour of the two heavenly luminaries."

I am not discussing the psychological problem, if it be such, of Goethe's loves any more than that of Swift's; but what some may call blameworthy irresolution, and others a saving power of self-emancipation, and neither will perhaps call by a wholly wrong name, was certainly a characteristic feature of this more than of any other season of his life. That he was keenly alive to the possible consequences, as well as to the ethical bearing, of the concurrent or conflicting relations in which he found himself, is beyond question. Many times in his life, and by no means only in the case of Frederica, he showed himself capable of efforts which, whether tardy or not, were made from motives which only

ignoble minds will glibly stigmatise as ignobla. Perhaps it was the enduring remembrance of the fact that in Lili's case "the maiden bowed to circumstances sooner than the youth," which in his later manhood gave so exceptional a significance to this passion. That irresolution may be fatal to the happiness of the beloved as well as the lover, was a truth which was very distinctly present to his mind. In *Götz von Berlichingen*, Weislingen is the victim of his miserable unmanliness; in *Clavigo* it is Marie whose heart is broken, and whose life is sacrificed.

Thus there would seem no antecedent difficulty in accounting for the impression which such a story as that of Swift must have made upon Goethe, and more especially upon Goethe at this period of his career; and the problem of which in his drama of *Stella* (1775) he attempted a poetic solution, is one which might seem naturally enough to have suggested itself to him in connection with Swift's story, even without the addition of any such "biographical element" as Mr. Lewes is unable to discover in the play. Such an element, however, or one which may be fairly so described, has recently been discovered, or thought to be discovered, by a German literary scholar. Professor Ulrichs holds that the correspondence of Goethe and F. H. Jacobi, and the more recently published correspondence between Goethe and Jacobi's aunt, Johanna Fahlmer, furnish the desired clue. His arguments and conclusions have been rigorously, but respectfully criticised by two of the most eminent German authorities on such questions, Professors Scherer and H. Düntzer, and a lighter but equally skilful lance, that of Julian Schmidt, has likewise touched what to some may be not the least interesting part of the subject.

It would carry me too far were I to obey my inclination and endeavour to pursue the course of that controversy in its details. It must therefore suffice to say that Goethe was engaged upon his *Stella* immediately after a visit which Jacobi paid him at Frankfort

early in 1775, and that the play was communicated during its progress to Johanna Fahlmer and (either in its completed state, or with its fifth act still wanting) to her nephew. Jacobi had already, at an earlier point—probably through his aunt—become acquainted with its plan or progress—as Düntzer thinks, up to the close of the third act, and had signified his liking of it. When, however, the play itself—whether with or without its fifth act—had been sent to Jacobi, the latter, to Goethe's great disappointment ("It almost makes me wild, though not angry, with Fritz"), signified his strong disapproval of the play, which the author besought him to return, in a letter containing the curious exclamation—"If you but knew how I love it, and love it for your sake." The good feeling between the friends was for a time restored, till Jacobi in his turn began the composition of a novel (*Aus Eduard Allwill's Papieren*), which Goethe in his turn heartily disliked. The hero of this novel had certain features of which it was easy to recognise the original in Goethe; or rather, in the manner of the youthful master himself, Jacobi had in the character of Allwill, as he afterwards did in that of the hero of another novel, *Woldemar*, mingled features taken from the author, and others taken from the author's friend. Their intimacy after this slackened, and gradually grew into an estrangement which lasted for some years.

F. H. Jacobi, whose life was in some respects as typical of the age in which it fell as was what Goedeke calls his "philosophical dilettantism," had led an irregular youth, but was now happily married, though he had recently lost a child. His aunt, Johanna Fahlmer, who was two years younger than her nephew, was for four years an inmate of his household, until (in 1770) she quitted Jacobi and his wife, and for a time stayed with a female companion at Aix-la-Chapelle for the waters. Here she was taken seriously ill, and she describes this period of her life "as a great crisis, of sufferings which were

not all bodily." Not long afterwards (in 1772) she settled at Frankfort, remaining, however, on terms of intimacy and interchange of visits with Jacobi's wife, who in 1773 writes to Goethe, "that my aunt and I go our even and straight way by the side of one another without hobbling or stumbling, is a fact, although it still remains a riddle for the worshipful Doctor Goethe." These, together with certain coincidences of detail (of local description in particular), to which I am certainly inclined to think with Scherer and Düntzer that Urlichs attaches quite undue importance, are the circumstances which suggested to him the following conjectures:—The triple relation between the rather erratic Jacobi, his amiable and true-hearted wife, and his more romantically and sentimentally disposed relative, was, in Urlichs' opinion, the personal basis of Goethe's dramatic conception; the outward change in these relations which occurred when Johanna left the family, is to be explained by the gradual growth of sentiments between her and Jacobi which rendered her departure advisable; and lastly, Jacobi's confidences to Goethe on the occasion of the visit of the former to Frankfort turned on this subject; all of which explains Goethe's subsequent declaration that he loved the drama of *Stella* "for the sake" of his friend.

Of this series of conjectures the first alone seems entitled to anything like serious consideration. The second is a possibility indeed, but one which cannot justifiably be advanced in the absence of all evidence to support it, while the third is a possibility resting upon a possibility. That, on the other hand, the relation between his triad of friends presented itself to Goethe's eager imagination as a more or less actual type of the situation which, suggested by the story of Swift, fascinated him by its resemblance to dangers he must at times, consciously or half-consciously, have seen before himself, appears a not improbable supposition. It seems, however, to be demonstrable that Johanna Fahlmer, after the first four acts of the play had



been communicated to her, had not the slightest suspicion of any reference being intended in it to her own life. Nor is it at all clear that Jacobi's objections to *Stella* were grounded on any personal feeling. And they might well both be free from any such thoughts, for there is not a jot or trace of proof that Jacobi and Johanna Fahlmer ever entertained any affection for one another beyond that of friendship and kinship. The reason for which she separated from him and his wife in 1770 has been satisfactorily explained by Scherer; it was the discovery of an early error of Jacobi which had given rise to an outburst of anger against him on the part of his father, and which—though totally unconnected with Johanna—may very probably have rendered it expedient for her to leave his house. Her subsequent mental sufferings might seem sufficiently accounted for by the same cause; but they admit of other explanations at least as probable as the quite unproved one suggested by Urlichs; thus it is known that Johanna differed from her mother on religious matters. At the same time the relation between Johanna and Jacobi, united in affection after their separation, was peculiar enough to strike an imagination prepared to find problems in such a situation as theirs—so much so that Jacobi himself afterwards appears to have given it a literary expression (of a perfectly innocent kind, be it observed) in his later novel, *Woldemar*. It may be added that in an age such as this there was nothing unnatural, though there might be something striking, in the relation Goethe may have supposed to exist, or dreamt of as existing, between Jacobi, Betty, and Johanna. How much stranger—and yet it was a reality attested by his own confession—was the relation between the poet Bürger and Molly Leonhardt and her sister, his first wife, after whose death he married Molly, whom he was fated so soon to lose. The wildest legends which have gathered round the history of Swift's life are hardly more improbable than this authentic record, from which charity itself seems forced to turn aside.

Such, with the possible addition of a contemporary piece of fashionable scandal of an ordinary type,<sup>1</sup> were the antecedents of the strange "drama for lovers," as he called it, which after its completion Goethe laid at Lili's feet, and which he thought would prove to Augusta Stolberg that he was still the same that she had always known him to be. Its design was, in a word, that of finding a poetic solution for the problem of a double love. Fernando, married to Cecilia, has deserted her and her child without—little as he knows it—having ceased to love her. After, not before this, he has conceived a passion for the beautiful Stella, but her also he has quitted in order to seek his abandoned wife. Unsuccessful in his search, he has returned to Stella, when accident brings his wife and daughter into the very village where Stella dwells. The difficulty thus brought about is intensified by Fernando's affections being now altogether distracted between the devoted and innocent Stella and his suffering and faithful wife. The original solution was not—as the public insisted, because of the daring recital of the legend of the Count of Gleichen—bigamy, but a resignation of her lover by Cecilia to Stella, with a claim for herself to an equal share of his affection. I think that on this head Scherer has fully vindicated Goethe from a coarse misinterpretation of his meaning, pardonable only in readers of incurably restricted imaginations. "We will part," she says, "without being separated. Your letters shall be my only life, and mine shall seem dear visitors to you. . . . And thus you will remain mine, and not be banished with Stella in a corner of the world." She is willing to resign all but his love; for she has "learnt much in suffering," and she has solemnly prayed to Heaven to look down upon her, and

<sup>1</sup> "Eh, mais c'étaient des femmes," the Don Giovanni of this adventure (it took place in Portugal, though its central figure was a German, which perhaps accounts for Goethe calling his German hero Fernando) is said to have apologetically observed of his victims, as if brutally to parody the tenderness of all Swift's cynicisms: "Only a woman's hair."

strengthen her. Surely it is time that the stigma thoughtlessness has cast upon Goethe's strange but not ignoble idea should be declared to be what it is—utterly and radically unjust.

The poet had thus ventured to suggest a solution for a not impossible difficulty wholly irreconcilable, not only with the moral traditions of society, but with the realities of human life. He had dared everything, without taking into careful consideration even the necessary artistic conditions of success. For though *Stella* is in many respects a production of true genius—lightly, but effectively constructed, written with the fresh flow of natural sentiment and even humour which Goethe in these days of his most abundant poetic creativeness had at his command, and in some of its passages rising to a picturesque beauty of dialogue recalling the loveliest parts of *Egmont* itself—it has two radical faults as a drama. In the first place, the hypothesis of Ferdinand's first abandonment of Cecilia is left unnecessarily obscure; sympathy with the hero is thus effectively destroyed at the outset, and he becomes not only despicable, but absurd. Secondly, as Julian Schmidt well observes, this is a domestic drama; and a solution which the author himself could not regard as other than ideal was thus as it were advanced as a practical expedient for the use of men and women in actual society. The matter-of-fact public, and the matter-of-fact critics, who at all times best represent the public, judged and condemned the drama accordingly. One anonymous wag immediately produced a sixth act, and another a *Stella Number Two*; and even one of Goethe's most judicious advisers, the sturdy-minded Merck, wrote an epigram in which he doubted the blessings likely to result from this exposition of bigamy following in the wake of the same author's exposition of suicide. And many years afterwards, Canning tickled English morality into one of its heartiest laughs by his famous parody upon poor Cecilia's proposal to Stella—"A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear an eternal friendship."

Under such circumstances, it must have been small consolation to Goethe that Lenz, according to his wont, sought to outbid his friend by producing a drama of his own, entitled *Friends Make a Philosopher*, designed to exhibit the converse of Goethe's theme. *Stella* itself, when many years afterwards produced on the Weimar stage, was, as Goethe with his usual imperturbability informs us, found to contain a situation irreconcilable with "our manners, which are quite essentially based on monogamy." "The endeavour of the sensible Cecilia to harmonise the difficulty" was found to prove "fruitless;" and the play was turned into a tragedy, by the death of Stella and the suicide of Fernando being added. The public was satisfied, and, as a contemporary observed, the *xenion* had been realized:—

"(Edipus tears out his eyes; her own hands hang Iocaste,  
Innocent both; and the play finds a harmonious close."

Such is in brief the history of a play which no lover of Goethe can afford to neglect, and the literary and theatrical fate of which is full of lessons for the student of that very difficult and delicate question, too large for discussion here, of the relations between the drama and ethics. I have rather been desirous of indicating, with the help of such materials as were at my command, the use made in Goethe's *Stella*, as well as in two of Lessing's dramas (of one of which, *Miss Sara Sampson*, it should be by the way noted that *Stella* again contains at least the reminiscence of a name), of the story of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, in the form in which tradition, and something besides tradition, had brought it to the knowledge of two great German authors. For that Stella in Goethe is the dramatic embodiment of Swift's Stella, and that Cecilia's unexpected appearance is the appearance of Vanessa in Ireland, there can be as little doubt as that the changes introduced by Goethe into the situation are not such as essentially affect its moral significance. I am well aware that such

inquiries as the present are regarded by many as mere idle pedantry; but they seem to me worth pursuing even when they lead only to imperfect or approximate results. In a work of art much depends on the choice of subject, more on the treatment. To watch different minds at work upon the same, or upon parts of the same, theme, is to obtain a clue to the differences in their methods, and the differences in their idiosyncrasies. The attempt to separate accidental elements from essential, to distinguish between the various sources of the various motives which contribute to an artistic composition, may often prove unsuccessful, and at times futile. But if conducted with sobriety and candour, it can never prove a wholly

useless exercise to those who engage in it, and will be regarded by the unthinking only as impugning those prerogatives of creative genius which it is the supreme object of all true criticism to vindicate.

A. W. WARD.

NOTE.—It is unnecessary to cite the generally accessible authorities which have been used in this paper; but it is right, and may be convenient for those who may desire to pursue the subject further, to state that most of the special materials for the inquiry will be found in Caro, *Lessing und Swift* (Jena, 1869); in two essays on Goethe's *Stella* by Urlichs and Scherer published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (July 1875, and January 1876); in a third on the same subject, by H. Düntzer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* (January 5th, 1876); and in the biographies by Stahr, Viehoff, and Lewes.



## OUR DOG DI.

DI was born in Cheshire, far away from Berkshire, where we live. This was how she came to us. "Do you like dogs?" said a man next to us at breakfast. "Yes! if they are big and don't bite." "This one is big and doesn't bite," he answered, and so Di was sent to us in a hamper. When the hamper was opened, Di put out her head, and such a grand one, much more like the head of a lioness than of a dog, and much better, for you had only to look at her to see that she would be playful and gentle. Well! we got her out of the hamper, and the first thing she did, wagging her tail all the while, was to run under a table in the housekeeper's room, and to upset it with a heap of crockery. It made us all laugh to see Di, as she stood on her four-legs under the table, lifting it up so that its four legs were off the ground. On the spot we made her over by free gift to our daughter. If you ask what kind of dog she is, she is a smooth St. Bernard, pure bred both on the side of sire and dam, who have taken prizes at ever so many dog-shows. We have never shown Di—we are too fond of her to hand her over to such sorrow—but if we did we are quite sure she would win the first prize. She is of a rich fawn colour, with such soft, silky ears, and such a tail, thick at the root and tapering away to the tip, which is of a ruddy chestnut-brown. When she came to us she was six months old, now she is two and a half years old. Alas! that the life of man should be so long and that of dogs so short!

We had hard work to bring her from Cheshire to town, and from town to Berkshire. If there is anything that Di hates it is railway travelling, and we are inclined to think that into her body has passed the soul of one of those sturdy old people, now nearly extinct,

who never would and never will ~~step~~ into a railway carriage, and still post up to town in the good old way. "Will you have her put into the dog-box, Miss?" asked the porter at the first station to which Di was brought. "No," said the resolute lady; "and besides, she is too big." So as there was a very crusty old gentleman in our carriage, who held up his feet as soon as he saw Di, we handed her over to the guard who took her in his van as far as Crewe. There we had to change trains, and then the scene between Di and the railway authorities became very exciting. As soon as the door of the van was opened, out rushed Di and careered wildly along the platform, to the dismay of sober passengers and porters, and looking for all the world like a wild beast. Thus early in her story let us confess that she has one fault. Di is very greedy, and often should we have sat in the stocks for puddings that she has stolen, if there were stocks still in England. Her behaviour at Crewe brought out this feature in her character in a strong light. Though in terror at the rail, her eyes and nose discovered the refreshment-room. At one bound she cleared the counter, scattered the young ladies, who fled tearing their false hair, and then seizing a plate of sandwiches, made very short work of them in spite of the mustard. As soon as we could we came forward, soothed the young ladies, paid the damage, and collaring Di, coaxed the guard to take her into his van to town, in consideration of half-a-crown, or we are not sure five shillings, besides her ticket, seeing she was so big. We got her home from Euston Square to Chesters Place pretty well, and nothing happened except that some little boys pointing to Di as she looked out of the brougham window, cried out, "There

goes another lion to the Sological Gardings."

All this time we, that is I and my daughter, to whom, as I have said, Di had been made over in free gift, were in sore dread and fear. I am sure by the time we reached Chesters Place that we were quite as afraid as Di had been at Crewe station. If Di's first visit to the train had been so terrible, what would my wife think of Di's first visit to Chesters Place? You must know that the lady in question hates dogs as the ancient Egyptians hated shepherds. We had been away some time, and there my wife stood in the hall, waiting to welcome husband and daughter safe back to London; when out Di sprang from the carriage, and rushing into the hall stood up on her hind-legs and put both her front paws on my wife's chest. I draw a veil over the family scene. Some events are best known in their results, and in this case the result was that Di was only admitted into Chesters Place on the word of a husband and a man of honour that she should leave London for Berkshire the very next morning. If the dogs had a *Court Circular*, or journal of their own—as why should they not, seeing they are so much better bred as a rule than some of the human beings whose movements are chronicled in our fashionable papers—all dogs of high degree, pugs, pointers, collies, and retrievers, might have seen in their *Morning Post*, "The Lady Diana St. Bernard has left her mansion in Chesters Place for the family seat in Berkshire, where it is her ladyship's intention to spend the winter."

Though she was so gentle she looked so strong and fierce that all our servants were afraid of her—all but one, a footman, who was commonly believed to fear neither dog nor devil. He threw himself into the breach, and nobly offered to take Di next morning into Berkshire. Meantime Di had got very fond of her young mistress, and was loath to leave her; but for all that she had to go, in spite of her tail-waggings and coaxing. Into a cab she was thrust,

and she and John rattled away to Waterloo. In the evening John returned, having fulfilled his mission, but like some diplomatists we could name, but not all, he was so very reserved as to what had befallen him, that my wife's maid, who had a great spite against him for not carrying coals up stairs to the attics or some other good reason, was quite sure John had made away with Di to a dog-stealer, and that Miss Frances would never see her dog again. It turned out on inquiry that John was so silent because he had found it so troublesome to get Di down to Berkshire. She had objected and protested against everything, so that her journey to Forest Edge, for that is the name of our house, had been one incessant struggle. There he had handed her over to Mr. Pennywink, our bailiff, who, among his other good qualities, reckons that of a great love of animals.

To him then Di was confided, and with him she spent the winter, I only seeing her occasionally. To say that she increased in stature and in favour with man would not be quite true. Bigger and bigger she grew, so that she could not get under Pennywink's table to upset it; but as to favour with man, that is to say with mankind in general, if we said so we should be telling stories, which we always try not to do. During that winter, what Mr. Pennywink called "a mansion" was being erected at Forest Edge, so called because it is just on the very edge of Swinley Forest, with its huge oaks and beeches; a forest in the recesses of which the badger still lurks, polecats are not uncommon, stoats and weazels are numerous, hawks and jays and even carrion-crows are constantly to be seen; and all this in spite of the crown keepers, who, like other keepers, shoot down every bird above the size of a blackbird, lest it should eat the eggs or the young of those sacred birds the partridge or the pheasant. But let us return from Swinley to Forest Edge and Di. Building was going on, and masons, bricklayers, and joiners abounded.

Many people seem to think that the British workman, like a woodcock, lives by suction. It is a fiction we know even of the woodcock, but still more a fiction is it with the workman. He drinks much and he eats much, and so he makes both ends meet. We are afraid to say how often the "scns of toil," as it is the fashion also to call them, on seeking the bundle containing their dinners, were unpleasantly surprised to find that it had been rifled by Di, into whose capacious maw whole loaves of bread and pounds of beef and bacon disappeared as if by magic. She had a habit too, which added insult to injury, of hanging up the handkerchief which had held the food, on the bush under which it had been hidden, and thus erecting a trophy, as it were, to her appetite. Strange to say, Di seemed to think that the good British workman had placed these good things in her way on purpose, and used at first to sidle up to the dinnerless artisans, wagging her magnificent tail and smiling visibly, as much as to say, "How good of you to find me so nice a dinner." This of course was much to her credit, and showed a severe Olympian way of treating human beings, just as Jupiter in *Orphée aux Enfers* declared, "Forgiving! I have always been forgiving. I never did any one an injury that I was not the first to forget it." We are sorry to say that though Di behaved in this fine old heathen way, the British workman was not nearly so forgiving. He at least showed no Christianity towards Di. Instead of finding her fresh dinners, he had the meanness to hang his food up on trees and rails and posts where Di could not reach it, and besides he kicked her and pelted her with stones, and laid eggshells full of pepper and mustard in her way, much to Di's disgust, who when reflecting on these injuries used to say to herself, "Why, when Mr. Pennywink and Mrs. Pennywink and all the little Pennywinks treat me so kindly, do these dusty-coated, flannel-wearing men behave so cruelly to me, who never ate anything of theirs that I did not fawn

on them and thank them for it!" At last, finding with all her good will that she could neither soften the hearts nor the hands of these men, she took a last long meal and leave of them at once. One fine spring day she found under the stairs of the "mansion" three pounds of bacon and four pounds of butter, stowed away for the men's tea and supper; there she dragged out with great glee, and made an end of all but half a pound of butter, when she was caught red-handed, or as we might render it "butter-whiskered," and pelted down from the mansion to Pennywink's house, whither the whole band of workmen chased her, and swore by all their cats that if Pennywink did not tie her up then and there they would have her life.

That was the first time that Di was thrown into bonds for her greediness, and I wish I could add that it proved a warning to her. Far from it. When the mansion was built and the British workmen and especially the masons, had shaken the dust off their clothes and departed to the great joy of every one, and Di was released from bonds, lo! she came out a worse thief than ever. From her case I have been led to moralize on men thieves, and to feel sure that with boys as with dogs it only makes them worse to imprison them. In the case of boys we well know it is the older boys and the men thieves that make young offenders worse, and so it was, I was at last convinced, with Di. How could it happen that so young a dog and so well-bred a dog was not only not reformed but even made worse in her evil ways? I am sure this is how it was. Not far off Di's kennel was another within an easy bark, in which time out of mind, except when he was taken out for a run for the good of his health, was chained our old watch-dog, a lurcher, named Boxer. He was a faithful dog in his way, and I ought not to speak ill of him, for he has barked his last on earth, having overeaten himself one fine day, and is no doubt now running hares in company with old preachers in those happy hunting grounds



which we are sorry to see General Dodge believes to be all a missionary fiction. But of Boxer I must say that he was a low dog and an underbred dog, who before Di came, had been known to break loose and worry chicken, suck eggs, snap up young rabbits, scare pheasants and partridges from their nests—and in short commit such acts of atrocity as would have made every crown keeper shoot him on the spot if they could have got hold or sight of him; only they could not, for Boxer though a very wicked was a very cunning dog.

Well! close to this criminal Di was chained, and he soon began to poison her young mind, for as for those dinner-stealings I look on them as mere freaks of graceful folly. And now let the reader answer a plain question. Does he believe in the language of dogs? If he says he does not we shall at once class him with those wretched soulless beings who never dream, who think that there is no difference between prose and verse, and cannot for the life of them conceive why poets should be permitted by an all-wise Providence to live; so unless he is prepared to believe in the language of dogs he had better hold his tongue and say nothing and listen to what I have to say. Often when Di was chained up close to Boxer the old sinner would say. "Di, do you know what eggs are?" and Di said, "No, Boxer," he would go on, "Hens and turkeys lay eggs for dogs to suck; I only let Mrs. Pennywinks have one now and then as a treat. Promise me that you will suck eggs when you grow up, Di." "Yes, I will, Boxer," said Di. So again of young chicken, when he saw our old sow Bess snap off the head of a chick which had rashly risked its life in her sty, Boxer would cry, "Bravo, Bess. That's the way to treat chicken, Di. Mind you always snap their heads off when you are loose and hungry." Then, too, he would tell her stories of the rabbits and hares that he had chased and eaten in his young days, when he followed at the heel of the most arrant poacher on all Bagshot

Heath. How nice young leverets were and young rabbits, and how sweet it was to roam over the heath as far as the "Golden Farmer" beyond Bagshot—which some idiots now call the "Jolly Farmer"—or past Caesar's Camp to Easthampstead Flats. "They talk of pleasure," said Boxer, "and I don't say that a new laid egg or a fresh pat of butter when you have stolen it is not very nice, but for my money give me the rabbit which you have run to his burrow and then dug out with your own paws. Mind, Di, there is nothing so sweet in life as to work for your living."

It is not to be believed that talk like this would not tell on the mind of a young innocent dog. As I have said, Boxer was soon afterwards cut off by an indigestion caused by bolting a hare-skin whole. He died and was buried, but the harm he worked lived after him. When Di was let loose, and we came to live in the mansion, we found Di so finished a thief that in France she might have had a surname given her and been called Diana Macaire. This grieves us of course, but we must take dogs, like men, as we find them—whoever thought the worse of Charles Lamb for his drunkenness?—and so though we are not partakers with men thieves, we would far sooner have Di with us as a dog thief than have instead of her the best behaved and most moral dog in the world. So far then as Di is concerned, as she cannot be cured, we think she is quite above the eighth and tenth commandments, that they have slipped out and ought to slip out of her Book of Common Prayer. Then, too, there is so much fun in her thefts—we set aside her faults for hunger's sake, she felt the approach of famine and so she stole—but she would make away with other things just by way of a joke out of a mere sense of humour, as when she carried off Mrs. Pennywink's Sunday cap with cherry-coloured ribbons, and after trying it on her own head and not thinking it becoming, hung it up on a birch-tree in the plantations where it was not found for many days; or when

she laid her teeth on Pennywink's best boots and ran off with them over the heath and hid them in a rabbit burrow, where they were found a year after when we were ferreting rabbits, much the worse, not for wear but for weather and the gnawing of many bunnies who no doubt thought they were thus venting their wrath on Pennywink the sworn foe of all the rabbits who range over Bagshot Heath.

While we are confessing Di's faults let us add that she is as great a coward as she is a thief. I am sure the soul of a mouse crept down her throat as soon as she was born, and has stayed there ever since, having, perhaps—for who can tell?—gnawed her own noble lion soul to pieces. But this is also a small matter, for Di looks so like a lioness, that the mere sight of her as she stands at gaze slowly waving—for it is not wagging—her tail is enough to strike terror into the beholder. As a watchdog, therefore, she is as good as any mastiff or bloodhound; with the great advantage that, while she scares away tramps and trespassers, she does not, like those other dogs, every now and then tear one of the family to pieces, as we observe befell an unhappy man at Farnborough the other day. We at the mansion know that Di is the greatest coward in creation, but strangers think she is very savage, and so Di is as great a safeguard to us as a whole pack of bulldogs. But this fear which strangers have of her is sometimes amusing, as when we asked the neighbouring stationmaster to come up and take a look round Forest Edge, and he came one Sunday, but only to shut himself up in the walled stable-yard, where he remained the whole day, for he would not, he said, “stir out of the yard to be worried by that big bloodhound.” So Di, the thief and the coward, roams about the plantations and keeps off trespassers, while she keeps down the rabbits, much to Pennywink's delight, who, but for her, would never grow a “wizzel,”—so he calls man-gold—or a swede. Silly man! as he beholds the ravages of the crown rabbits

on our crops, he launches out into vain theories on the laws of property and game and vermin. “Them as breeds the rabbits,” he says, “ought to be bound to wire their land all round, and then they might keep their own rabbits for themselves and their crops,” a suggestion which we earnestly commend to the notice of Mr. P. A. Taylor, and the other agitators against the existing game laws.

“Why are we so tormented with rats?” once said Lord Macaulay. “Because they are so small and we so big. Suppose twenty thousand mammoths were suddenly thrown on our shores, we should at once recognise the fact as a national calamity; we should call out the yeomanry and pursue them, send down regiments of the line and artillery, and exterminate them, and in a week there would not be a mammoth left alive; but as to rats we are powerless; for all our ferreting, and poison, and traps, they continue to increase, till they threaten to eat us out of house and home; the reason being that their size enables them for the most part to elude our attacks.” Under such gloomy forebodings of the historian, it is a comfort to think that Di is good against rats. “Everything in creation has a purpose, Hodge,” I said to our old labourer, who, man and boy, had worked about Ascot for nearly seventy years. “Has they?” replied Hodge. “Then I should be glad to know why rats was created?” It was in vain to tell the old man that they were nature's scavengers; he stuck to his creed, and could not for the life of him believe in the use of rats. Nor as a matter of practice do we believe in their use. Rats are interesting, cunning, and very affectionate to their offspring, but as to use, you should hear Pennywink lamenting the loss of chicken, and turkey poult, and whole broods of ducklings carried off in a single night by these pests! When we have borne these inroads a little while we proclaim a hunt, send over to a neighbour for his ferrets, set to work with spades, and dig up the enemies' nests and runs, and so slay numbers of them.



On these occasions Di is invaluable; she seizes the rats young and old, as they bolt from their holes and, however much they may bite, never fails to kill them. So eager is she that I am sorry to say that once, when an unhappy brown ferret showed his nose at a hole Di was down on him in the twinkling of an eye, and before one could say "Jack Robinson," our best ally against the rats was dead. The owner of that ferret is a hard man, more than suspected of beating both wife and child, but the hardest of hearts has its soft corner, and his heart so melted at the untimely death of his darling ferret, that tears trickled down his cheeks.

I wish I could say that Di's exploits against the rats ends with their death. She evidently thinks that all is flesh that falls into her jaws, and like a New Zealander or a New Caledonian, having slain her enemy, she eats him; and not only him, but she ate the body of that ferret also. And let no one say that she eats rats because she is half starved. Nothing of the kind. The dog biscuits that she eats, and the greaves and the toppings and boiled potatoes are beyond belief. She has been even known to go down to the sheepfold and steal the lambs' oilcake. Though so gay and joyful and frolicsome, and professing in every act such deep love for the family, she has one purpose in life, and that is to make her way into the larder, and though that stronghold of food is usually kept locked, on two occasions at least Di has been known to break into it and rifle its stores. In the way of making her way into yards she is almost human, using her right forepaw very much like a man's hand, but as she has not yet reached the art of unlocking a door, we are sure that on those two occasions the larder must have been unlocked.

One of these robberies—they were both of rounds of beef—was followed by such consequences to Di that I am tempted to add them to Di's story. I was sitting in my library, reading the *Fathers of the Church*, when I heard a hue and cry, and soon after our cook

came in with a rueful face, and "Please, sir, Di has stolen the beef for to-morrow's dinner"—to-morrow being Sunday, and the weight of the beef fifteen pounds. Now the mansion at Forest Edge is not so poor in resources that the loss even of that quantity of beef would have been coupled with starvation. Proud in this feeling, and wishing, I must own, to screen Di, I said, "Get something else," and dismissed the cook, who had a reckoning on Monday morning with her mistress. But it is not of that but of Di that I am writing. Not caring to go on with the *Fathers of the Church*, and curious to see what Di would do with the beef, I went out to look for her, and found her stretched out in the sun, as sleek and round as a New Caledonian chief who has eaten his third wife. There was no sign of the beef except in Di's person, and it turned out afterwards, that having eaten half of it there and then she had buried the rest, which she was seen to dig up and devour some days after. Of course I should not enter into these details unless I had something else to tell. Di's general health is of the rudest kind, but a few days after she had eaten the last of that beef she was seen to be ailing. She could scarcely drag one leg after the other, and had hardly the heart to wag her tail. As there were reapers about the place, a race of men who tie their food up in cloths and leave them under trees, I made up my mind that Di had been at her old tricks, had stolen the men's dinners and been kicked for it, as is the fashion of labourers to their wives and dogs. This belief was strengthened by a lump on Di's right side, from which we thought that one of her ribs was broken. So she limped and crawled about for some days, till one morning that very cook from whose larder the beef had been stolen, and who for all that was very fond of Di, when patting and stroking her pricked her finger.

"Why, what's this sticking out of Di's side?" she said to Pennywink.

So Pennywink felt Di's side, and then they saw that out of it stood the



point of an iron skewer. The said Pennywink is a man more of action than of words. He seized the point of the skewer, and by main force pulled it out of Di's side; a bit of surgery which must have been no easy job, as the skewer was eight inches long and had one end twisted round in a circle; just one of those horrible inventions of the enemy in short which butchers put into rounds of beef for the express purpose of tormenting fathers of families who have to carve for their children, an act which we sometimes think will hinder a merciful Providence from allowing any butcher to enter the gates of Paradise.

And so the secret of Di's illness was out. She had bolted that iron skewer when she devoured the beef, and it having somehow got crosswise into her chest, came out just at her last short rib on the right side. She evidently suffered great pain while it was inside her, but it speaks worlds for the ease with which animals throw off lesions which few men could undergo without death, that in the afternoon of the day

on which the skewer was dragged out Di was frisking about in her usual health and chasing rabbits in the wildest way over the woods and heath. The wound healed up at once, and all that remains of it now is a very slight scar on Di's side which you have to hunt for before you can find it.

"Why don't you send that story to the *Field*?" asked an old friend; "perhaps they will believe it." But as he plainly did not believe it, and as several others to whom we told the story turned out to be doubting Thomases, the end was that it was not sent to the *Field*, and so now it is sent to more believing people. There are many more things which we could tell of Di, but it would take a whole number to contain them, and I therefore forbear; declaring, in conclusion, that there never was such a perfect dog character as Di, and expressing my fervent hope that she may not meet an untimely end at the hand of that base band of poisoners who have already laid so many noble dogs low.

## HÆMONY.

"Among the rest a small unsightly root,  
But of divine effect, he culled me out;  
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
But in another country, as he said,  
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil; . . .  
He called it Hæmony."—MILTON.

A LITTLE dust the summer breeze  
Had sifted up within a cleft,  
A slanted raindrop from the trees,  
A tiny seed by chance airs left,—  
It was enough, the seedling grew,  
And from the barren rock-heart drew  
Her dimpled leaf and tender bud,  
And dews that did the bare rock stud;  
And crowned at length her simple head  
With utter sweetness, breathed afar,  
And burning like a dusky star,—  
Sweetness upon so little fed,  
Ah me! ah me!  
And yet hearts go uncomforted.

For hearts, dear love, such seedlings are,  
That need so little, ah, so less  
Than little on this earth, to bear  
The sun-sweet blossom, happiness;  
And sing,—those dying hearts that come  
To go,—their swan-song flying home.  
A touch, a tender tone, no more,  
A face that lingers by the door  
To turn and smile, a fond word said,  
A kiss,—these things make heaven; and yet  
We do neglect, refuse, forget,  
To give that little, ere 'tis fled,  
Ah me! ah me!  
And sad hearts go uncomforted.

I asked of thee but little, nay,  
Not for the golden fruit thy bough  
Ripens for thee and thine who day  
By day beneath thy shadow grow;  
Only for what, from that full store,  
Had made me rich, nor left thee poor,  
A drift of blossom, needed not  
For fruit, yet blessing some dim spot.  
A touch, a tender word soon said,  
Fond tones that seem our dead again  
Come back after long years of pain,  
Lonely, for these my sick heart bled—  
Ah me! ah me!  
Sad hearts that go uncomforted.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

## LESLIE STEPHEN'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH THOUGHT.

THE eighteenth century is gradually receding into an historical perspective favourable to its calm and unbiased appreciation. The deep obloquy which the great reaction called the Romantic Movement had heaped upon it has sensibly diminished. The Romantic Movement itself has run its course, and has not left such a good opinion of its insight and candour that the world is inclined to take its judgments on trust. Many lines of thought and inquiry begun in the eighteenth century, which the Romantic Movement brusquely and haughtily interrupted, have been resumed in modern times, and prosecuted with results too fruitful and tangible to be frowned down. Many of the most prominent and accepted investigators of the present day are manifestly continuing the work begun a hundred years ago, only with the greater scope, mastery and precision which belong to more mature methods, and greater firmness of scientific grasp. The facts of the present have naturally afforded a superior position for observing the past, of appreciating both its achievements and shortcomings—of doing justice, in fact, to imperfect and tentative beginnings, by connecting them with the wider and more striking results arrived at since.

But the eighteenth century by itself is a vague term. There was an eighteenth century of France, and another of England, and another of Germany: and though interconnected by many links, they also differed profoundly in accordance with the difference of their historical antecedents. To the French the eighteenth century must ever have the overpowering interest of having been the preparation and seed-plot, as it were, of their great Revolution. To the Germans it is memorable as the period of their revived literature and philosophy. To the English it is none of these things. Politically it was for us a period of quiet, if not of stagnation. In the higher literature and speculation, it

was marked by an absence of depth, spontaneity and power, reckoning but four men of really lofty stature, Swift, Hume, Butler and Burke. The history of thought in our country is therefore tame as compared with the history of thought in France and Germany in the eighteenth century. It is impossible to study the literature of France during that period without the great catastrophe with which the century closed obtruding on the mind. We hear the roar of that mighty tempest through the softest and calmest periods which went before it. In Germany the presence of Goethe attracts all our attention as to an old Olympian new lighted on the earth. But England not only suffers in comparison with foreign countries, she suffers in comparison with her former self during this period. The atmosphere of the eighteenth century seems close, heavy, and dull, when contrasted with the stormy gloom and sunshine, the high and bracing winds of the seventeenth. But wider conceptions of history are tending more and more to rebuke the narrow partiality which dwells with exclusive interest on a few chosen periods of history, ignoring the intervening spaces as unimportant. The essence of history is its continuity, and arbitrary selection of favoured epochs is injurious to the full understanding even of those epochs themselves. The new historian of English thought in the eighteenth century, therefore, need fear no cold reception from serious students on the ground of his subject. Although in universal history the period he illustrates does not take the highest rank by a long way, it takes a highly important rank in the history of England. Between 1700 and 1800 a good deal was thought and done which may not go unrecorded. The distance between Locke and Coleridge, between Dryden and Wordsworth, in the intellectual order, is not greater than the



distance between Somers and Lord Eldon, between Marlborough and Wellington, in the political and military orders, and in each case the distance is immense. When the century began, the embers of the civil wars were still hot, and ready to burst into flame. When it closed they seemed as remote as the Wars of the Roses, and other wars were kindling into wide conflagration.

In Mr. Leslie Stephen the eighteenth century has found an historian naturally and spontaneously capable of doing it justice. He has in full measure the first quality of an historian, the quality of thorough impartiality, not the imperfect and make-believe impartiality which abstains carefully from open partisanship, yet through want of sympathetic apprehension and mental flexibility never can realise the standpoint of an opponent; but that dignified equity founded on imaginative insight, which finds an austere pleasure in displaying the strength of an enemy's position, from which a secret confidence that he is able to turn it is perhaps not excluded. In all the book he mentions no writer with more respect than the Nonjuror William Law, and from the opinions of no writer is he perhaps further removed. But Law's single-hearted sincerity and earnest depth fill him with the tenderest respect and admiration as for a consistent valiant man who had the courage of his convictions. In a lower degree he is cordially warm to Sherlock, the lawyer-bishop, who held his own against the legal dignitaries of the House of Lords, and wrote one of the most telling tracts against the Deists. He is only pleasantly harsh to the utterly vulgar men, to whichever side they may belong, as Warburton and Tom Paine. But generally there seems to be a sort of pre-established harmony between him and the objects of his criticism which has a very pleasing effect. Without the eminent quality I refer to, such a book as Mr. Stephen's would have little or no value: possessing it, it has a value very high and precious indeed. I shall have occasion in the remarks that follow to mention other qualities of an historian hardly second to this, such as

accuracy, fulness of knowledge, and the supreme faculty of taking pains, which Mr. Stephen possesses in a high degree. But the contents of the work must first engage our attention.

They are most varied, referring to all forms of mental activity in the eighteenth century, except pure science. The first volume is occupied with the discussion of what is known as the Deistical controversy, the long and rather wearisome debate between the assailants and defenders of Christianity, which went on with varying degrees of animation or dulness all through the century. Mr. Stephen has very properly enlarged the *cadre* of the German Lechler (whose excellent book on English Deism he mentions with merited respect), inasmuch as he includes in his survey both parties to the dispute, and thus treats as fully of English theology as of English scepticism, and brings out more clearly the whole field of hostilities, passing alternately from the attack to the defence, and *vice versâ*. The campaign opens with Toland, and closes with Paine on the deistical side; commencing with Norris and Browne, and ending with Bishop Watson on the Christian side. Between these extremes, all the intermediary writers of both camps pass in review—Collins, Tindal, Middleton, Hume, Gibbon, on the one hand; Bentley, Swift, Butler, Law, Warburton (to name only the chief), on the other. Mr. Stephen does not do his work by halves, but gives us all needful biographical and bibliographical details, and then calmly examines the arguments *seriatim* with reference both to the contemporary state of knowledge and the light thrown by subsequent inquiry on the subjects of dispute. The abundance of material thus offered to Mr. Stephen for discussion is simply immense, and the result is as closely packed a volume of historical theological and metaphysical criticism as will be found in any language, and is certainly rare in ours. The second volume is more varied, comprising a review of "Moral Philosophy," of "Political Theories," "Political Economy," and what Mr. Stephen calls "Characteristics," under which head he classes the preachers, the

poets, general literature, and the Religious reaction, that is, the Methodist movement. He is as thorough and painstaking in the second volume as in the first. But the subjects are lighter, and for reasons of space, perhaps, treated in less detail. I think also I discern a more vigorous step and longer stride in the second volume than in the first. The author is less occupied with the useful, but sometimes unavoidably tedious, recapitulation of reasoning not his own; and gives us more of his own excellent staple of thought and reflection. No doubt the change of subject carried with it a change of treatment; but I suspect that most readers will find the second volume more pleasant reading than the first.

Most readers will make this preference. But it is probable that Mr. Stephen had not chiefly in view that by no means wholly admirable person the general reader, when he took the pains he has done with his first volume and devoted it wholly to the Deistical controversy. Nothing can well be more dead and buried than that once famous discussion. Burke's contemptuous question, "Who reads Tindal Chubb and Morgan now?" is still pertinent, not for the contempt it expresses, but as regards the entire oblivion into which the whole subject has passed. Oblivion is not infallible, and has before now made huge mistakes. But she may be generally trusted to have a pretty sure instinct in these matters. On this occasion she was certainly in the right. The Deistical controversy in itself was not a thing which deserved preserving in human memory. In its course two or three books were thrown up, which there is no fear that the world will let die. The works of Butler and Hume mark epochs in the history of thought. But the mass of controversial literature which was evoked is as safely laid in its grave as the wranglings of the Scotists and Thomists, perhaps more so. It was no decisive and memorable battle in the field of speculation; but a rather obscure though long and desultory skirmish at the outposts, in which the victory of neither party could affect the main issue of the war. Is this a reason for suppressing it entirely? By

no means. Like other skirmishes it at length brought on decisive battles in which the head-quarters of both sides engaged all their forces. Theology and free thought came to blows in the Deistical controversy. Both were most inadequately represented; on both sides the leaders were incompetent—with a reservation of the two names just mentioned. But this protracted struggle in the dark, this long conflict waged by volunteers, at length brought real generals and trained soldiers into the field, and has led up to the great contest, which is even now raging between religion and science, between revelation and positive thought. From this aspect I feel ready to contradict myself and say that the Deistical controversy is still instinct with life.

The whole movement may be regarded as a gradual clearing of the ground on which the decisive issues were to be tried. At its commencement neither party fully realised his own position or the means by which it was to be made good. The orthodox apologists made concessions to the Freethinkers which were most dangerous and damaging to their own cause. As Mr. Pattison says in his admirable essay on "The Tendencies of Religious Thought" in *Essays and Reviews*—"Whether given doctrines or miracles were conformable to reason or not was disputed between the defence and the assault: but that all doctrines were to stand or fall by that criterion was not questioned." And he quotes a series of apposite extracts from eminent divines in corroboration. In fact, both sceptics and believers agreed to abide by the verdict of reason—not the "higher reason" of Coleridge and his Germans; but the logical understanding. The greatest of the Christian champions, Bishop Butler, does so in terms so clear and decisive that it is a wonder neither Mr. Pattison nor Mr. Stephen refer to them. "I express myself with caution," he says, "lest I should be mistaken to vilify reason, which is indeed the only faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even revelation itself, or be misunderstood to assert that a supposed revelation cannot be proved false from internal characters.

For it might contain clear immoralities or contradictions, and either of them would prove it false" (*Analogy*, part ii. chap. 3). This indeed was only in accordance with the views of orthodox apologists from very early times, who had felt that wholly to deny the competence of reason was to cut the ground from under their own feet. At the end of the seventeenth century the suspicious alliance offered by Boyle would have been sufficient to warn all clear-headed theologians of the danger of resting wholly on faith, on "the triumph of the authority of God over human reason," as Nicole phrased it. Leibnitz loftily maintained the rights of reason, declaring that only fanatics disputed them ("Aucun article de la foi ne saurait impliquer contradiction" *Theodicée, Discours*). Jeremy Taylor again said, "Whatever is against right reason, that no faith can oblige us to believe" (quoted in *Aids to Reflection*, p. 257). But the older apologists always coupled this concession with the proviso that it behoves us to be sure that we have got hold of right reason. As Taylor continues, "Although reason is a right judge, yet it ought not to pass sentence in an inquiry of faith, until all the information be brought in: all that is within and all that is without, all that is above and all that is below. . . For else reason may argue very well and yet conclude falsely" (*Ibid*). Hence the well-known distinction between things *above* and things *contrary* to reason, by which the rights of reason and faith were at once respected. Reason decided on the credentials of revelation, and having been satisfied of their authenticity abdicated in favour of superior authority. In Leibnitz's picturesque image, "Revelation is like a new chief sent by the prince, who displays his credentials before the assembly which he is henceforth to preside over." But these reservations were out of harmony with the low temperature to which faith had fallen in the eighteenth century, and they were not made except by mystics like William Law. In a more religious time, faith was the point of departure, not the terminus; men passed with quick steps through the portals of belief into the higher plains of

religious life, where, amid the ideal splendours of a supra-sensuous world, the narrow gate by which they had entered was easily forgotten, or seemed of minor importance. But in the eighteenth century "the mind never reached as far as the stage of belief, for it was unceasingly engaged in reasoning up to it. Christianity appeared made for nothing else but to be proved! What use to make of it when it was proved was not much thought about."—(Pattison: *Tendencies of Religious Thought*.) Hence the apologists seem like Highlanders who descend from their mountain fastnesses to give battle in the open where their enemies have the advantage. They argued the question on terms which implied ultimate defeat. But their opponents, the Freethinkers, were no better off, and this fact imparts a sort of dreary humour to the whole discussion. To make good their contention the Freethinkers needed two things, both of which they lacked. (1) Such a positive conception of the order of nature as would have empowered them to reject the supernatural in all its forms, that is, to take up the standpoint of Atheism. (2) An adequate grasp of the historic method to conduct an onslaught on such a remote and difficult problem as the origin of Christianity. It is superfluous to point out that they had neither requisite, that they attacked a scientific problem without science, and an historical problem without history. Thus both parties were contending as it were in the dark, and fought with weapons the least adapted to their needs. The Christian forces took up the exposed and perilous ground of simple rationalism, the rationalism of the Rule of Three and Euclid's axioms. They acknowledged that "immoralities or contradictions" would be fatal to a religion. The Freethinkers at once poured upon them volleys of "contradictions and immoralities" taken from the Bible, interpreted by plain common sense and uncorrected rationalism. The deists scoffed at revelation, and declared the "light of nature" to be amply sufficient for all human needs, "a clear and certain light which enlightens all men," as Tindal put it, from which he inferred that "our



duty both to God and man must from the beginning of the world to the end remain unalterable, be always alike plain and perspicuous" (*Christianity as Old as the Creation*, pp. 10, 17), against which convenient opinion the only objection was that it contradicted the total experience of the human race. It came to this—that both parties were formidable in attack and weak in defence. Both suffered heavily, but neither was victorious.

That a change of tactics was indispensable at last became clear to both sides. It had become absolutely necessary to mark out the limits of the discussion, and ascertain the points on which precise issue could be joined. The debate thus clarified was seen to bear on the credibility of miracles, a problem which had two sides related and yet distinct, philosophical and historical, the credibility of miracles generally, and their credibility at a given epoch of time. The new problems thus stated have been handed down to modern times, and the limits of a review preclude their discussion. But we may notice with interest the steadying effect of their precise enunciation. On the Deistical, or we had better say the positive side, Hume took up ground which has never been abandoned by thinkers of his school, viz., that miracles are incredible, and that a probability, as good as a certainty, lies against the honesty or the competence of any witnesses to them. The orthodox defenders, though ready to meet Hume on his own ground, showed more strength on the historical side of the problem, and contended that the apostles of Christianity could have been neither forgers nor dupes, inasmuch as they sealed their testimony to miracles with their lives. The discussion finally drifted into a rather thin pseudo-historical investigation, in which Gibbon and Paley were the Protagonists. A true historic sense was wanting to either side. Gibbon made out that the early Christians were sneaking but ambitious intriguers, bent on getting bishoprics and the post of confessors to Roman Emperors. Paley showed that they were heroic martyrs, driven by the force of miracles to testify to facts in a manner which cost them their lives. The history of the first century was tortured

and cross-examined by the two advocates for the purpose of wringing admissions favourable to their respective clients. And then the century closed with the great debate still pending. But the results of the century of discussion had been immense. The confused, desultory combats had been replaced by a general war extending right across the field of speculation. The contest was removed from isolated points, the more or less of miracle, the more or less of rationalism to be admitted or denied, and now raged round the central position where final victory or defeat was to be decided. Naturalism or Supernaturalism were henceforth inscribed on the standards of the conflicting hosts, and men have to decide which colour they will fight under, a momentous but not unwelcome alternative to sincere minds. For the clearness of the issue as now presented, all modern men are beholden to the long and stubborn controversies of the 18th century, and this debt to the past will be most readily acknowledged by those who bear themselves most resolutely in the present, to whichever side they may belong.

How imperfectly my abridged statement represents Mr. Stephen's full and thoughtful exposition need not be said. In his account the vicissitudes of the long campaign are enacted over again. The success and failure of all the greater and minor chiefs are made to pass before our eyes. His impartiality is truly Homeric, and he celebrates the exploits of Hector or Diomed with serene equity. This admirable quality guarantees the permanent esteem of his work. Those who want the truth—and though the class is small, its final vote is ever decisive—will find it here. It is one of those books which improve by keeping. Remote from partisanship it will excite noisy applause in neither camp. But the sterling value stamped on every page insures its survival. The history of the Deistical controversy need never be told again, as it can never be told better, if so well.

But the first volume is not confined to the Deistical controversy properly so called, that is, to the attack and defence of Christianity in set terms. In the two weighty chapters devoted to Hume and

Butler, Mr. Stephen plunges into deep waters into which I shall not follow him. These chapters are by far the most bold and sincere in the whole work, and the stoical calm of the writer as he discourses "on fate, freewill, and foreknowledge absolute," has something grand and impressive about it. Such noble sincerity is unfortunately only too rare in our country, and Mr. Stephen would be the last to be surprised if his outspokenness should prove a stumbling-block to some. Intellectual courage in high speculations has ceased to be a characteristic of Englishmen. There is a series of questions which by common consent are not to be discussed. "We dare not face them. Our cowardice and our better feelings shrink from the possibilities of a negative reply. . . . But no cowardice is ever pardonable, for it is never pardoned by facts. Want of candour brings an inevitable penalty on the race if not upon the individual. The hollowness in theory and the impotence in practice in the last half of the century, is but the natural consequence of the faint-heartedness which prevented English thinkers from looking facts in the face. The huge development of hypocrisy, of sham beliefs, and indolent scepticism is the penalty we have had to pay for our not daring to meet the doubts openly expressed by Hume and by Hume alone" (vol. i., p. 315). No one will be able to blame Mr. Stephen for refusing to look facts in the face. But the facts in question may be looked at in a way which excites disgust in every sensitive mind. The cynical blasphemer is one degree worse than the superstitious bigot, and is indeed an unconscious but useful ally of the bigot. Mr. Stephen is as far removed from the one as the other. His courage is ever allied with tenderness, his frankness with sympathy for the suffering sons of men. And if he touched the subject at all, he could not do it better than he has done.

I have dwelt on the contents of the first volume because they are at once more important and less interesting than those of the second. The moralists, economists, and *littérateurs*, whose works are reviewed in the latter, can command a public in a

very different way from the dry Deists and their opponents. Pope, Swift, Burke, Adam Smith, will never want readers. Tindal, Collins, Woolston, and company are mere shadows of names to all but a very small class. Even the books they wrote are becoming rare and not always easily procured. But those who hold that speculation on the highest matters is really the most important though not always the most attractive part of literature, will not estimate lightly the pains Mr. Stephen has been at to disinter their dingy volumes, or the service he has rendered by so doing. *Gulliver*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *Robinson Crusoe* make too brilliant a contrast beside the dreary pamphlets "in slipshod English," which the Deists issued from their garrets. But the Deists started a movement which will change—partly has changed—the face of literature, and the wits of Queen Anne have left us only their wit, some of which has since grown stale.

The highly varied and attractive contents of the second volume do not admit of condensed and summary discussion. Each chapter forms a subject in itself, and is not often intimately related to those which precede or follow. Mr. Stephen's delicate tact and analytical power are too well known to need any praise of mine. His sureness of hand and keenness of eye never fail him, and he dissects a poet, novelist, or moral philosopher with a benignant thoroughness which a lurking sense of humour renders pleasant to every one—even the victim himself one might suppose not to object to a knife so gracefully handled. I shall therefore pass over with hearty commendation the discriminating sections on general literature, the poets, the preachers, and others, allowing myself only a few remarks on the chapter on Moral Philosophy.

Moral philosophy is ever a more or less logical deduction from the higher order of speculation with which it is contemporary. The same men, therefore, and the same systems which Mr. Stephen passed in review in the first volume meet us in the second. Some writers, indeed, such as Shaftesbury and Mandeville, are only moralists, and do not appear in the first volume. They have little beside a

literary value, and but slight importance in a history of thought. Yet Mr. Stephen does them justice, and often by a singular felicity of phrase brings out with a word their salient characteristic. Thus when he calls Mandeville's book a "pot-house edition of Hobbes," we feel a portrait has been hit off at one stroke. On these, and similar excellences I cannot linger. I hasten on to the few pages in which Mr. Stephen has discussed the Utilitarian system of morality, not only with insight, but from a new and superior point of view.

It has always been a *crux* in the Utilitarian system, how to estimate the relative worth of pleasures—on what grounds we are justified in pronouncing some to be base and others to be noble. Mr. Stephen asks: "How are we to frame our moral calculus? . . . One man prefers art to gin: a thousand prefer gin to art. Why is the intellectual to be preferred to the sensual gratification? Because, it has been said, those who can appreciate both generally or always prefer the intellectual" (vol. ii. p. 98). This last remark, if I mistake not, is pointed at the late Mr. Mill, to whom evidently the same question had occurred, but who had not succeeded in giving a very satisfactory answer. His reply, indeed, amounted to little more than changing the interrogation into an assertion,—we prefer the nobler pleasures because we do. In the second chapter of his work on Utilitarianism, he says: "We may give what explanation we please of this unwillingness (to prefer base enjoyments); we may attribute it to pride . . . we may refer it to the love of liberty and personal independence . . . to the love of power or to the love of excitement, both of which do really enter into and contribute to it; but its most appropriate appellation is a love of dignity; which all human beings possess in one form or another," and so on. He concludes the paragraph by saying: "It is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied: it is better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. And if the fool or the pig are of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question." Mr. Stephen sees

clearly that this is insufficient. The pig and the fool scorn our delicate insinuation that we know more about pleasure than they do. They return to their mire with an easy conscience, and leave us to moralise at our leisure.

Mr. Stephen's answer, in which I think I am not wrong in tracing an inspiration from Auguste Comte, is very different. It amounts to this, that not the wants, or tastes, or desires of the individual, but the needs of the social organism are the final standard by which pleasures are to be measured. "Morality is to sociology what a sanitary code is to physiology; and the analogy may lead us a step further. It must be defined as the art of attaining social health, not as the art of attaining the maximum of happiness, although we may admit that the two ends are ultimately identical." That is to say, that society learns in time after many painful experiences what is good for it; and suppresses what it has found to be evil by penalties more or less severe. The important addition to the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" principle as usually stated will not be overlooked. Social well-being may demand considerable sacrifices of happiness, not only of individuals but of a whole generation, as in periods of Revolution or of foreign invasion. Society long ago made up its mind on certain points. Men soon discovered that murder and theft would be fatal to the social bond if not kept within some limit, and inclinations to these crimes have accordingly been punished with much sharpness in all societies. This was morality in its rudimentary form. As the conditions requisite for social well-being are better understood, a far more potent reaction of the whole on its parts, of society on its members, may not only be expected but has already begun to take place, not only negatively forbidding crimes but positively demanding virtues, and in a measure insisting on the latter under penalties none the less efficacious for being chiefly moral; obloquy and neglect for unsocial conduct, honour and respect for the contrary. Pigs and fools will no doubt continue to exist—have they not always existed?—but they will be made to realise their



position very clearly, and we shall be spared the ignominy of arguing the point with them whether their swinishness and folly are more desirable pleasures than wisdom and virtue.

At this point Mr. Stephen gives forth a rather uncertain sound. A scientific morality, he says, implies a scientific psychology and sociology, and as he admits that they do not exist, the inference plainly is that morality is not in a very favourable position. And again, "If sociology were once constituted, it would supply a single and decisive test, instead of the vague and complex calculus suggested by the cruder form of Utilitarianism, or what is called the greatest happiness principle." Nothing can be more true. The greatest happiness principle is becoming somewhat of a bore to many of us. It is a datum which we take for granted, and from which we start. We now want the legitimate inferences which may be drawn from it. But may we not draw these inferences until sociology is constituted and has become scientific? That is an event a long way off, and seems to assign a date for the advent of morality, on *this* side of the Greek Kalends certainly, but we do not know how much on this side. Mr. Stephen's illustration of sanitary laws and physiology has a misleading as well as an instructive side. Extension of physiological knowledge has by no means always led to improvements in therapeutics. Many, perhaps most, remedial agents are justly and successfully applied in the cure of disease, for which it would be difficult to give a complete physiological reason and justification. Similarly in morals, experience has proved that many ethical principles are approximately correct and salutary, and we are not called on to wait for their complete psychological and sociological justification.

I fear I have been able to give but an imperfect notion of the weighty and important character of Mr. Stephen's book. His alert and vigorous criticism, terse and closely packed as a master in the craft can make it, is difficult to reproduce. It must be read to be appreciated, and I doubt not it will find due recognition in competent quarters. Lucid, sincere, and

fearless, the work has no rival or competitor, as far as I know, in our language over the field it occupies. It shows throughout a genuine love of "things of the mind." Only a sober enthusiasm could have faced the labour which it implies. By a thorough appreciation of the value of dates and similar details, it has been made as valuable as a work of reference as it is on other and higher grounds.

However, I have some reservations to make which I trust will not be taken in ill part. It is not often that one has to complain of an author sticking too closely to his subject. On the contrary, to keep to the matter in hand is generally considered no common merit. Mr. Stephen seems to me to have pushed a virtue to excess. He not only keeps to his text, but he hardly allows himself to look away from it for a moment, even when to do so would manifestly furnish him with new means of illustrating it. The men and the opinions he passes in review are brought so close to the reader's eyes, that it is not easy to see them in complete outline. His book rather resembles a bas-relief than a picture. All the characters are life-size, but a certain depth and perspective are wanting. And this defect pervades equally the whole and the parts. The history of English thought in the eighteenth century fills his volumes, and we can study it in admirable detail. But the relative position of English eighteenth century thought in the history of the world, or even of Europe, is imperfectly marked. The Utilitarianism of Hume is discussed with admirable acuteness; but the pedigree of Utilitarianism is not considered at all, indeed it is traced to Locke (vol. ii. p. 80), which is a strange oversight in a writer who doubtless knows his Protagoras as well as anybody. Mr. Stephen steadily refuses to light up the matter he is treating by reference to suggestive analogies taken from the broad field of history. He will not look over the hedges of the field which he has chosen to labour in, and if we do so for ourselves it is without his example or assistance. This want of outlook, of distant horizon, on which to rest the eye,

gives a sense of confinedness which at times is oppressive. After spending a considerable time with the Deists and their adversaries, dull and dreary men as Mr. Stephen admits, we would like, after their crude opinions have been thoroughly explained to us, and their crudity well brought out, to be reminded why such company is, after all, worth seeking, and what it can teach us. If our guide would now and then take us to an eminence whence the Deistical controversy could be seen in the proportions which belong to it, our spirits would be at once cheered, and we should consent to new introductions to more Deists with urbanity and even pleasure. But this is denied us. On two occasions, indeed, Mr. Stephen has relaxed his austerity, in the sections, "The French Influence" and "The French Economists," both in the second volume. The success which has attended him, especially in the latter case, in thus enlarging the area of his survey, makes one regret he has not done so oftener.

"Savoir bien lire un livre en le jugeant chemin faisant, et sans cesser de le goûter, c'est presque tout l'art du critique. Cet art consiste encore à comparer et à bien prendre ses points de comparaison," says the most accomplished of modern critics. Ste. Beuve had, just before the page where these lines occur, practised the theory they enunciate, by commencing his remarks on *Atala* with references to Homer, the Greek tragedians, Pindar, Theocritus, Virgil, Pope, and Boileau. Mr. Stephen is sparing of references and comparisons, and precedents taken from other literatures remote in time or space, and prefers as a rule to deal with an author by himself, and to evolve his merits or demerits by a process of reasoning. The analyses which he gives us on these occasions are often very striking and delicate, which is indeed a superfluous remark, Mr. Stephen's talent in this respect being well known. But for historical purposes the method is not so satisfactory. The comparative method is as instructive when applied to literature as it is in physiology; a series of true analogies serves to bring out, amid superficial differences, deep-lying resem-

blances which could not be suspected before. Mr. Pattison never fails to adopt this mode. In his introduction to Pope's *Essay on Man* he has given an admirable example of it. True precedents are lightly touched, but they are thoroughly to the point, and Pope's position as a gnomic poet comes out spontaneously. We see that he and his age belong to a class, and that we may find analogies for them in remote quarters. His characteristic qualities are then more easily traced to social and intellectual conditions, which are seen to have had their types in other times and countries.

I will refer to two instances in which Mr. Stephen, through the over limitation of his survey, has failed to bring out in full clearness the resources of his subject. One refers to the literary reaction (vol. ii. p. 535), the other to the whole work.

(1.) The so-called classicism which pervaded the literatures of all Europe, for at least a century, and its contumelious expulsion by the Romantic reaction, offer one of the most interesting problems to the historian of thought. The origin of the classicism and its tyranny, its pretentious poverty, yet immense popularity, are all topics well worth elucidating; and the same may be said of its conqueror and successor. This noble theme is treated by Mr. Stephen in a parsimonious manner. I do not object to what he says, but he does not say enough. He describes the classicism accurately, but he makes no attempt to trace its origin, to show how poetry had come to this pass, to display in panoramic width the progressive stages which led to this result. "In the sphere of the imagination the old symbols of the classical school had become hopelessly effete. The life had departed, and they had become conventional or consciously fictitious. The muse of which Pope and his followers talked was an intolerable bore. . . . To return to nature was, therefore, primarily to sweep aside a set of arbitrary rules and symbols which had ceased to have any meaning" (vol. ii. p. 450). Very true; but why had the rules once had a meaning? This is precisely a question which an historian of



thought might be expected to answer, and make us understand how it came to pass that what appears absurd and repellent now, once appeared beautiful and attractive; to make us see with the eyes, and hear with the ears, of those generations who thought that poetry consisted in an odd masquerade of fawns, satyrs Cupids, and other mythological tinsel. To use strong language of contempt towards the sentiments of a distant age is now admitted to be a mistake, and no one does it in reference to religion or politics. I do not see why the æsthetic feelings of a past epoch should make any exception, or why we should discuss the barbarism of Clovis, or the superstition of St. Benedict, with perfect serenity if the Poetics of Europe for a century are to be dismissed with disgust. Pope's muse is certainly a bore to us, and was so to the leaders of the Romantic reaction. But this is not to the point. We want to know why she was not a bore to Pope's contemporaries, and how so clever a man as Pope came to talk so much about her.

(2.) Similarly in reference to the whole book, Mr. Stephen's history of thought in the eighteenth century is the fullest, the most accurate, in many ways the most able that exists. But he has not attempted to estimate the rank of that period in the general development of the human mind. Nor has he deduced from antecedent conditions its peculiar character and import. Except as a link between the olden time and the present, as an act in the great drama which stretches from the middle ages to our own days, the history of English thought in the eighteenth century, is not a subject of much interest. Regarded in that light its interest is very great, and in that light Mr. Stephen has regarded it but very little. We call it in vague phrase a period of transition. But transition from what and to what? Only as we apprehend the point left and the point approached can we fully realise a tendency. What was the point receded from by the eighteenth century? It was the great Catholicism of Western Europe under which men had lived for a thousand years. The movement begun at the Reformation was

accelerated. Further and further from the old faith men were hurrying away. Halting places which the Reformers in their exodus from Rome had complacently occupied, hoping to find there abiding habitation, were being left behind. Men were approaching the frontiers of Christianity; on the other side was free thought. And many, perhaps most, knew not whither their course was leading them. They would have been shocked to be told that to leave Rome was to leave Christianity. On the contrary, they thought that the further they got from Rome the better Christians they were. The Deists came to undeceive them. They insisted that having come so far, the Christian rationalists ought not to hesitate to go further. Here the long struggle called the Deistical Controversy took place. Over this narrow border line the combat raged, the combatants being often so much alike that it is hard at times to know why they fought at all. But an instinct deeper than logic told the Christians that the Deists were their natural enemies, and that in spite of their seeming proximity, they were really separated by immense spaces. All who retained any earnest grasp of supernatural belief were still within the old fold. They could retrace their steps from the perilous frontier and again enter the citadels of faith which they had imprudently left. Their adversaries would come to no terms with them short of absolute surrender. Concessions were useless, as leading only to further demands. This ultimately became evident and produced the Tractarian movement in England, and the Ultramontane reaction in continental Europe.

Rationalism on its negative side means nothing else than the progressive forsaking of the mediæval creed. On its positive or scientific side it stands of itself, and can neglect the crumbling ruins of others while it contemplates its own rising towers. In the eighteenth century only the lowest foundations of its own edifice were laid. Rationalists then were mostly destructive, and were hardly beginning to build for themselves. They were still, for the chief part busy with the siege of the old Bastille of faith, which must ever form the most



prominent object in any picture the battle.

It is probable that at some future day an historian will arise who, with broad and sweeping brush will depict the Decline and Fall of Theological, as Gibbon did of Imperial, Rome. He will need to be a large-hearted generous man, capable of sympathetic appreciation of men and opinions which his reason condemns. That once effulgent city of God, which, like a "dome of many-coloured glass," over-arched Europe, will be his subject. In perfect calm, neither hating nor loving, but with kindled imagination, he will paint its remote splendour, its palaces and temples, and angels hovering with purple wings, and then the gradual fading of the glorious pageant passing by slow degrees into common day. One could wish the book were written and that we could read it.

And I could wish that Mr. Stephen had not left this grand object out of his picture. It was needed there to give a full meaning to what he has inserted. Thinkers in the eighteenth century in England may be broadly divided into two classes—those who unconsciously defended fragments of Catholic doctrine, and those who with equal unconsciousness were striving to formulate positive thought. The vital principle of both sides must be kept in view by an historian, though it was often lost sight of by those engaged in the fray.

But I will not be offended by a few faults such as these seem to me. On looking back over Mr. Stephen's book a single feeling of admiration possesses me for the width of his knowledge, the vigour of his style, and the versatility of mind which has enabled him to do justice to so many subjects.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1877.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.<sup>1</sup>

Four years ago Charles Kingsley contributed to these pages a short paper in memory of the great teacher whom he owned as his master, and whom he had followed, obeyed, and defended, for a quarter of a century, with all the devotion and courage of his strong and loving nature. The central figure of the group of friends who had been bound together for many years in work of one kind or another, and who had been from the first the mainstay of this Magazine, had lately gone to his rest. It was felt indeed that no one could ever fill the vacant place, but that at any rate one was still amongst us who could give here some adequate expression to the loving and trustful loyalty which had gathered round Mr. Maurice in his life, and had so lately met over his grave. And how true was the instinct! and with what power and subtlety the work was done, and the thoughts which were labouring in many hearts caught and set in a few clear-cut and tender words! The pupil followed his master all too soon, but left no one who can do the like work for him. But at least one may apply to himself his own noble words of tribute to his master, and say of him too that "he had wasted no time, but died like a valiant man, at his work, and of his work," full, to the end of his days, of tenderness and of strength, of "that *θυμός*, that

capacity of indignation which Plato says is the root of all virtue, . . . of that humility and self-distrust, combined so strangely with manful strength and sternness, which drew to him humble souls, self-distrustful souls, who, like himself, were full of the 'divine discontent'; that he lived as perhaps all men should live—angry with themselves, ashamed of themselves, and more and more angry and ashamed as their own ideal grew, and with it their consciousness of defection from that ideal."

The *Letters and Memories* which have just been published by Mrs. Kingsley bring his loss again vividly before us; and while carrying back into scenes of past years, into the midst of battles that have been long fought and won, and of controversies which look strange in the light of to-day, have taught us how little we really knew of the man after all. We could have been glad to have studied the book in silence, were it not that silence might be misinterpreted in this place.

It is not now our intention to attempt to condense the history of his life in all its many phases; still less to answer any of the criticisms, theories, or analyses, which have already appeared in such abundance. The story has been told, and the character analysed again and again, since the book appeared, from different standpoints; and, so far as we have seen, with a sympathy and fairness which leaves little to be

<sup>1</sup> *Charles Kingsley: his Letters, and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. Henry S. King & Co., 1877.

desired. Each narrative has brought out some side of the man more clearly, and each analysis has added something to our understanding of his character. That much remains still in shadow is in the nature of things, and no fault of the editor, or of her commentators and critics. No man probably can be perfectly reproduced in a biography, and the bigger and more many-sided the man was, the harder the task becomes. But though we cannot get a perfect likeness, we may get one which is true in the main, and as far as it goes, and that is what Mrs. Kingsley has given us with rare tact and success. Far from having drawn back the veil too far, we can only regret, while bowing loyally to her decision, that she has not been able to give us more of his home life, and letters to herself and his children. For, after all, this is the finest ore in the mine, and for it we could well have spared much that friends have contributed, and his own opinions, valuable and suggestive as they are upon subjects lying outside his own peculiar work. All that we should wish or can hope to do, is, by a touch here and there to make the picture perhaps a little clearer.

And first, a word with respect to the startling contrast which has struck so many readers. Even amongst the earliest letters, when he was in the heyday of his strength, drinking in life at every pore, rejoicing in intellectual and physical exertion of all kinds, and revelling in the sights and sounds of nature, there are frequent references to death as a welcome relief. What is the meaning of this puzzle? Those who know *The Saint's Tragedy* will not have shared the surprise, for they will remember the beautiful opening of Scene ix. Act 2, where Elizabeth and Lewis are sitting together, and she sings the song which ends—

“ Oh ! that we two were sleeping  
In our nest in the churchyard sod,  
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's  
breast,  
And our souls at home with God ! ”

This undertone of weariness, and

longing for rest, was no doubt a feature in his character from the first. It had its root probably in the rare combination in him of the artistic and scientific temperaments. No man enjoyed the “common things of sky and earth” more keenly ; but, unlike Wordsworth's ideal poet, he was not

“ Content if suffered to enjoy  
The things which others understand.”

He had an eager longing to understand as well as to enjoy, and his splendid powers of observation were setting him every day innumerable questions, which haunted him until he had satisfied himself as to their meaning. Thus even his favourite relaxation, fishing, was not a thorough rest him as it should have been. Something was sure to happen which set his mind to work. For instance, on one cold autumn day, which had been blank till the afternoon, a friend began to catch fish on a queer little bright blue fly, tied out of pure caprice, and like nothing under the sun. But Kingsley insisted that there must be a reason for it, and set about to discover what it was, hunting up and down the banks for an hour to find the real fly for which the fish must be taking it, and pondering over the unsolved problem at intervals for weeks afterwards. And so though no man enjoyed a holiday more, it was enjoyment which very rarely took the form of thorough rest from mental effort. There was scarcely a moment of his life in which he was not on the stretch, and at hard work ; and it was thus that, while he managed to live three or four lives in one, he was rarely free from the sensation of overstrain, and the longing to be free from it.

The fishing excursion in 1856, referred to in some detail at the end of vol. i., may be taken as a fair example of this insatiable and uncontrollable activity. He went sorely needing relaxation, and resolved to do nothing and think of nothing but fishing and lying in the sun on the hillside. He came back at the end of a long week with tins crammed with the flora of Snowdonia,



fifty problems about them on which to question Dr. Hooker and his other scientific friends, and the plot of *Two Years Ago* worked out in his head.

In one of the most able notices of the *Life* (*Fortnightly Review*, January, 1877) the writer speaks of the letters and verses connected with this expedition as among the very best things which Kingsley ever did or inspired. We need make no excuse therefore for perfecting the series of the latter by giving one other short piece, which followed soon after "The Invitation," printed at p. 140 of vol. i. In the meantime Kingsley had been inquiring of Mr. Froude, then residing in Ireland, but who was familiar with Snowdonia, as to the resources and advantages of that charming region as a fishing station. The result had been somewhat discouraging; but the gloomy picture of the chances of slaying big trout or salmon in North Wales had been accompanied by a kind and pressing invitation from Mr. Froude to the friends to come to him in Ireland, where he could guarantee they should get all and more than they were hoping for in the Welsh lakes and streams. Kingsley forwarded the letter, with the following postscript from himself:—

"Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good,  
To point us out this way to glory—  
They're no great shakes, those Snowdon  
lakes,  
And all their pounders myth and story.  
Blow Snowdon! what's Lake Gwynant to  
Killarney,  
Or spluttering Welsh to tender blarney,  
blarney, blarney!"

"So, Thomas Hughes, sir, if you choose,  
I'll tell you where we think of going,  
To 'swate and far o'er cliff and scar,  
Hear horns of Elfland faintly blowing;  
Blow Snowdon! there's a hundred lakes to  
try in,  
And fresh caught salmon daily, frying, frying,  
frying."

"Geology and botany,  
A hundred wonders shall diskiver,  
We'll flog and troll in strid and hole,  
And skim the cream of lake and river.  
Blow Snowdon! give me Ireland for my  
pennies,  
Hurrah! for salmon, grilse, and Dennis, Dennis,  
Dennis."

There has probably been no one since Barham with the same power of tossing whatever subject he was writing or thinking about into playful rhyme, full of fun bubbling up from the most unlooked for sources. A volume of them might be collected from his correspondence, touching all sorts of subjects, but for the most part only of local or private interest. Some, however, were upon public events of more or less importance, and show how keenly and shrewdly he was watching the strife of politics amidst all his other occupations. Permission has been given to print a specimen of these, which may fairly bear comparison with the best political squibs of our day. It needs perhaps a word of explanation.

Up to the time of Lord Palmerston's differences with his Whig colleagues, in 1853, that statesman had never been looked upon by Kingsley with any great liking or respect. But after he had left the Foreign for the Home Office his vigorous action in sanitary matters began to draw the parson to him, until the famous answer to the Presbytery of Edinburgh on the subject of a national fast-day fairly took Kingsley by storm, and converted him into a loyal follower. He would repeat with delight passages from that memorable document, such as: "It does not appear to Lord Palmerston that a national fast would be suitable to the circumstances of the present moment." "The Maker of the universe has established certain laws of nature for the planet in which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends upon the observance or neglect of these laws. One of those laws connects health with the absence of gaseous exhalations which proceed from overcrowded human beings, or from decomposing substances, whether animal or vegetable." . . . "Lord Palmerston would therefore suggest that the best course which the people of this country can pursue to deserve that the further progress of the cholera should be stayed, will be to employ the interval between the present time and next spring in planning and executing measures by which those parts of their towns and

cities which are inhabited by the poorer classes may be freed from those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united, but inactive, nation. When man has done his utmost for his own safety, it will be time to invoke the blessing of Heaven to give effect to his exertions." This was statesmanship after Kingsley's own heart, and so he sided strongly with Lord Palmerston in his quarrel with the Whigs; and when the late Lord Derby was endeavouring to form an administration and had asked Lord Palmerston to join his Cabinet. Kingsley was full of hope that the coalition might be effected, and the hope, as was common with him, ran itself into verse. The supposed poet, "Jan Hamblin," was an "old gamester" of North Devon, who had been renowned in the wrestling rings of the west country when he was a boy. Rowcliffe, we need hardly say, was the Tiverton butcher, Lord Palmerston's constant opponent:—

"Come, listen now, untu my story,  
Y'arl of Derby and your party,  
Az d'ent know whether you're Whig or  
Tory—  
No wonder you can't play gay and hearty.  
Bow, wow, wow!  
Derby take him now,  
Take him while he's in the humour.  
For *that's* now.

"In Devon land there lieth a moor.  
And by that moor there runneth a river,  
And on it a town both old and poor  
Stands looking on the trout in the dusky  
Tiver.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"But in that town's a wrast'lin' man.  
Wuth more to it nor goulden riches—  
And I'd like to see even Abram Cann  
Ketchin' him by the waistband of his  
breeces.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"He hath a loin like any cat.  
And a pair of shins ez harl ez granite,  
Wich laid our maester Rowcliffe flat.  
Zo azy 'ez a zack wuen he began it.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"But he bein' at grass, and out of his play,  
By reason of a difference with his backers,  
Comes you and steals his belt away,  
By playin' of a cross and tellin' whackers.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Now 'n 'ef you means to kep the ring,  
Agen the Pope and the French invasion,  
To give him up the belt is the only thing  
Az 'll kep your heels in the sitivation.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

"Jest let our Devon man play first fiddle,  
Give up your tricks and your shifty  
scamblin',  
And the chap az he ketches round the  
middle,  
He'll throw him, az sure az my name's  
Jan Hamblin."  
Bow, wow, wow, &c."

Good as this squib is, it gives little idea of the sort of what I can only call Rabelaisian fit (except that it had no taint of Rabelaisian filth) which used to come upon him frequently in those early days in the company of his intimates, when he reminded one of a great full-grown Newfoundland yearling dog out for an airing, plunging in and out of the water, and rushing against and shaking himself over ladies' silks and velvets, dandies' polished boots, or schoolboys' rough jackets; and all with a rollicking good humour which disarmed anger, and carried away the most precise persons into momentary enjoyment of the tumbling. But even when mirth was most fast and furious, he could "come to heel" (as he would have said) in a moment, and turn at a hint from Mr. Maurice, or any one whom he respected, to serious and earnest discussion and work.

One more specimen of his fugitive verses may be given here before leaving this part of the subject:—

"Go HARK !

"Yon sound's neither sheep bell nor bark :  
They're running, they're running, Go Hark !  
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay,  
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.  
Dash down through the cover by dingle and  
dell,  
There's a gate at the bottom, I know it full  
well ;  
And they're running, they're running,  
Go Hark !



"They're running, they're running, Go Hark !  
 One fence and we're out at the park.  
 Sit down in your saddles, and race at the  
 brook,  
 Then smash at the bullfinch ; no time for a  
 look,  
 Leave cravers and skitters to dangle behind,  
 He's away for the moors, in the teeth of the  
 wind,  
 And they're running, they're running,  
 Go Hark !

"They're running, they're running, Go Hark !  
 Let them run on and run on till it's dark !  
 Well with them we are, and well with them  
 we'll be  
 While's there's wind in our horses and day-  
 light to see :  
 Then shog along homeward, chat over the  
 fight,  
 And hear in our dreams the sweet music all  
 night,  
 Of—They're running, they're running,  
 Go Hark !"

Questions have been asked and inferences drawn in respect of one phase of his life on which it may be as well to say a few words here. For some five or six of his most active and vigorous years the promotion of association amongst the poor was his main object, outside of his ordinary every-day parish work. It has been said that his convictions changed on this subject, and that he came to regard his early efforts as blunders. This is an entire mistake, and it is a little surprising that it should have been now made again (as it was in his lifetime) in the face of the evidence which the *Life* furnishes. The correspondence with Mr. John Bullar (vol. ii. pp. 35-9) shows precisely the position he took in 1857, and maintained to the end of his life. He admitted frankly that Mr. Maurice's and his schemes had failed, and that it was very little matter whether they had failed or not. So far as they had failed it was because the working men were not fit for them, and not because they broke any law of nature or of political economy. This he peremptorily denied. That self-interest is a law of human nature is true, but not the root law of human society, which is self-sacrifice. This, the only law upon which human society can be grounded with any hope of prosperity or permanence, must be used to counteract

the other, obedience to which by itself would make the world a cage of wild beasts. Political economy for this purpose is only in its analytic stage, explaining what already exists. It must pass into its synthetic stage before it can claim to be a true science, and learn, by using laws, and counteracting them by others, to produce new forms of society. The failure of a hundred associative schemes would not alter his conviction that they were attempts in the right direction, "And I shall die in that conviction, not having received the promises, but beholding them afar off, and confessing myself a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of *laissez faire* . . . and so I am content to have failed. I have learned in the experiment priceless truths concerning myself, my fellow-men and the city of God, which is eternal in the heavens, for ever coming down among men, and actualising itself more and more in every succeeding age. I see one work to be done ere I die, in which (men are beginning to discover) nature must be counteracted lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother, and that is, sanitary reform. Politics and political economy may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." And so he turned, not from association, but to the one kindred work to which he felt more and more attracted, and pursued it with his wonted vigour till it grew under his hand, and absorbed all his spare thoughts and energies. In this case he had no failure to confess.

There can be little doubt that he would have named the foundation of the classes and exhibitions in connection with the Midland Institute, and the Satley Training College, for teaching the laws and science of health practically, as the most important success he ever achieved—the blue ribbon of his career. The matured plan for the instruction of the teachers in Common Schools only came to him in October, 1874, three months before his death, but it lit up that time of supreme trial,



satisfied him that the leaven was working rightly in the midland counties, and made him long for the time when there should be Professors of the Science of Health at the universities, and every young landowner and candidate for orders should be obliged to attend these lectures.

His wife conjectures hesitatingly, that as others of his dreams have been realised, "perhaps this, too, may, when the day dawns in which man's body, the temple of the Holy Spirit, will be considered as divine as his soul—the workmanship of one's Creator, in whose sight both are equally sacred." And every man and woman who looks the facts and needs of our day and country fairly in the face, must heartily echo the hope, for the realisation of it lies at the root of the reform most needed for England and all countries. In our time of high pressure, every year becoming higher and more severe, when the brains of boys and girls are constantly in danger of being overtaxed by foolish mothers in the nursery, as well as by schoolmasters and governesses afterwards, no reformer or philanthropist can do, or devote themselves to a higher work than teaching growing boys and girls what they safely can, and what they cannot, do with their bodies. There is no part of our present curriculum which might not be exchanged with untold benefit to the nation, for such courses in physiology as Kingsley pleaded for—happily in at least two instances with a success which is bearing practical fruit. If in the next generation our boys and young men learn what true self-restraint means, the influence of food, drink, and exercise on the body, and the influence of the body on the mind—how all these things are to be used, and where the abuse of them comes in—the England of 1900 will be indeed far more like the England of Kingsley's dreams, and the change will be due at least as much to his example and words as to those of any teacher or reformer who has yet appeared amongst us.

It must often have occurred to his friends that his own intense anxiety

and earnestness on this subject were in some measure owing to the want or neglect of such knowledge in the case of his own early training. But whether his own experience inspired his last and most earnest teaching or not, it remains as a precious legacy to all parents, schoolmasters, statesmen, clergy—to every one who has a share in the training of youth—by whom the wants and powers of the body, and its influence on individual, and family, and national morals and life, have been hitherto systematically ignored.

Our space is filled, though so little has been said, and we have only again to thank the editor for what she has given us—the likeness of a man who, through all the phases of his chequered career, in cloud and sunshine, in sickness and in health, through evil report and good report, was faithful with a rare faithfulness to his work as he understood it. First of all to live purely, humbly, and lovingly in his own family, at his own fireside; then to look with open eye, and mind, and heart, at the whole spiritual and material universe which lay around him—in all its mystery and power and beauty, its playfulness and its sadness—and to act and speak out bravely and truthfully the lessons which, under the teaching of God, he read there. And so he was able to preach by example and word, a gospel which was and is sorely needed, and to tell of an ever-present God who was ruling it all, and who would manifest Himself in, and speak strength to, the understanding and heart of every man, woman and child who was willing to hear and heed. That he made many blunders, and fell very short of his own ideal, no one knew better or confessed more frankly than he himself, and his friends have little need to conceal or palliate either blunders or shortcomings. For they can rest in the firm assurance that when the books are opened and the secrets of all hearts revealed, here is one to whom the glad words will be surely spoken by the Master of us all, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER VII.

## WHAT THE CHILDREN DID AT THE CASTLE.

THE arrival of the children was an era at Penninghame, from which afterwards everything dated; but the immediate result was a very curious and not very comfortable one. As they had been introduced into the house so they lived in it. Mr. Musgrave never mentioned them, never saw them or appeared to see them, ignored their existence, in short, as completely as if his faculties had been deadened in respect to them. His life was in no way changed indeed; the extraordinary revolution which had been made to everyone else in the house by this change showed all the more strongly from the absolute absence of all effect upon him. He read, he wrote, he studied, he took his usual quiet exercise exactly as he did before, and never owned by a word or look that he was conscious of any alteration in the household. For a little while the children were hushed not to make a noise, and huddled away into corners to keep them out of sight and hearing; but that arrangement was too unnatural to continue, and it very soon happened that their presence was forced upon him by unmistakable signs, by both sight and hearing. But the Squire took not the slightest notice. He looked over their heads and never saw them. His ear was engaged with other sounds, and he did not hear them. By this system of unconsciousness he deprived himself indeed of some evident advantages; for how can you interfere with the proceedings of those whose very existence you ignore? He could not give orders that the children should make less noise, because he professed not to be aware of their presence; nor send them out of

his sight, when he was supposed not to see them; and in consequence this blindness and deafness on his part was perhaps a greater gain to them than to himself. The mental commotion into which he had been thrown by their arrival had never been known to any one but himself. He had a slight illness a few days after—his liver out of order, the doctor said; and so worked off his excitement without disclosing it to any one. After this he resumed his serenity, and completed his heraldic study. The history of the augmentation granted to the Musgraves in the year 1393 in remembrance of the valour of Sir Egidio or Giles Musgrave in the Holy Land made rather a sensation among kindred students. It was a very interesting monograph. Besides being a singularly striking chapter of family history, it was, everybody said, a most interesting contribution to the study of heraldic honours—how and why they were bestowed; especially as concerning augmentations bestowed on the field for acts of valour—a rare and exceptional distinction. The Squire made a little collection of the notices that appeared in the newspapers of his “Monograph,” pasting them into a pretty little book, as is not unusual to amateur authors. He enjoyed them a great deal more than if he had been the author of a great history, and resented criticism with corresponding bitterness. He was very proud of Egidio, or Giles, who died in the fifteenth century; and it did not occur to him that there was any incongruity in feeling this, yet ignoring the little boy up stairs.

And yet day by day it grew more hard to ignore him. Mr. Musgrave in his study, after the enthusiasm of his monograph was over, could not help hearing voices which it was difficult not to remark. The enthusiasm of composi-

tion did a great deal for him, it carried him out of the present. It filled him with a delightful fervour and thrill of intellectual excitement. People who are always writing get used to it, and lose this sense of something fine and great which is the inheritance of the amateur. Even after the shock of that renewed intercourse with the son whom he had cast off, Mr. Musgrave, so long as his work lasted, found himself able to forget everything in the happiness it gave. When he woke in the morning his first thought was of this work which he had to do, and he went to bed with the fumes of his own paragraphs in his head. He was carried away by it. But when all this intellectual commotion was over, and when the *ennui* of having nothing further to do had swallowed up the satisfaction of having finished, as it so soon does, then there came a very difficult interval for the Squire. He had no longer anything to absorb him and keep him comfortably above the circumstances of ordinary life, and as he sat in his library, only reading, only writing a letter, no longer absorbed by any special study, or by the pride and delight of recording in fine language the results of that study, ordinary life stole back, as it has a way of doing. He began to hear the knocks at the door, the ringing of bells, and to wonder who it was; to hear steps going up and down the stairs, to be aware of Eastwood going to and from the dining-room, and the rustle of Mary's dress as she went about the house in the morning, and in the afternoon passed with a soft boom of the swinging door into her favourite hall. The routine of the house came back to the old man. He heard the servants in the kitchen, the ticking of that measured, leisurely old clock in the hall which took about five minutes to spell out the hour. He was not consciously paying any attention to these things. On the contrary, he was secluded from them, rapt in his books, knowing nothing of what was going on; yet he heard them all; and as he sat there through the long winter

days and the still longer winter evenings, when there was rain or storm out of doors, and nothing to break the long, still blank of hours within, a sound would come to him now and then, even before the care of the household relaxed—the cry of a little voice, a running and pattering of small feet, sometimes an outburst of laughter, a small voice of weeping, which stirred strangely in the air about him and vaguely called forth old half-extinct sensations, as one might run over the jarred and half-silent keys of an old piano in the dark. This surprised him at first in his loneliness—then, when he had realised what it was, hurt him a little, rousing old wrath and bitterness, so that he would sometimes lay down his pen or close his book and all the past would come before him—the past in which John his son had disappointed, mocked, insulted, and baffled his father. He would not allow himself to realise the presence of these children in the house, but he could not avoid thinking of the individual who stood between him and them, who was so real while they were so visionary. Always John! He had tried to live for years without thought of him and had been tranquil; it was grievous to be compelled thus to think of him again. This all happened, however, in the seclusion of his own mind, in the quiet of his library, and no one knew anything of it; not his daughter, who thought she knew his looks by heart, nor his servant, who had spelled him out by many guesses in the dark—as servants generally do—and imagined that he had his master at his fingers' ends. But during all this time while these touches were playing upon him, bringing out ghosts of old sensations, muffled sounds and tones forgotten, Mr. Musgrave publicly ignored the fact that there were any children in the house, and contrived not to see them, nor to hear them, with a force of self-government and resolution which, in a nobler cause, would have been beyond all praise.

The effect of the change upon Miss



Musgrave was scarcely less remarkable, though very different. Her mental and moral education had been of a very peculiar kind. The tragedy which swallowed up her brother had interrupted the soft flowing current of her young life. All had gone smoothly before in the natural brightness of the beginning. And Mary, who had little passion in her temperament, who was more thoughtful than intense, and whose heart had never been awakened by any strong attachment beyond the ties of nature, had borne the interruption better than most people would have borne it, and had done her duty between her offending brother and her enraged father with less strain and violence of suffering than might have been involved. And she had got through the more quiet years since without bitterness, with a self-adaptation to the primitive monotony of existence which was much helped, as most such virtues are, by temperament. She had formed her own theory of life as most people do by the time they reach even the earliest stages of middle age; and this theory was the philosophical one that happiness, or the calm which does duty for happiness in most mature lives, was in reality very independent of events; that it came from within, not from without; and that life was wonderfully equal, neither bringing so much good, nor so much evil, as people of lively imaginations gave it credit for doing. Thus she had herself lived, not unhappy, except at the very crisis of the family life. She had suffered then. Who could hope (she said to herself) to do other than suffer one time or another in their life? But since then the calm and regularity of existence had come back, the routine which charms time away and brings content. There had been no doubt expectations in her mind which had come to nothing—expectations of more active joy, more actual well-being than had ever fallen to her lot; but these expectations had gradually glided away, and no harm had been done. If she had no intensity of

enjoyment, neither had she any wretchedness. She had enough to do; her life was full, and she was fairly happy. So she said to herself; so she had said many a day to Mr. Pen, who shook his mildly melancholy head and dissented—as far as he ever dissented from anything said by Miss Mary. Her brother was lost—away—wandering in the darkness of the great world, as in a desert. But if he had been near at hand, absorbed in his married life, his wife, who was not of her species, and his unknown children, would not he have been just as much lost to Mary? So she persuaded herself at least; and so lived tranquilly, happy enough—certainly not unhappy;—and why should an ordinary mortal, youth being over, wish for more?

Now all at once so great a change had happened to her, that Mary could no longer understand, or even believe in, this state of mind which had been hers for so many years. Perfectly still, tranquil, fearing nothing—when her own flesh and blood were in such warfare in the world! How was it possible? Wondering pangs of self-reproach seized her; mysteries of death and of birth, such as had never touched her maidenly quiet, seemed to surround her, and mock at her former ease. All this time the gates of heaven had been opening and shutting to John. Hope sometimes, sometimes despair, love, anguish, want, pain, had struggled for him, while she had sat and looked on so calmly, and reasoned so placidly about the general equality of life. How could she have done it? The revelation was as painful as it was overwhelming. Nature seized upon her with a grip of iron, and avenged upon her in a moment all the indifferences of her previous life. The appeal of these frightened children, the solemn charge laid upon her by her brother awoke her, with a start and shiver. How had she dared to sit and look through calm windows, or on the threshold by her tranquil door, upon the struggles, pangs and labours of the other human creatures.





had been, he feared, too confidential on the subject; but, thank Heaven, she had not understood. Either he must have been more prudent than he thought; or else he must have done it so cleverly as to leave a very mild impression on his wife's mind. It was not, however, he who spoke to Miss Musgrave, but she who spoke to him on this important subject; and what she said somewhat bewildered the vicar, who could not fathom her mind in this respect.

"Emily thinks we should put on mourning," she said. "And, do you know, I really believe that is the reason that poor John is so much more in my thoughts?"

"What—the mourning?" the vicar asked faltering.

"Her death. Hitherto the idea of one has been mingled with that of the other. Now he is 'John;' everything else has melted away; there is nothing but himself to think of. He has never been only John before. Do you know what I mean, Mr. Pen?"

The vicar shook his head. He wondered if this could be a touch of feminine jealousy, knowing that even Mary was not perfect, and this gave him a momentary pang.

"I don't suppose that I could feel so;—I was very fond of John—but I, of course, could not be jealous—I mean of his love for one unworthy——"

"How do we know even that she was unworthy? It is not that, Mr. Pen. But she was nothing to us, and confused him in our minds. Now he is himself—and where is he?" said Miss Musgrave with tears in her eyes.

"In God's hands—in God's hands, Miss Mary! and God bless him wherever he is—and I humbly beg your pardon," cried Mr. Pen, with an excess of emotion which she scarcely understood. His feelings were almost too warm Mary thought.

And as the news got spread through those invisible channels which convey reports all over the country, many were the visitors that came to the Castle to

see what the story meant, though they did not announce this as the object of their visit. Among them, the visit most important was that of Lady Stanton, who had been Mary's rival in beauty when the days were. They had not been rivals between themselves, but warm friends, in their youth and day of triumph; but events had separated the two girls, and the two women rarely met, and had outgrown all acquaintance; for Lady Stanton had been involved, almost more immediately than Mary Musgrave, in the tragedy which had so changed life at Penninghame, and this had changed their relations like everything else. She came in with a timid eagerness and haste, growing red and growing pale, and held out her hands to her old friend.

"We never quarrelled," she said; "why should we never see each other? Is there any reason?"

"No reason," said Miss Musgrave, making room upon the sofa beside her. But such an unexpected appeal agitated her, and for the moment she could not satisfy herself as to the object of this visit. Lady Stanton, however, was of a very simple mind, and could not conceal what that object was.

"Oh, Mary," she said, the tears coming into her eyes, "I heard that John's children had come home. Is it true? You know I always took an interest——" And here she stopped, making a gulp of some emotion which, to a superficial spectator, might have seemed out of place in Sir Henry Stanton's wife. She had grown stout, but that does not blunt the feelings. "I should like to see them," she said, with an appeal in her eyes which few people could withstand. And Mary was touched too, partly by this sudden renewal of an old love, partly by the thought of all that had happened since she last sat by her old companion's side, who was a Mary too.

"I cannot bring them here," she said, "but I will take you to the hall to see them. My father likes them to be kept—in their own part of the house."



"Oh, I hope he is kind to them!" said Lady Stanton, clasping her white dimpled hands. "Are they like your family? I hope they are like the Musgraves. But likenesses are so strange—mine are not like me," said the old beauty, plaintively. But perhaps the trouble in her face was less on account of her own private trials in this respect than out of alarm lest John Musgrave's children should have the likeness of another face of which she could not think with kindness. There was so little disguise in her mind, that this sentiment also found its way into words. "Oh, Mary," she cried, "you and I were once the two beauties, and everybody was at our feet; but that common girl was more thought of than either you or me."

"Hush!" said Mary Musgrave, putting up her hand; "she is dead."

"Is she dead?" Lady Stanton was struck with a momentary horror; for it was a contemporary of whom they were speaking, and she could not but be conscious of a little shiver in her own well-developed person, to think of the other who was clay. "That is why they have come home?" she said, half under her breath.

"Yes, and because he cannot carry them about with him wherever he goes."

"You have heard from him, Mary? I hope he is doing well. I hope he is not—very heart-broken. If you are writing you might say I inquired. He might like to know that he was remembered; and you know I always took—an interest——"

"I know you always had the kindest heart."

"I always took an interest, notwithstanding everything; and—will he come home? Now surely he might come home. It is so long ago; Sir Harry thinks no one would interfere."

"I cannot say anything about that, for I don't know," said Miss Musgrave; "he does not say. Will you come and see the children, Lady Stanton."

"Oh, Mary, what have I done that you should call me Lady Stanton? I have never wished to stand aloof. It has not been my doing. Do you remember what friends we were? and I couldn't call you Miss Musgrave if I tried. When I heard of the children I thought this was an opening," said Lady Stanton, faltering a little. She told her little fib, which was an innocent one; but she was true at bottom and told it ill; and what difference did it make whether she sought the children for Mary's sake, or Mary for the children's? Miss Musgrave accepted her proffered embrace with kindness, yet with a smile. She was touched by the emotion of her old friend, and by the remnants of that "interest" which had survived fifteen years of married life, and much increase of substance. Perhaps a harsher judge might have thought the emotion slightly improper. But poor John had got but hard measure in the world; and a little compensating faithfulness was a salve to his sister's feelings. She led her visitor down stairs, and through the narrow passage, in all her wealth of silk and amplitude of shadow. Mary herself was still as slim as when they had skimmed about these passages together; and she was Mary still; for once in a way she felt herself not without some advantage over Sir Harry's wife.

Nello was standing full in the light when the ladies went into the hall, and he it was who came forward to be caressed by the pretty lady, who took to him all the more warmly that she had no boys of her own. Lady Stanton fairly cried over his fair head, with its soft curls. "What a little Musgrave he is," she cried; "how like his father! I cannot help being glad he is like his father." But when this vision of splendour and beauty, which Lillias came forward to admire, saw the little girl, she turned from her with a slight shiver. "Ah!" she cried, retreating, "is that—the little girl?" And the sight silenced her, and drove her away.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY STANTON.

LADY STANTON drove home from that visit with her heart and her eyes full. She was not intellectual nor even clever, but a soft creature, made up of feelings easily touched, not perhaps very profound, nor likely to obscure to her the necessary course of daily living, but still true enough and faithful in their way. She might have been able to make sacrifices had she come in the way of them or found them necessary, but no such chance of moral devotion had come to her; nor had any teachings of experience or philosophy of middle age, such as works upon the majority of us, hardened her soft heart, or swept away the little romantic impulses, the quick sensibilities of youth. A nature so fresh indeed was scarcely compatible with much exercise of the intellectual faculties at all. Lady Stanton rarely read, and never under any circumstances read anything (of her own will and impulse) which rose above the most primitive and familiar elements; but on the other hand the gentle sentimentalities which she did read went straight to her heart. She thought Mrs. Hemans the first of poets, and cried her eyes out over Mr. Dickens's "Little Nell." Anything about an unhappy love, or about a dead child, would move her more than Shakespeare, and she shed tears as ready as the morning dew. Practically, it is true, she had gone through a certain amount of experience like other people, and her everyday life was more or less affected by what she had come through; but in her heart Lady Stanton was still the same Mary Ridley, whose gentle being had been involved in the wildest of tragic stories, even though she had come down to so commonplace a daily routine now. That story, so long past, took the place in her being of all the poetry and romance which the most of us get glorified from the hands of genius, and all her love came from that one personal episode, which was un-

paralleled in life as she knew life. When she read one of the novels which pleased her, she would compare the situations in it with this; when she lingered over the vague melodious verses which represented poetry to her, there was always a little appropriation in her heart of their soft measures to the dim long past emergency. And now here it was brought back upon her by every circumstance that could bring the past near. Her love—was it her love that was recalled to her? But then there was no love in it properly so called. She had taken an interest in John Musgrave, her friend's brother—always had taken an interest in him; but she had no right to do so at any time, being betrothed to young Lord Stanton, who, for his part, had forgotten her for the sake of that dressmaker's girl at Penninghame, to whom John Musgrave too had given his heart. What a complication it was! Mary Ridley, who had a pretty property close to his, had been destined for Lord Stanton from the beginning of time, and the boy and girl had lightly acquiesced, and had been happy enough in the parental arrangement. They had liked each other well enough—they had been as gay as possible in the lightheartedness of their youth, and had taken this for happiness. Why should not they be happy? they were exactly suited to each other. She was the prettiest girl in the county (except the other Mary), and he was proud of her sweet looks, and fond of her, certainly fond of her; whereas she, unawakened, undisturbed, notwithstanding the interest she had always taken in John Musgrave, would have made him the most affectionate and charming wife in the world. Thus the early story had flowed on all smoothness and sunshine, the flowers blooming, the sun shining: until one fatal day, young Lord Stanton riding through Penninghame village on his way to the old Castle, had seen Lily, Miss Price's assistant, at the window of the dressmaker's parlour. Fatal day! full of all the issues of death.

It is needless to inquire what manner of woman this Lily was, for whom these two men lost themselves and their existence. She did not know of any tragedy likely to be involved, but brushed about in her homely village way through these webs of fate, twisting the threads innocently enough, and throwing the weaving into endless confusion. Whether Lord Stanton was murdered by John Musgrave, as many people thought at first, or killed accidentally in a hot, sudden encounter, as most people believed now, was a thing which perhaps would never be cleared up. The guilty man (if he was guilty) had paid the penalty of his deed in exile, in poverty, in misery, ever since. His life had been as much broken off at that point as Stanton's was who died—and the two families had been equally plunged into woe and mourning; though indeed it was the Musgraves who suffered most by reason of the stigma put upon them, by the shame of John's flight and of his marriage, and by the fact that he was still a criminal pursued by justice, though justice had long slackened her pursuit. As for the Stantons there was nobody to mourn much. Aunts and uncles and cousins console themselves sooner than fathers and mothers, and the boy brother, who had succeeded to the title, had been too young to be capable of sustained sorrow. Everybody at that time had sympathised with the young bride who had lost her future husband, and her coronet, and all the joys of life in this sudden and miserable way, for there was no concealing what the cause of the quarrel was, and that Lord Stanton had been unfaithful to the beautiful Mary. Nobody knew, however, the complication which gave her a double pang, the knowledge that not only the man who was her own property, her betrothed husband, but the man in whom, innocently in girlish simplicity, she had avowed herself to "take an interest," had preferred to her the village Lily, who was nobody and nothing, who had not been blameless between them,

and whom everybody condemned. Everybody condemned: but *they* loved her. Both of them! this secret and poignant addition to her trial Mary Ridley never confided to any one, but it still thrilled through and through her at any allusion to that old long past tragedy. Both of them!—the man whose best love was due to her, and the man who had caught her own girlish shy eyes, all unaware to either, somehow innocently, unavowedly, in such a visionary way as harmed no one; both! It was hard. She wept for them both tenderly, abundantly, for the one not less than the other; and a little—with a cry in her heart of protestation and appeal—for herself, put aside, thrown over for this woman who was nothing, who was nobody, yet who was better beloved than she. All this had swelled up in Lady Stanton's heart when she saw the little girl who had Lily's face. She had been unable to restrain the sting of old wonder and pain; the keen piercing of the old wound which she had felt to her heart. Both of them! and here a little ghost of this Lily, her shadow, her representation had come to look her in the face. She cried as she drove back that long silent way by herself to Elfdale. It was seldom she had the chance of being so long alone, and there was a kind of luxury about it, not unmingled with compunction and a sense of guilt.

For it still remains to be told how Mary Ridley came to be Lady Stanton, although Lord Stanton, who was the betrothed husband of her youth, had been killed, and all that apparently smooth and straightforward story had ended in grief and separation. She had married after some years a middle-aged cousin of her dead lover, Sir Henry Stanton, who had not long before come back from India where he had spent most of his life. It was but a poor fate for the beautiful Mary. Sir Henry had left his career and a full accomplished life behind him, when he first came to settle at Elfdale in the passive existence of a gentleman in the country, who could not be called a country gentleman.



He had been married and had children, a family of sons and daughters, and had only a second chapter of less vivid meaning, a sort of postscriptal life, to offer her. Why she had accepted him nobody could well say,—but she made him a good wife, kind, smiling, always gentle, though sadly put to it now and then to preserve unbroken the sweet good-temper with which nature had gifted her. So fair and sweet as she was, to get only the remains of a man's heart after all, to be made use of as their chaperon and caretaker by his big, unlovely daughters; to have her own children, two dainty, lovely, fairy girls, kept in the background,—no more than “the little ones”—of no account in the house—all these things were somewhat trying, and a strange reversal of all that life had seemed to promise her, and all that had been indicated by the early worship which surrounded her youth. But perhaps few women could have carried this inappropriate fate so well. All those contradictions of circumstances, all those travesties of what might have been, met with no gloom, or sourness of disappointment in her. The very fact that she was Lady Stanton carried with it a certain aggravation, a parrot-like adhesion to the letter, and change of the spirit, such as had been in the promises made to Macbeth. Mary might have thought herself the victim of a perverse fate, keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the heart, had she been perversely disposed—but instead of that all her thoughts were that she had taken an unfair advantage of Laura and Lydia, in not telling them where she was going, that they might have come with her had they been disposed. She had stolen a march upon them; they would think it unkind. But then she could not have gone to Peninghame had Laura and Lydia been with her. Though they were so much less concerned than she had been, they kept up the Stanton feud with the Musgraves. They had no “interest” in John—on the contrary, they were of the few who

still believed that he had “murdered” Lord Stanton—and would have had him hanged if he ever returned to England. They would not have entered the house, or permitted any kind inquiries in their presence. And therefore it was that she had stolen away without letting them know, and was at present conscious—in addition to all the jumble of emotions in her heart—of a certain prick of guilt.

The Stantons were a great county family as well as the Musgraves, but in a very different way. When the Musgraves had been at their greatest, the Stantons had been nobody. They were nothing more than persistent, thrifty folk at first, adding field to field, building on ever a new addition to their old house. Then wealth had come, and then local importance; and last of all celebrity. The first who brought anything like fame to the name, and introduced the race to the knowledge of the world, was a soldier, a general under the Duke of Marlborough, who got a baronetcy and a reputation, and had a handsome new coat of arms invented for him—very appropriately gained indeed, on the field of battle, just as the augmentation of the Musgraves' blazon had been gained, but a few hundred years too late unfortunately, and therefore not telling for nearly so much as if it had been won in the fifteenth century. The next man was a lawyer, who so cultivated that profession that it brought his son, in the reign of the Georges, to the bench, and a peerage—and since that time the family had taken their place among the magnates of the North Country. Young Walter Lord Stanton was a much greater man than John Musgrave, though not half so great a man in one sense of the word. Two or three generations, however, tell just as much upon the individual mind as twenty, and the young peer was conscious of all his advantages over the commoner, without any sense of inferiority in point of race. And now the other Lord Stanton, Geoffrey, who had succeeded that unfortunate young man, was the greatest personage of his years in the district, regarded with interest

by all his neighbours and with more than interest by some; for was it not in his power to make one of his feminine contemporaries, however humble she might be by birth, and however poor in this world's goods, a great lady?—and so long as human nature remains as it is, this cannot cease to be a very potent attraction. Indeed the wonder is that young women should not be altogether demoralised by the perpetual recurrence of such chances of undeserved, unearned elevation. Young Lord Stanton could do this. He could give fine houses and lands, a title and all the good things of this earth to his cousin Laura, or his cousin Lydia, or any other girl in the county that pleased him. Therefore it cannot be wondered at if his appearance fluttered the dovescotes with sentiments as powerful and more pleasant than those which fill the nests at the appearance of predatory hawk or eagle. But any such flutter of feeling was held in Elfdale to be an unwarrantable impertinence on the part of the other ladies of the county. Long ago, at the time when at five years old he had succeeded to his stepbrother, there had been a tacit family understanding to the effect that one of Sir Henry's daughters should be the young lord's wife. Sir Henry, though old enough to have been the father of his murdered cousin, would have been his heir but for Geoff—and it was universally allowed to be hard upon him that when such an unlikely chance happened, as that young Lord Stanton should die, there should be this boy coming in the way forestalling his claim. Nobody had wanted that child who was suddenly turned into a personage of so much importance—not even his father, who had married with a single-minded idea of being comfortable in his own person, and who was much annoyed by the prospect of “a family”—which was happily, however, cut short by his own speedy death. When therefore Walter Lord Stanton was killed, it was very generally felt that Sir Henry had a real grievance in the existence of the little step-brother, who

was in the way of everybody except his poor mother, whom the old lord had married to nurse him, and who had taken the unwarrantable liberty of adding little Geoffrey to the family. Poor little Geoff! he was bullied on all hands so long as his brother lived, and then what a change came over his life and that of his mother, who was as light-haired, and pale and shy as the boy was! Great good fortune may change even complexion, and Geoff as he grew to be a man was no longer pale. But Sir Henry never quite got over the blow dealt him by this succession. He had not resented Walter. Walter was so to speak the natural heir—and nobody expected him to die; but when he did die, so out of all calculation, to think there should be that boy! Sir Henry did not get over it for years—it was a positive wrong not to be forgotten.

Accordingly, as a small compensation to his injured feelings, all the family had tacitly decided that Geoff should marry one of his cousins. This, it is true, was but a very small compensation, for Sir Henry was not the kind of parent who lives in his children, and is indifferent to his own glory and greatness. Even now, fifteen years after that event, he was not an old man, and it made up very poorly for his personal disappointment that Laura or Lydia should share the advancement of which he had been deprived. Still it was so understood. Geoff paid many holiday visits at Elfdale, though there was no particular friendship between Sir Henry and the widowed Lady Stanton, who was Geoff's guardian as well as his mother (to distinguish this lady she was called Maria, Lady Stanton among the kindred, and preferred that title), and things were going smoothly enough between the young people. They liked each other, and had no objection to be together as much as was possible, and already the sisters had settled between them “which of us it is to be.” This Lydia, who was the most strong-minded, had thought desirable from the moment when she had become aware what was intended. “It



does not matter at present," she said, "we are none of us in love, and one is just as good as another; but we had better draw lots, or something—or toss up, as the boys do." And what the mystic ordeal had been which decided this question we are unable to say, but decided it was in favour of Laura, who was the prettiest, and only a year younger than Geoff. Lydia, as soon as the die was cast, constituted herself the guardian of her sister's fortunes so far as the young lord was concerned, and made herself into a quaint and really pretty version of a matchmaking mother on Laura's behalf. Thus it will be seen that it was into the very heart of the opposite faction that Lady Stanton drove home with those tears in her soft eyes, and all that commotion of old thoughts in her heart. If they could have seen into it and known that it was the image of John Musgrave that had roused that commotion, what would these girls have said, towards whom she felt so guilty as having stolen a march upon them? "The murderer!" they would have cried with a shriek of horror. Lady Stanton could not, it is clear, have taken them to Penninghame with her, and surely she had a right to use her own horses and carriage; but still she felt guilty as she subdued, with all the effort she could make, the excitement in her heart. When she went in, she retired at once up stairs, and announced herself, through her maid, to have a headache, and had a cup of tea in her own room, to which her own children, little Fanny and Annie, a pair of inseparables came noiselessly like two doves on the wing. Annie and Fanny liked nothing in the world so much as to get mamma to themselves like this, in the stillness of her room, with everybody else shut out. One was ten and the other eleven; they were about the same height, had the same flowing curly locks of light brown hair, the same rose-tinted faces, walked in each other's steps, or rather flew about their little world of carpeted stairs and passages, together, always in

sudden soft flights, like doves, as we have said, on the wing. "Is your head very bad, mamma?" they said; and the gentle hypocrite blushed as she replied. No, it was not very bad; a little quiet would make it quite well. They took off her "things" for her, and brought her her soft white dressing-gown, in which she looked like the mother of all the doves, and let down her hair, which was not much darker, and quite as abundant as their own, and gave her her cup of tea thus, soothing every tingling nerve; and by this time Lady Stanton's head was not bad at all, though now and then one of them would administer eau-de-cologne or rosewater. She told them of the children she had seen—little orphans who had no mother—and the two crept closer to her, to hear of that awful, incomprehensible desolation, each clasping an arm of hers with two small, eager hands. To be without a mother! Annie and Fanny held their breath in reverential silence and pity; but wondered a little that it was the little boy ("called Nello—what a funny name!") that mamma spoke of, not the girl, who was ten ("just the same age as me").

But not even the sympathy of her children, and the trance of interest which kept them breathless, could make Lady Stanton speak of the little girl. Her mother's face! that face which had taken the best of everything in existence from Mary Ridley—how could Lady Stanton speak of it? She made some efforts to get over the feeling, but not with much success. But the rest restored her, and enabled her to appear, her headache quite charmed away, and her nerves still, at dinner. She took a little more care with her toilette than usual, by way of propitiation to the angry gods. And though Laura and Lydia were not much short of twenty years younger than their step-mother, it would have been an indifferent judge who had turned from her to them, even in the fresh bloom of their youth. She came down stairs very conciliatory, ready to make the



best of everything, and to make amends to them for all disloyal thoughts, and for having cheated them of their drive.

"I hope your head is better, my lady," said Laura. "We have been wondering all the afternoon wherever you had gone."

These girls had a certain strain of vulgarity in them somehow which could not be quite eradicated from their speech.

"I went out for a drive as usual," said Lady Stanton. "I thought I heard you say that you meant to walk."

"Oh yes; we wanted to walk to the village to settle about the school children," said Laura; and Lydia added: "But I am sure we never said so," and looked suspiciously at her stepmother.

"I went by the Langdale woods, and all the way to Penninghame water," said the culprit, very explanatory. "The lake looked so cold. I should not like to live near it. It chills all the landscape, and I am sure puts dreary thoughts into people's heads. And as I was there, Henry," she added, addressing her husband, "I did what you will think an odd thing." Lady Stanton's bosom heaved a little, and her breath came quick. It would have been far easier to say nothing about it; but then she knew by experience that everything gets found out. She made a momentary pause before the confession which she tried to treat so lightly. "I ran in for a moment to the old Castle and saw Mary—Mary, you know. We were great friends, she and I, when we were young; and it was such a temptation passing the old place."

"What whim took you near the old place?" said Sir Henry, gruffly. "I cannot think of any place in the world that should lie less in your way."

"Well, that is true," she said, breathing a little more freely now that the worst was told; "and the proof of it is that I have not been there for years."

"I hope it will be still longer before you go again," said her husband.

He did not say any more because of the servants, and because he had too

much good sense to do or say anything that would lessen his wife's importance; but he was not pleased, and this troubled her, for she had a delicate conscience. She looked at him wistfully, and was imprudent enough in her anxiety to pursue the subject, and make bad worse.

"It is strange to see an old friend whom you have known when you were young, after so many years," she said; "though Mary is not so much altered as I am. You remember her, Henry? She was always so pretty; handsomer than—any one I know."

It was on her lips to say "handsomer than ever I was," which was the real sentiment in her mind, partly dictated by semi-guilt and humility produced by the consciousness of having grown stout, a kind of development which troubles women. She was very deeply aware of this, and it silenced all the claims of vanity. She had lost her figure; whereas Mary was still slim and straight as an arrow. Whatever might have been once, there was now no comparison between the two.

"Do you mean Miss Musgrave," cried the girls, one after the other. "Miss Musgrave! that old creature—that old maid—that man's sister?"

"She is no older than I am," said Lady Stanton, with a flush on her face. "She was my dear friend in the old days. She is beautiful still, as much as she ever was, I think, and good; she has always been good."

"That will do, I think," said Sir Henry, interposing. "We need not discuss that family; but I think you will see, my dear, that there could not be much pleasure in any intercourse at this time of day—whatever might have been the case when you were young."

"Intercourse—there could never be any intercourse," cried Lydia, coming to the front. "Fancy, papa! intercourse with such people—after all that has happened. That would be tempting Providence; and it would be an insult to Geoff."

"Let Geoff take care of his own

affairs," said Sir Henry, angrily; and he gave a forcible twist to the conversation, and threw it into another channel; but Lady Stanton was very silent all the evening afterwards. She had wanted to conciliate, and she had not succeeded; and how indeed could she, among her hostile family, keep up any intercourse with her old friend?

# CHAPTER IX.

## AT ELFDAL.

NEVERTHELESS this meeting could not be got out of Lady Stanton's mind. She thought of it constantly; and in the stillness of her own room, when nobody but the little girls were by, she talked to them of the children, especially of little Nello who had attracted her most. What a place of rest and refreshment that was for her, after all her trials with Laura and Lydia, and the seriousness of Sir Henry, who was displeased that she should have gone to Penninghame, and showed it in the way most painful to the soft-hearted woman, by silence, and a gravity which made her feel her indiscretion to her very heart. But notwithstanding Sir Henry's annoyance, she could not but relieve her mind by going over the whole scene with Fanny and Annie, who knew, without a word said, that these private talks in which they delighted, in which their mother told them all manner of stories, and took them back with her into the time of her youth, and made them acquainted with all her early friends—were not to be repeated, but were their own special privilege to be kept for themselves alone. They had already heard of Mary Musgrave, and knew her intimately, as children do know the early companions of whom an indulgent mother tells them, to satisfy their boundless appetite for narrative. "And what are they to Mary?" the little girls asked, breathless in their interest about these strange children. They had already been told; but the relationship of aunt did not seem a very tender one to Annie and

Fanny, who knew only their father's sisters, old ladies to whom the elder girls, children of the first marriage, seemed the only legitimate and correct Stantons, and who looked down upon these little interlopers as unnecessary. "Only their aunt!—is that all?"

They were not in Lady Stanton's room this time, but seated on an ottoman in the great bow-window, one on either side of her. Laura and Lydia were out; Sir Henry was in his library; the coast was clear; no one was likely to come in and dismiss the children with a sharp word, such as—"Go away, little girls—there is no saying a word to your mother while you are there;" or "The little ones again! When we were children we were kept in the nursery." The children were aware now that when such speeches were made, it was better for them not to wait for their mother's half-pained, half-beseeching look, but to run away at once, not to provoke any discussion. They were wise little women, and were, by nature, of their mother's faction in this house, where both they and she, though she was the mistress of it, were more or less on sufferance. But at present everybody was out of the way. They were ready to fly off, with their pretty hair fluttering like a gleam of wings, should any of their critics appear; but the girls had gone a long way, and Sir Henry was very busy. It was a chance such as seldom occurred.

"All? when children have not a mother, their aunt is next best; sometimes she is even better—much better," said Lady Stanton, thinking in her heart that John's wife was not likely to have been any great advantage to her children. "And Mary is not like any one, you know. She is a beautiful lady—not old, like Aunt Rebecca—though Aunt Rebecca is always very kind. I hope you have not forgotten those beautiful sashes she gave you."

"I don't think very much of an aunt," said Fanny, who was the saucy one, with a shrug of her little shoulders.

"It must be different," said Annie,

hugging her mother's arm. They were not impressed by the happiness of those poor little stranger children in being with Mary. "Has the little girl got no name, mamma—don't you know her name? You say Nello; but that is the boy; though it is more like a girl than a boy."

"It is German—or something—I don't remember. The little girl is called Liliās. Oh, yes, it is a pretty name enough, but I don't like it. I once knew one whom I did not approve of—"

"We knew," said Fanny, nodding her head at Annie, who nodded back again; "Mamma, we knew you did not like the little girl."

"I! not like her! oh, children, how can you think me so unjust? I hope I am not unjust," cried Lady Stanton, almost with tears. "Mary is very proud of her little niece. And she is very good to little Nello. Yes, perhaps I like him best, but there is no harm in that. He is a delightful little boy. If you could have had a little brother like that—"

"We have only—big brothers," said Annie, regretfully; "that is different."

"Yes, that is different. You could not imagine Charley with long, fair curls, and a little tunic, could you?" This made the children laugh, and concealed a little sigh on their mother's part; for Charley was a big dragoon, and Lady Stanton foresaw would not have too much consideration, should they ever require his help, for the little sisters whom he undisguisedly felt to be in his way.

"I wonder if she wishes he was a little girl."

"I wonder! How she must want to have a sister! A little brother would be very nice, too; we used to play at having a little brother; but it would not be like Fanny and me. Does she like being at the Castle, mamma?"

It troubled Lady Stanton that they should think of nothing but this little girl. It was Liliās that had won their interest, and she could not tell them why

it was that she shrank from Liliās. "They have left their poor papa all alone and sad," she said, in a low voice. "I used to know him too. And it must make them sad to think of him so far away."

It was the children's turn now to be puzzled. They were not on such terms of tender intimacy with their father as were thus suggested, but, on the whole, were rather pleased than otherwise when he was absent, and did not follow him very closely with their thoughts. They were slightly humbled as they realized the existence of so much greater susceptibility and lovingness on the part of the little girl in whom they were so much interested, than they themselves possessed. How she surpassed them in this as well as in other things, though Annie was older than she! She talked German as well as English (if it was German; their mother was not clear what language it was)—think of that! So perhaps it was not wonderful that she should be so much fonder of her papa. And a moment of silence ensued. Lady Stanton did not remark the confused pause in the minds of her children, because her own mind was filled with wistful compassion for the lonely man whom she had been thinking of more or less since ever she left Penninghame. Where was he, all alone in the world, shut out from his own house, an exile from his country—even his children away from him, in whom perhaps he had found some comfort?

This momentary silence was interrupted abruptly by the sound of a voice. "Are you there, Cousin Mary? and what are you putting your heads together about?"

At this sound, before they found out what it was, the children disengaged themselves suddenly each from her separate clinging to her mother's arm, and approached each other as if for flight; but, falling back to their places, when they recognised the voice, looked at each other, and said both together, with tones of relief, "Oh, it's only Geoff!"

Nothing more significant of the inner



life of the family, and the position of these two little intruders, could have been.

Geoff came forward with his boyish step and voice in all the smiling confidence of youth. "I thought I should startle you. Is it a story that is being told, or are you plotting something? Fanny and Annie leave her alone for a moment. It is my turn now."

"O Geoff! it is about a little girl and a boy—mamma will tell you too if you ask her; and there's nobody in. We thought at first you were papa, but he's so busy. Come and sit here."

Geoff came up, and kissed Lady Stanton on her soft, still beautiful cheek. He was a son of the house, and privileged. He sat down on the stool the children had placed for him. "I am glad there's nobody in," he said. "Of course the girls will be back before I go; but I wanted to speak to you—about something."

"Shall the children go, Geoff?"

"Fancy! do you want them to hate me? No, go on with the story. This is what I like. Isn't it pleasant, Annie and Fanny, to have her all to ourselves? Do you mind me?"

"Oh, not in the least, Geoff—not in the very least. You are like—what is he like, Annie?—a brother, not a big brother like Charley; but something young, something nice, like what mamma was telling us of—a little brother—grown up—"

"Is this a sneer at my height?" he said; "but go on, don't let me stop the story. I like stories—and most other pleasant things."

"It was no story," said Lady Stanton. "I was telling them only of some children:—you are very good and forgiving, Geoff—but I fear you will be angry with me when you know. I was—out by myself—and notwithstanding all we have against them, I went to see Mary Musgrave. There! I must tell you at once, and get it over. I shall be sorry if it annoys you; but Mary and I," she said, faltering, "were such friends once, and I have not seen her for years."

"Why should I be annoyed—why should I be angry? I am not an avenger. Poor Cousin Mary! you were out—by yourself!—was that your only reason for going?"

"Indeed it is true enough. It is very seldom I go out without the girls; and they—feel strongly, you know, about that."

"What have they to do with it? Yes, I know; they are *plus royalistes que le roi*. But this is not the story."

"Yes, indeed it is, my dear boy. I was telling Annie and Fanny of two poor children. They belong to a man who is—banished from his own country. He did wrong—when he was young—oh so many, so many years ago!—and he is still wandering about the world without a home, and far from his friends. He was young then, and now—it is so long ago;—ah, Geoff, you must not be angry with me. The little children are with Mary. She did not tell me much, for her heart did not soften to me as mine did to her. But there they are; the mother dead who was at the bottom of it all; and nobody to care for them but Mary; all through something that happened before they were born."

Lady Stanton grew red as she spoke, her voice trembled, her whole aspect was full of emotion. The young man shook his head—

"I suppose a great many of us suffer for harm done before we were born," he said gravely. "This is no solitary instance."

"Ah, Geoff, it is natural, quite natural that you should feel so. I forgot how deeply you were affected by all that happened then."

"I did not mean that," he said gravely. His youthful face had changed out of its light-hearted calm. "Indeed I had heard something of this and I wanted to speak to you—"

"Run away, my darlings," said Lady Stanton; "go and see what—nurse is about. Make her go down with you to the village and take the tea and sugar to the old women in the

Alms-houses. This is the day—don't you remember?"

"So it is," said Annie. "But we did not want to remember," said Fanny, "we liked better to stay with you."

However, they went off, reluctant but obedient. They were used to being sent away. It was seldom their mother who did it willingly—but everybody else did it with peremptory determination—and the little girls were used to obey. They untwined themselves from her arms to which they had been clinging, and went away close together, with a soft rush and sweep as of one movement.

"There go the doves," said Geoff looking after them with kind admiration like that of a brother. It pleased Lady Stanton to see the friendly pleasure in them which lighted the young man's eyes. Whoever married him he would always, she thought, be a brother to her neglected children, who counted for so little in the family. She looked after them with that mother-look, which, whether in joy or sorrow, is close upon tears. Then she turned to him with eyes softened by that unspeakable tenderness.

"Whatever you wish," she said. "Tell me, Geoff; I am ready to hear."

"I am as bad as the rest. You have to send them away for me too."

"There is some reason in it this time. If you have heard about the little Musgraves you know how miserable it all is," said Lady Stanton. "The old man will have nothing to say to them. He lets them live there, but takes no notice—His son's children! And Mary has everything upon her shoulders."

"Cousin Mary, will it hurt you much to tell me all about it?" said the young man. "Forgive me, I know it must be painful; but all that is so long over and everything is so changed—"

"You mean I have married and forgotten," she said, her lips beginning to quiver.

"I scarcely remember anything about it," said Geoff, looking away from her that his eyes might not disturb her more, "only a confused sort of excite-

ment and wretchedness, and then a strange new sense of importance. We had been nobodies till then—my mother and I. But I have heard a few things lately. Walter—will it pain you if I speak of him?"

"Poor Walter!—no. Geoff, you must understand that Walter loved somebody else better than me."

She said this half in honest avowal of that humiliation which had been one of the great wonders of her life, partly in excuse of her own easy forgetfulness of him.

"I have heard that too, Cousin Mary, with wonder; but never mind. He paid dearly for his folly. The other—"

"Geoff," said Lady Stanton with a trembling voice, "the other is living still, and he has paid dearly for it all this time. We must not be hard upon him. I do not want to excuse him—it would be strange if I should be the one to excuse him; but only—"

"I am very sorry for him, Cousin Mary. I am glad you feel as I do. Walter may have been in the wrong for anything I know. I do not think it was murder."

"That I am sure it was not! John Musgrave was not the man to do a murder—oh, no, no, Geoff, he was not that kind of man!"

Geoff looked up surprised at her eager tone and the trembling in her voice.

"You knew him—well!" he said, with that indifferent composure with which people comment upon the past, not knowing what depths those are over which they skim so lightly. Could he have seen into the agitation in Lady Stanton's heart! But he would not have understood nor realised the commotion that was there.

"I always—took an interest in him," she said, faltering, and then she felt it her duty to do her best for him as an old friend. "I had known him all my life, Geoff, as well as I knew Walter. He was hasty and high-spirited, but so kind—he would have gone out of his way to help anyone. Before he saw that

young woman everybody was fond of John."

"Did you know her too?"

"No, no; I did not know her. God forbid! She was the destruction of every one who cared for her," said Lady Stanton with a little outburst. Then she made an effort to subdue herself. "Perhaps I am not just to her," she said with a faint smile. "She was preferred to me, you know, Geoff; and they say a woman cannot forget that—perhaps it is true."

"How could he? was he mad?" Geoff said. Geoff was himself tenderly, filially in love with his cousin Mary. He thought there was nobody in the world so beautiful and so kind. And even now she was not understood as she ought to be. Sir Henry thought her a good enough wife, a faithful creature, perfectly trustworthy, and so forth. It was in this light that all regarded her. Something better than an upper servant, a little dearer than a governess. Something to be made use of, to do everything for everybody. She who, Geoff thought in his enthusiasm, was more lovely and sweet than the youngest of them, and ought to be held pre-eminent and sacred by everybody round her. This was not the lot that had fallen to her in life.

"So I am not the best judge, you see," said Lady Stanton with a little sigh. "In those days one felt more strongly perhaps. It all seems so vivid and clear," she added half apologetically, though without entirely realizing how much light these half confessions threw on her present state of less lively feeling, "that is the effect of being young—"

"I think you will always be young," he said tenderly; then added after a pause—"was it a quarrel about—the woman?—" He blushed himself as he said so, feeling the wrong to her—yet only half knowing the wonder it was in her thoughts, the double pain it brought.

"I think so. They were both fond of her; and Walter ought not to have been fond of her. John—was quite

free. He was in no way engaged to any one. He had a right to love her if he pleased. But Walter interfered, and he was richer, greater, a far better match. So I suppose she wavered. This is my own explanation of it. They met then when their hearts were wild against each other, and there was a struggle. Ah Geoff! Has it not cost John Musgrave his life as well as Walter? Has he ever ventured to show himself in his own country since? And now their poor little children have come home to Mary; but he will never be able to come home."

"It is hard," said Geoff thoughtfully. "I wish I knew the law. Fourteen years is it? I was about six, then. Could anything be done? I wonder if anything could be done."

She put her hand on his shoulder with an affectionate caressing touch, "Thanks for the thought, my dear boy—even if nothing could be done—"

"You take a great deal of interest in him, Cousin Mary?"

"Yes," she said quickly; "I told you we were all young people together; and his sister was my dear friend. We were called the two Maries in those days. We were thought—pretty," she said with a vivid blush and a little laugh. "You may have heard."

Geoff kissed the pretty hand which had been laid on his shoulder, and which was perhaps a little fuller and more dimply than was consistent with perfection. "I have eyes," he said, with a little of the shyness of his years, "and I have always had a right as a Stanton to be proud of my cousin Mary. I wonder if Miss Musgrave is as beautiful as you are; I don't believe it for my part—"

"She is far prettier—she is not stout," said Lady Stanton with a sigh; and then she laughed, and made her confession over again with a half jest, which did not make her regret less real, "and I have lost my figure. I have developed, as people say. Mary is as slim as ever. Ah, you may laugh, but that makes a great difference; I feel it to the bottom of my heart."



Geoff looked at her with tender admiration in his eyes. "There has never been a time when I have not thought you the most beautiful woman in all the world," he said, "and that all the great beauties must have been like you. You were always the dream of fair women to me—now one, now the other—all except Cleopatra. You never could have been like that black-browed witch——"

"Hush! boy. I am too old to be flattered now; and I am stout," she said with that faint laugh of annoyance and humiliation, just softened by jest. Geoff's honest praise brought no blush to her soft matronly cheeks, but she liked it, as it pleased her when the children called her "Pretty Mamma." They loved her the best, though people had not always done so. The fact that she had grown stout did not affect their

admiration. Only those who have known others to be preferred to themselves can realise what this is. After a moment's hesitation, she added in a low voice: "I wonder—will you go and see them? It would have a great effect in the neighbourhood. Oh, Geoff, forgive me if I am saying too much; perhaps it would not be possible, perhaps it might be wrong in your position. You must take the advice of somebody more sensible, less affected by their feelings. Everybody likes you, Geoff, and you deserve it, my dear; and you are Lord Stanton. It would have a great effect upon the county; it would be almost clearing him——"

"Then I will go—at once—this very day," said Geoff, starting up.

"Oh no, no, no," she said, catching him by the arm, "first of all you must speak to—some one more sensible than me."

*To be continued.*

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#### TO MY FRIENDS.

MOURN not, my friends, that we are growing old :  
 A fresher birth brings every new year in.  
 Years are Christ's napkins to wipe off the sin.  
 See, now, I'll be to you an angel bold ;  
 My plumes are ruffled, and they shake with cold  
 Yet with a trumpet-blast I will begin.  
 —Ah! no; your listening ears not thus I win.  
 Yet hear, sweet sisters! brothers, be consoled :—  
 Behind me comes a shining one indeed;  
 Christ's friend, who from life's cross did take him down,  
 And set upon his day night's starry crown.  
*Death*, say'st thou? Nay—thine be no caitiff creed!  
 A woman-angel—see!—in long white gown—  
 The mother of our youth!—She maketh speed.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

WEST INDIAN MEMORIES :  
THE LESSER ANTILLES AND THE "BOILING LAKE."

THE crescent-like series of West Indian Islands, capriciously divided in official parlance into "Windward" and "Leeward," or more appropriately summed up together by the well-sounding title of the "Lesser Antilles," is, after a fashion, antipodal to the Philippine group of the eastern hemisphere; or, to put it more geographically, the two Archipelagos, Hispano-Malayan and Caribbean, occupy opposite points of the chart on a lesser circle of the globe, drawn some fifteen or sixteen degrees north of the equator. Being now, so destiny has willed it, on my long way from the one to the other, I cannot refrain from speculating on what further circumstances of opposition may possibly exist between them, or from hoping that such circumstances may be neither many in number nor essential in kind. The Philippines are, by all accounts, pleasant places, isles of Eden, lotus-lands; but pleasanter, more lotus-bearing, more Eden-like than are the West Indies, taken as a whole from Jamaica to Trinidad, they can hardly be, or afford in their turn brighter and better memories than those which three years of the Caribbean Archipelago have, with few and insignificant exceptions, stored away in my mind. True, indeed, that some of the Lesser Antilles, our present topic, are in a manner less desirable than others, because less favoured by nature or the course of human events. Thus, for instance, Barbadoes, though well peopled and highly cultivated, has no pretensions to picturesque scenery of coast or inland; while the Virgin Islands, barren, abandoned, and hopeless, as they now unfortunately are, might not unsuitably exchange their historical denomination for that of the "Lone Spinster Islands," or the "Old Maids" downright. Nor they only, but the entire northward-

lying group, formed by the adjacent Leeward Islands, namely, Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Antigua, and the rest, may, with scarce an exception, be included in the same catalogue of unproductive aridity.

Want of rain, a want now protracted over the space of nearly twenty years, has, more than any other cause, wrought among them this desolation; though to what adverse influence this very want is to be attributed would be hard to determine. By some the too reckless clearing of the original forests is inculpated as the cause of drought, some ascribe it to a gradual shifting of the magnetic poles, and a corresponding declination, north or south, of the tropical rain-belt itself; others, again, bring in a verdict of guilty against the inconstant Gulf Stream; and others, with about as much plausibility, accuse the sins of the people, the Colonial Office, and perhaps Sir Benjamin Pine and Confederation. But whatever may be the cause, the effect is as evident as disastrous; nor has any modern Elijah as yet appeared to dispel by prayer or science the all-too-stubborn drought of this Samaria of the west.

Poor gray islands, noble outlines of mountain and vale, stately blanks, unfilled by the varied details of prosperity and life! Waist-deep they stand, thirsty and forlorn in the midst of the unprofitable salt sea waters, vainly baring their parched-up bosoms to the pitiless sky; while far overhead the white clouds, borne along hour after hour on the strong wings of the trade-wind, mock their want with an ever-renewed, ever-unfulfilled promise of rain, till, day by day, what was once green pasture land parches up into brown, burnt-up stubble, gaunt trees stretch out their once leafy boughs in the gray nakedness

of premature decay, and the valleys that in bygone years waved with the golden green of the ripening harvest, now stretch down the hill slopes in pale yellow streaks of juiceless cane. A melancholy sight; let us leave it behind as we pass on southward to better prospects and more cheerful isles.

The turning-point, so to express it, of the West Indian climate, the line that distinguishes the well-watered tropical region from the arid sub-tropical zone, is for the present situated about the latitude of Guadaloupe, a large and fertile, but in more respects than one an ambiguous island; French in title, but little visited by foreigners, and hardly better known to the generality of Frenchmen themselves. Yet Guadaloupe, like Martinique, has the advantage, if advantage it be, of a spokesman in the person of a "Député," sent by universal suffrage, or what does duty for it, to the Representative Chamber of Versailles, where the West Indian members take their place, as I am told, somewhere in the caudal portion of the Extreme Left. Nor, I regret to say it, are the sentiments of the insular majority the Deputies represent a whit more favourable to stability or order, under whatever rule, than those of Victor Hugo himself; strange instance of what one of our deepest thinkers has justly called the "baffling" element in human nature. Here are islands, fertile indeed, but diminutive as fertile, on whose behalf and for whose advantage the great mother country has lavished rather than spent, and still, even at the time of her own greatest need, continues to lavish, sums that our own more frugal government would find by much too costly, or rather would never dream of finding at all, for the benefit of giant Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape, with all their dominions, all their provinces. And yet, in return for its unbounded liberality, the French Administration meets with little from its subjects, whether in Martinique or Guadaloupe, whether black or coloured, but an unpopularity so decided that not all the machinery of French prefectures

and "mairies" can in election time determine so much as a vote, much less a return.

Some excuse for this wide-spread spirit of opposition may indeed be found in the curious fact that the white lords of the soil are, in spite of Frohadorf manifestoes and the persistent imbecility of the "lilies," even now (*risum teneatis amici*), Legitimists almost to a man; though a few, condescending somewhat to the dictates of common sense, apologetically confess Imperialist propensities. On the other hand, the coloured folks are with equal or greater unanimity, and certainly more logic, Republicans, not to say Communists; while the blacks, so far as their philosophical "live-and-let-live" temperament permits their taking part on either side, follow the lead of their more restless half-brothers. Another cause is to be found in the too general adoption, throughout two-thirds of the island, of the "Central Factory" system, the very system so preconized by theorizing economists as the one great panacea of all West Indian ills. These factories have, however, in their practical working not cured but rather intensified every existing evil of the land, financial, political, and social. It is impossible in the limited space of an article to enter into the numerous and complicated details of so vast a topic; enough to say, summarily, that these factories have deeply disturbed the social balance of Martinique by degrading the independent planter-proprietor, the typical monarch of the land, into the dependent inferiority of a mere head farmer; that they have even more dangerously disarranged the political equilibrium by disconnecting the agricultural population and the labourers at large from their traditional lords and leaders, and massing them together instead into the turbulent crowds of mere factory workmen; while the financial evils of their infliction, amounting latterly to a real crisis, are due to a combination of circumstances and results the investigation of which would be better suited to the pages of a blue-book or a political economy





ticular hand the workmanship of the statue is due, I know not ; but the execution is decidedly good, and the beautiful features of the young general's bride are said to have been faithfully reproduced in all that art can transfer from flesh to marble. Curiously enough, those features seem, in the fullness of the lips, the gentleness of the eyes, and the general outline of the face, to belong to that peculiarly attractive type in which a slight admixture of African blood gives to its possessor that rounded voluptuousness of contour, no less than that warmth of colour so often wanting in the purely European Creole. Whether, as the island tradition affirms, such a union was really traceable in the Taschère family, or whether, as national prejudice has anxiously proclaimed, the ancestral origin always remained French, and French alone, is a question difficult, if not impossible, to decide on merely annalistic evidence. But if the statue at Fort de France bears a truthful resemblance to its original, there can, I think, be little doubt that to her other imperial titles the great empress added that of consanguinity, however remote, with the Nile-Queens of old time, whose granite effigies still smile in calm serenity of power among the lone colonnades of Luxor and the Egyptian palms.

Midway between Martinique and Guadeloupe lies Dominica, won, like the sister islands, from its former masters by the sword, but, unlike them, retained beneath the conqueror's flag. Little inferior in size to Martinique itself, it as much surpasses it in wonderful picturesqueness of scenery as it falls short of it in adaptability for general cultivation. Indeed, in the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea ; in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests ; in the gorgeousness of its vegetation ; the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island

catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined. But waterfalls and precipices are objects more welcome to the artist than to the planter ; and the angles of landscape beauty are not generally coincident with those of agricultural productiveness. And so it comes to pass that of the two hundred thousand acres that form the surface of Dominica, scarcely one-tenth part, if even so much, is actually under cultivation. The capital town, Roseau, though a cheerful and thriving place in its way, with its neatly-paved streets, pretty cottages, gay gardens, and handsome Catholic cathedral, numbers less than five thousand inhabitants ; and the pleasant orchard-embowered negro villages sprinkled here and there along the coast have comparatively few counterparts amid the labyrinth of rock and wood that forms the bulk of the island.

Yet human life, the one true meaning and summary of all other sublunary life, the tongue and purport, without which rocks, trees, waters, skies, suns, however "sweet and pleasant things," as the old temple-building monarch of Jerusalem called them long ago, are, for all that, feelingless and dumb, is not absolutely wanting even in the inmost recesses of the Dominican mountain-maze. Deep in emerald valleys, hemmed in by ravine and precipice, overhung with towering tree-ferns and the glossy giant leaf of the wild plantain, moist with the daily showers that suddenly sweep down like white curtains from the dark and jagged heights overhead, to be as suddenly followed by the hot sunshine of the cloudless blue, till every form of vegetable life springs up and flourishes in a confused plenitude of beauty—even here in these seemingly inaccessible Edens, glisten between rock and forest the scattered huts, each with its little garden of half-reclaimed wilderness of flower and leaf, where live the wood-cutter, the charcoal-burner, the negro cultivator, each with his swarming family, part and parcel of the wild yet gentle nature around. Scenes where rises the thought so old

and yet so new, old as Hesiod, as Horace, as Ebn Toghrâi, recent as Goldsmith, as Cowper, as Wordsworth—the thought disclosed in sudden gleams amid the fitful storminess of Byron, nor wholly unknown even to the atmosphere of our own day, and its prophet, the bard of *Locksley Hall*. It is the thought that always abides, though it may not be always perceptible, in the depth of every human heart that has a depth, in every mind that is not mere surface and show, "were it not better with me here than in the turmoil of events and politics, in the restlessness of science and progress, in the artificialities and conventionalities of civilised life? Were there not here for me, in this wood-cutter's hut, in this garden shed,

"More enjoyment than in all this march of mind,  
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind?"

Vain thought! Better it might be, perhaps, in itself; but, better or not, it is not for thee. The same all-governing law, the same absolute and ever-present decree which made that peasant, that wood-cutter, what he is, and placed them one and all where they are, that gave form and being to the rocks and forests around them—the great external existence of which their individualized existences and thine are but the manifested expressions, admits no modification, no reversal of its ordinance, allows no barter or exchange of the conditions it has determined. Thou art what thou art, as they are what they are; the sympathy, be it never so deep, that draws thee from thy appointed place may refer to a past or foreshadow a future mode of existence: in the present it is mere ineffectual longing, utterly vain.

Back, then, to the civilised and sociable life, with all its kindnesses, all its littlenesses, that awaits us in Roseau; the quiet island haven, where the daily ripples of pains and pleasures, of ambitions and interests, of parochial victories and district defeats, may well, even

when most agitated, pass for absolute calm if contrasted with the great waves of the mighty human oceans, called Continents, States, Kingdoms, Empires. To one fresh, I will not say from Europe, but from Demerara, Jamaica, or even Barbados, Dominica may stand for a symbol of absolute quiet, of repose, of stillness, almost of sleep.

Yet when that acute observer of the surface of things, A. Trollope, on his visit to Roseau, describes the place as dreamy, declining, nay, dead, he falls into an error which those who take him for their guide—and in the majority of cases he is a safe one, to follow—would do well to avoid. Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has fortunately resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success than the bruised, if not broken reed of sugar. It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian Islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee-plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in produce, as in leaf and general appearance, from the ordinary growth, West or South African in its origin, I believe, that constitutes the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa too flourishes here, or rather, were proper care bestowed on it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself; the lime-groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources



of well-doing common to the western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or rather in which she does not of herself abound and excel.

But it is not precisely with these topics that I have at present to do, nor is there any great need for dilating on them here. The British West Indies, like the negroes that form the bulk of their population, have no lack of panegyrists, or of calumniators either, judicious or injudicious, truthful or exaggerated, as the case may be; and whoever lists may amuse himself by balancing the ecstasies of Kingsley against the cynicism of Trollope, and the Jamaica of the *Quarterly Review* against that of Dr. Greig and *Fraser's Magazine*. To each man his own opinion; mine, after a tolerable amount of observation and experience, is that, taking into account the many defects and shortcomings to which everything under the moon, flesh or non-flesh, is the natural and well-endowed heir, not least so perhaps within the tropics, the British West Indies yet remain a pleasant home to the colonist, a good investment to the capitalist, a happy land (or lands, if you will) to the native; that their white population is, as a rule, right-minded and energetic, their coloured classes clever and progressive, their blacks industrious, orderly, and the very reverse of barbarous or ill-disposed in any respect. And Dominica, the first among the Lesser Antilles for picturesque beauty, is by no means the last in the catalogue of industry, productiveness,<sup>1</sup> and prosperous hope.

And having said this much of the island in general, and what it has in common with others of the Lesser Antilles, I will now describe, or at least endeavour to describe, something it possesses, the like of which is certainly not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole West Indian region, nor, so far as I know, in any other region of the New World or the Old; I mean its "Boiling Lake."

Hot springs and boiling pools, some

of tolerably large dimensions, do indeed exist, and plenty of them, in these latitudes. All down the range of the Antilles, from Saba to Tobago, there is hardly an island but owns its "Soufrière," or solfatera; the crater, it would seem, of some volcano whose eruptive energy has by degrees dwindled into that milder form, a specimen of which is familiar to the easy tourist of the European continent at Pozzuoli in the neighbourhood of Naples. Some of these soufrières are wholly or almost extinct, and have subsided into mere yellow-tinged ashpits, where perhaps a scanty thread of light vapour, or a tepid spring, finds its way through the surface, and witnesses to the expiring embers of a slowly dying fire below; others again are still active, and make a very creditable display after their fashion. Thus, in the soufrière of St. Lucia, for instance, not far from the celebrated "Pitons" of that island, the floor of the steep crater is pierced by a dozen large hollows, circular in form, and varying from four to sixteen feet in diameter; each over-boiling furiously, one with coal-black water, another with milky white, a third with gray mud, a fourth with a mixture of all these; while countless little apertures, some barely an inch across, send up steam or hot water in noisy jets, and have done so without material diminution or increase ever since the first memories of the earliest colonists, full two centuries ago. In Martinique, on the contrary, the only soufrière on duty—it is situated among the slopes of the great extinct volcano, Mont Pélée—has of late years fallen half-asleep. But none throughout the Caribbean Archipelago can rival either for extent or activity the "Grande Soufrière" of Dominica; none other rewards its visitors with the wondrous spectacle of a "Boiling Lake."

However, not the lake only, but the Soufrière itself, within the circuit of which it is situated, had remained alike unvisited, though their existence was vaguely rumoured, for a hundred years past. Several smaller and more acces-

sible *soufrières* are scattered throughout this highly volcanic island; and they had often been explored, either out of mere curiosity, or for such hopes of profit as the sulphur they contain might afford; a profit that but for the difficulties of transport might in some instances be not inconsiderable.

But in the south-east of the island there rises a mass of abrupt forest-clad ridges, over which a white cloud ever hovers night and day; or, if blown asunder for a few hours by the strong trade-wind, soon reunites to brood as before over its native haunt. The ascent of these summits, though more than once attempted, had for seventy years at least remained unaccomplished; tradition only, speaking through an old French description of the island, told of a large and active "*soufrière*," nestled amid the highest ranges of the south; and added that the hot and steaming "*Sulphur river*," whose milky waters rush down crag and precipice to the Eastern Sea, close to what was then called "*Point Mulâtre*," or, now, *Mulatto Point*, took its origin in a boiling lake, which also was situated in the same mountain region. But for a century or thereabouts, not only had no European succeeded in penetrating to this reported wonder; no negro charcoal-burner, however familiar with the "*bush*," had pushed his roving to the brink of the *soufrière*; the Caribs even—of whom a few families, with the instinctive shrinking from civilisation and organized labour peculiar to their kind, yet lead a secluded and savage life on the south-eastern coast, not far from the banks of the *Sulphur river* itself—knew nothing, or at any rate had nothing to say, of the lonely region that towered above their abodes. The strong smell of sulphur, that when the wind happened to be from the south-east, reached the town of *Roseau* itself, though at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in a straight line, alone gave witness how huge must be the dimensions, how constant the activity of the *soufrière* whence it proceeded.

So matters stood when, on a January

morning in 1875, an exploring party, headed by two young and enterprising English colonists—the one a district magistrate, the other a medical practitioner—took on themselves once more the task of verification or discovery. Abandoning the shorter but impracticable line of track that led up from the eastern coast, and had been already tried, but unavailingly, they wisely determined to assail this stronghold of nature's wonders from the easier slopes of the west, on which side the distance was greater, but the obstacles, as they judged, less insurmountable. Their idea was correct, and their safe return to *Roseau*, after three days' absence in the forest, brought with it the confirmation of the existence alike of the "*Grande Soufrière*" and the "*Boiling Lake*," both of which they described as by far surpassing in extent and grandeur anything yet known in the West Indies, though difficult and even dangerous of access, nor available to any ends except those of curiosity, perhaps of science.

During a second visit, which was effected some months later than the first, the explorers discovered a somewhat more circuitous but easier line of approach, following which the most dangerous and break-neck pass of the former route could be evaded. On this, as on the former occasion too, the adventurers bivouacked in the depth of the forest, close to the *soufrière* itself, where they constructed an "*ajoupa*," or improvised wood-hut, for shelter during the nights that had unavoidably to be passed in this wild region.

The third, and up to the present date the latest, expedition to the "*Boiling Lake*" was on the occasion of my visit to the island in the spring of the present year, when *Dr. Nicholls*, the same young and energetic medical officer who had taken a leading part in the two former expeditions, again proposed the attempt, and undertook the organisation of the party. It included besides ourselves two other Englishmen—the one a member of the

"Colonial Bank" establishment, the other a son of Mr. Eldridge, the deservedly popular administrator or president of the island, whose guest I had the good fortune to be at the time. All my companions were young, active, and possessed of every quality, bodily and mental, that could be required for an enterprise such as ours; but they, like myself, were unacquainted with the *soufrière* district, and the leadership of the band was therefore gladly entrusted to Dr. Nicholls, who showed himself entirely equal to the duties of the undertaking.

So one spring morning early, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, we rode out of Roseau, and set our horses' heads and our own eastward, in quest of the "Boiling Lake." Our way led first up the beautiful Roseau valley, with its steep cliffs and overshadowing woods, mingled with the bright yellow of ripening cane-fields and the darker foliage of cocoa or coffee plantations, with small European residences or negro huts peeping out here and there, till we came in sight of the great waterfalls, each a hundred feet in height, by which the waters of the Roseau river cast themselves headlong from the central range. Higher and higher we climbed the mountain side, amid that scenery which description has so often attempted, but never can realize for those who have not themselves witnessed it, the scenery of the West Indian tropics; where the noblest forest growth that fancy can picture, mixed with tree-fern and palm, over canopies, bank and dell, thick matted with fern, golden, silver maiden-hair, every lovely variety of leaf and tint, amid red-flowered *balisiers*, white-blossomed *arums*, and a thousand other gems of *Flora's* crown, the whole lit up by the purest sunlight, and glittering as it waved in the glad morning breeze. Stopping a moment to drink from a mineral spring of some note, we rode on till a narrow horse-path led us across a broken plateau to the little hamlet of Laudat, about 1,500 feet above the sea. Here our guides, or

rather the carriers of our provisions, hammocks, and so forth, awaited us, to perform with us the remainder of the proposed route on foot, as neither horse-track, nor indeed any other track, except what we might make for ourselves, existed further on.

Laudat is the furthest village inland in this direction, and its neat little wood cottages, about twenty in all, each apart, and at some distance from the others, are inhabited by a hardy, chocolate-coloured race, in which French, Carib, and negro blood seems, by the indications of feature and limb, to have been mixed in tolerably equal proportions. In front of Laudat the view is open, and reaches down the Roseau valley to the blue Western sea. Behind the village-plateau rises a dense wall of forest, and further back, height above height, the central mountain range. The peasants' "gardens," to give them their established West Indian name, or, as we should call them, fields of yam, banana, legumens, and the like, reach in irregular fashion a mile or so upwards into the woods. Our provisions, a couple of hammocks, a few blankets, and such like gear, were here divided among six of the negroes, or quasi-negroes of the place; two of whom also carried large cutlasses, in order to fray the way through the innumerable "lianes" or creepers that weave the forest, together with a network that, like the Gordian knot, may be severed by force, but not disentangled by skill.

Other and doughtier uses might have been anticipated for these formidable-looking weapons, but there were none such in truth. Wild beasts of dangerous kinds, and indeed any wild beasts at all, except harmless little *agoutis*, are rare in the forest; venomous serpents are unknown; the number of insects even—scorpions, centipedes, ants, and the like—is remarkably small, possibly owing to the large proportions of sulphur and iron with which the soil is everywhere imbued; and "perils of robbers" St. Paul himself, were he Apostle of Dominica, or, I believe, of any other British West Indian island,



would have none to record. Our preparations had only in view a rough march, and a day and night, or, indeed, more likely two days and two nights, amid the mountain solitudes, at a height where the cold was sure to make itself almost unpleasantly felt, though we counted on sheltering ourselves under at least the relics of the "ajoupa," erected and repaired on previous occasions.

It was now noon, and if we wished to reach the ajoupa before nightfall, there was no time to be lost; so without delay we marshalled our file, the cutlass-bearers in front, the heavier-laden baggage-bearers in the rear, and off we started on foot, to toil onwards as we best might until the evening. A walk of this kind, through a pathless wilderness of mountain and forest, offers much to interest and much to amuse, though at the same time much to weary, those who undertake it; but a detailed description would, I fear, tend rather to produce the latter than either of the former feelings in the reader. A mere sketch may therefore suffice.

For some miles our ascent lay under a green canopy of glistening leaves, sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet above our heads, and between giant tree trunks, smooth and stately, ornamented, or rather garlanded, each one with lovely creepers, parasitical ferns and mosses, and strange twining growths that might in form and colour have furnished hints or models for the most exquisite patterns that ever decorated china or glass. During this part of the journey our chief, indeed our only annoyance, the inevitable fatigue of climbing excepted, arose from the multitudinous snare-work of roots that twined and twisted like snakes in every direction along and across the way to entangle and trip up whoever did not take care to direct his eye before his foot. Once past the Laudat gardens no trace of man or man's work was visible for the rest of our journey. As the ground continued to rise the forest trees diminished in height and size, while, on the contrary, the undergrowth of bush, often trouble-

some from its thorns and prickles, continued to increase till we reached the margin of a deep ravine, down which a rapid stream rushed on its way to join the Roseau river.

Here the character of our march changed, the continuous slope up which we had climbed thus far giving place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onwards, now clinging for help to the small tree trunks through which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hand with its sharp needles; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honour to the most dare-devil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of hardly a yard's breadth, a descent, steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the ascent before had been. This manœuvre we repeated half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee deep into the water that foamed and roared around. "What idiots we must look were there anyone to see us!" was the thought that occurred to me again and again as we performed fantastic capers in the grasshopper style, or rivalled the postures of a band of clambering spider-monkeys, minus their prehensile tails. Possibly the same thought may have crossed the minds of my companions also; but except an occasional English ejaculation, the same, it might be, that Byron declares to have no like for emphasis in any other language, and Blake considers to have a very bracing and beneficial

effect, when any small misadventure, such as a slip, a fall, a wounded hand or foot, or the like bad hap befell one or other of the climbers, I think nothing but what was heroic and befitting heroic deeds was said or sung by any individual of our party—at least, among its European contingent. The blacks and half-blacks laughed at everything and nothing; but that was with them a matter rather of habit, I fear, than of heroism; while ever and anon a mocking bird from behind its leafy screen laughed securely at us all.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east: to west, where the low sun brightened into one dazzlingsheen the now distant Caribbean sea; to the east, where steep mountain tops sunk down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little further on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter, intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were hardly able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before, and so in fact it was. All at once, with hardly a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with thick white sulphur vapours that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a very general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outline, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the flaming gulf.

Now, indeed, we had before us the Grande Soufrière; but how were we to descend and explore its depths? In front was a sheer precipice of volcanic rock and hardened ash intermixed, a naked crag suggestive of almost certain falls and broken bones on the rocks below, and down the face of which the *Antiquary's* Lovel himself would hardly have ventured, though the rescue of an Isabel Wardour had depended on the trial. By this descent, however, such is the ardour of first discovery, Dr. Nicholls and his companions had once ventured, but only once, glad on a second visit to have discovered a longer but less dangerous track, that, winding half-way round the crater, leads to a slope, sufficiently abrupt in all conscience, but conveniently clad with trees down to the immediate neighbourhood of the sulphur sources.

This path we unanimously resolved to try once more; and after much cutlass work among the tangled bush growth, and many involuntary gymnastic feats of the kind described already, we finally reached the lower ledge, on which we had fore-determined to pass the night. Great was our joy to find, just as darkness was closing in, the identical ajoupa erected so long ago, sheltered from the chances of storm by overarching trees, and strengthened by the indestructible vitality of its own materials; every stake, every support, having taken root in the rich soil, and now throwing out foliage and branches enough to form a living roof in place of the dead thatch and dried leaves which still partly covered it. Here we lighted our fires, and while our supper of cabbage-palm, salt fish, and other West Indian delicacies, was preparing, listened to the bubbling roar and frequent explosions of the sulphur-sources, now not a hundred yards below, watched the large fire-flies as they glanced between the trees, and inhaled, along with the more congenial smoke of tobacco, frequent whiffs of sulphur vapour; while every article of silver on our persons, watch, chain, stud, coin, or whatever it might be, turned black in the fuming atmosphere of the gulf which



now shut us in among its depths. To say we had a merry evening, and a sound sleep afterwards, in spite of vocal tree-frogs, huge crickets, and other wood insects, probably of the beetle family, whose hard toil did not, it seemed, divide the night from the day, or rather rendered the former the noisier of the two, would be unnecessary for those who know what is meant by a long day's march and a camping out in the forest. As for those who do not know, let them try; they will be all the better for it.

Next morning we were up betimes, and partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-encrusted with bright yellow, others blood red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt, magnesium principally, I believe, there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises, hissings, bubblings, explosions—here more, there less—throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black, and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot, and steaming as they went; in many places the vapour-cloud formed a thick impenetrable veil; no plant but an ugly bluish-coloured broad-leaved *Clusia* grew for some distance from the blighting fumes.

We did all that is customary for travellers to do; tested the heat of some sources, irritated others by attempts at choking them up with stones; thrust sticks into the yellow paste of ash and sulphur, over which, in many places, the foot cannot safely tread; gathered specimens of the various deposits; and, above all, admired the lonely, demoniacal grandeur of this semi-infernal hollow; till, remembering that the "Boiling Lake" was yet unvisited, we renewed our way, picking our steps carefully among scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that

rang hollow to the tread; till we reached the main exit of the *soufrière* waters at the lower end of the crater.

For a little distance we then followed the torrent's course, that struggled seawards through a narrow gully, rendered unpleasantly warm by the vapour of the particoloured water reeking from its source, and yet further heated by a steaming milk-white cascade that leapt down in a giant curve, not unlike the outline of the Swiss *Giessbach*, from the cliff on our right; while to the left an isolated, but noisy sulphur-vent smoked like a dozen united limekilns. The "Black Country," of *Wolverhampton* notoriety, is a weird place, and suggests weird ideas enough, whether traversed by night or by day; but it is "mild-domestic" compared to Nature's own "White Country," the sulphur region of *Dominica*. A world like this abandoned to volcanic agencies, as *e.g.*, the moon is supposed to have been at some unlucky epoch of her existence, would be a more fitting abode than even the biblical *Babylon* for the satyrs, dragons, and other doleful creatures of the prophet, a throne for *Arimanes* himself.

Turning north-east we clambered for an hour or so, first across a knife-like dividing ridge, and then among the broken hollows of a second crater or *soufrière*, considerably larger in dimensions than the first, but comparatively quiescent; a silent, burnt-out region of ash and sulphur, surrounded by high bare walls of pumice and volcanic crag. Little steam was here visible, nor were any explosions to be heard from underneath; but the many springs of white, yellow, red, or black water that pierced and furrowed the spongy crust in every direction were all hot, and told of fires yet smouldering at no great distance below. In front of us rose a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, shutting off the southerly segment of the great crater as though with a partition wall; and from behind its range, vast columns of steam whitened against the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky. We took the intervening barrier at a run; and checked ourselves



short at the top ; a few steps more would have sent us head foremost into the Boiling Lake.

A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep, mostly indeed perpendicular banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage ; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a giant seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the veil is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction—a chaos of boiling waters. Towards the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below ; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain ; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff is 185° F. ; we tied a thermometer to a stick and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet further on to be almost 200° F. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over 2400 feet ; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of 64°, gives the boiling point for water at 207° F., or near it.

The lake is evidently supplied for the most part from springs within its own circuit ; but a little stream, formed by the union of two small mountain rivulets, runs down from the heights to the north ; the water of the brook is cold, and may contribute somewhat, especially

in the rainy season, to the volume of the lake. The addition must, however, be slight ; for the highest water-line along the cliffs, marked partly by erosion, partly by a bright yellow band of sulphur deposit, was at the epoch of our visit, that is, at the conclusion of the dry season in Dominica, only a few inches above the actual water-level ; an additional proof that the lake is almost wholly supplied from below. In fact the principal effect of a heavy rain shower or an augmented inflow is said to be a sudden increase in the violence of the surface action, the result doubtless of the shock produced by the meeting of such very opposite temperatures.

This torrent, by the stones and earth brought down with it in its descent, has formed a slope which, though steep, permits of a cautious approach to the water's edge ; everywhere else the cliffs are absolutely perpendicular ; but gradually lessen in height towards the southern extremity, where a gate-like rent has been formed, through which the waters rush out in a scalding torrent, and bear their heat with them far down the mountain sides, as they seek the Eastern Sea at Mulatto Point. No vegetation, except the dreary *Clusia* before spoken of, with a dingy kind of moss, and not more cheerful-looking growth of *Pitcairnia*, exists within the immediate range of the heated sulphureous vapours ; but on looking round we see the further background closed in by noble forests, like those we had traversed on our way hither. To the south-east the prospect offers a rapid descent from height to height, each clothed in woods. The island shore itself is hidden from sight by the steep perspective line ; but beyond it the calm sea mirror comes in view, and further yet the northern extremity of Martinique, its yellowing cane-fields distinctly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, through the pure transparent atmosphere. Above us was the deep azure of the sky, veiled ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls,

to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to reunite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shore of Dominica, and look high up to the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière.

Here we remained, as long as prudence and the mindfulness of the long and difficult route that lay behind us permitted, in wondering delight; tried to walk round the lake along the cliffs, but could not manage it; took measurements; tested the heat of the water; irritated the geyser-like action, where not too far from the margin, by throwing down stones, which were followed, after nearly a minute's interval by the usual result of a more violent ebullition than customary; and lastly, attempted sketches from several points of view; but found the attempt to be a pursuit of art under difficulties, amid the blinding steam and pungent vapour.

I wish that I had some interesting legend to recount connected with the spot; and for such we curiously inquired, but in vain, from our dusky attendants. No negro, no Carib tradition adds the wonders of imagination to those of fact; no story of past demi-god or devil, of nymph or neckar, assigns an origin or a history to the lake. Yet superstitious beliefs and tales of all kinds abound among the negroes of Dominica no less than of every other West Indian island; and stories of the kind are often attached to localities and surroundings of much less extraordinary or rather of the most ordinary and prosaic character. A highway corner, a tree on the village green, a piece of ruined wall, has its "jumby," its "duppy," its apparition, its haunting power; while the deep forest, the mountain cave, the wild ravine, the gloomy hollow, remain untenanted by the creations of preternatural belief. But thus it often is, not in the West Indies nor among negroes only, but under other skies and among other races. Whether the seeming anomaly

tells against the Buckle theory of man's passivity to natural law, or whether it can be accounted for by that very law, and so brought into accordance with the general system of the experimental school, I cannot say; indeed to investigate a question of so indefinite a character would be not less laborious than unprofitable. But certainly the amount and the quality of local superstition have, in countless instances, nothing to do with the very circumstances to which the philosophers of that school would most readily ascribe their origin and shape. The Egyptian, on his level, uniform strip of plain, beside a river regular as clock-work in its annual variations, and under a sky unvaried by cloud or storm, is brimful of the beliefs we term superstitions; "Afreet," "Ghouls," "Kotrobs," and a hundred other chimeras dire, of names to make even a German orientalist stare and gasp, these are to the natives of the Nile valley things of every-day occurrence, realities of common life, not so much credited as experienced, witnessed, known. Meanwhile the Swiss peasant, amid the wildest scenery of mountain and forest, the most varied and startling phenomena of climate and season, has scarcely—except perhaps in a manufactured novel—a story of the kind to recount. Russian folklore, that demoniacal menagerie of strange shapes and preternatural existences, has been elaborated amid the most undiversified, the dreariest monotony of scenery that Europe or Asia can afford; while tedious legends of saints and virgins, pale transcripts at most, equally devoid of feeling and of originality, are all that the romantic and awe-inspiring scenery of Spain has produced to the world. Just so, to adduce an oft-noted illustration, the most exquisitely carved and choicely painted images are rarely the objects of popular devotion, or accredited with supernatural power; while the miracles of some hideous discoloured daub, or very commonplace doll, are reckoned by thousands. Either, then, it would seem, the source, the origin, of these

strange imaginings is wholly within us ourselves, or if without us, it is something not to be analysed or explained by actual sense.

Be this as it may, the Boiling Lake has, for aught that we could discover, remained a mere natural phenomenon for Indians and Creoles no less than for Europeans, up to the present day; and when we were about, however reluctantly, to take our leave of this wonder-abounding spot, and one of our attendant negroes, turning back, addressed the vaporous gulf with a cabalistic "*Salaam-Aleykum*" picked up from some African cousin of Mohammedan origin, he gave the first and only expression of superstition aroused by the view.

For ourselves a more prosaic consideration suggested itself to our minds, as, tired with rambling and scrambling (there is high authority just now for dualistic phrases of the sort, and my readers may pass me this one), we rested ourselves by a little spring, not far from our *ajoupa*, in a narrow hill-shaded glen, and drank the chalybeate waters, sparkling with carbonic gas, that welled up at our feet, amid a matted growth of golden fern, wild flowers, and giant moss. What a magnificent sanatorium might not be erected here, beside the waters, sulphureous or ferruginous, of every temperature, every quality, for bath or drink, here, amid the pure cool atmosphere of the heights, an atmosphere that might alone seem a sufficient restorative for impaired health, and strength exhausted by the lowland heats. By the margin of sources absolutely unimportant and inefficient compared to these, the French colonists of Martinique have erected the baths and sanatoriums of the *Eaux du Prêcheur*, the *Eaux Didier*, and the

*Eaux St. Michel*; and yet are they not in this respect almost outstripped by the Anatolian Turk, who has constructed cupolas and lodging apartments by the side of every "*Ilijeh*," or "*Healing*," as he names the hot mineral springs of his nature-favoured land? Have we then yet to take sanitary lessons from the Turk? or to learn from the French the right use to be made of the goods the gods provide us?

But it is not man, it is Nature herself that is here in fault. She has, in the *Grande Soufrière* and Boiling Lake of Dominica, fenced in her treasures with such rugged barriers, interposed so many obstacles to access, that all the financial resources of the Leeward Confederation, and of the Windward too—if our Barbadian friends ever permit its formation—would fail to make, not a carriage-road, but even a tolerable bridle-path from the coast up to these heights. "Once in a twelve-month is enough for an expedition like this," was the unanimous verdict of our party when, in the dusk of evening, we at last reached *Laudat*, and found ourselves with just enough strength remaining to mount our horses and ride slowly down the *Roseau* valley, partly illuminated by a crescent moon, and more so by innumerable fire-flies, each a living burning lamp, and re-entered *Roseau* late on the second night after our departure. Many others than ourselves will, I hope, in the course of time visit what we visited, and admire what we admired; but none will, I think, enjoy themselves more, or carry away pleasanter recollections, not of scenery and *Soufrière* only, but of cheerful companions and good fellowship, that it was our fortune to do.

W. GIFFORD PALGRAVE.



## A WORD MORE ABOUT THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

IN the January number of this magazine there appeared a very vigorous and instructive article by "An American Republican," treating the Presidential Election from the point of view of one closely connected with the party politics of the United States and thoroughly conversant with their details. The present writer is one unconnected with American parties, and his point of view is simply that of a sympathising observer of the great experiment on the success of which depends the future of society in the New World.

I remember, at the outbreak of the Civil War, an old Whig statesman planting himself in front of the fire at a club, and demonstrating to the semicircle, in accents of the most serious conviction, that the result must be a military despotism, to which he assured us his correspondents in the United States—"the best men in the country," of course—were already looking forward with pensive satisfaction as the sole, though melancholy, mode of deliverance from sanguinary anarchy and fiscal ruin. He had no doubt among his hearers more than one who sympathised with the wish which may, without breach of charity, be assumed to have been partly father to his thought. He had one who was as far from sympathising as possible. But that one would have found it very difficult to give a reason for the faith which he cherished, that the Republic would survive, and come forth purified by the fire. Judging from European experience, both ancient and modern, the old Whig statesman had all the probabilities as well as mature wisdom on his side. Yet we now know how far he was from being in the secret of destiny. Though pretexts and opportunities for military usurpation were not wanting; though covert treason notoriously abounded, and armed treason

once raised its head in the North, civil liberty was never for a moment in serious peril, nor had any loyal citizen, or even any disloyal citizen, who abstained from overt action against the State, reason for a moment to say that he was living under the government of the sword. At the end of the war the Republic had half a million of men in arms. Of the rest of the population, no small portion had passed through the camp; military ambition had been kindled in many breasts; whatever of military spirit there was in the people had been excited to the utmost pitch; galling provocation had been received from the governing class in England, and Canada lay open to invasion, while the navy of the Republic, if not powerful for ocean war, might have been deemed sufficient, as an array of floating coast defences, to guard the American shores against retaliatory attacks by sea. Yet in a few months, one might almost say in a few weeks, the whole of those armed multitudes had quietly blended again with the civil population, and resumed their peaceful industries without causing the country an instant's uneasiness as to their intentions. In the South a certain measure of armed repression was inevitably required; in the North scarcely a sign of the military spirit, not a vestige of military ascendancy, remained. If the victorious general was elected to the Presidency, the motives, so far as the North was concerned, were gratitude for his great services, respect for the strength and simplicity of his character, confidence in his loyalty to civil liberty, and the belief that he would resolutely set his face against corruption. As to the reign of terror and the bloody saturnalia of vengeance by which it was confidently predicted that the American Republicans would display the true

Republican propensities, and emulate their political forerunners in France, they dwindled into the execution, after legal trial, of a single man, not for rebellion, but for the murder of helpless prisoners committed to his hands, and of whom he had starved to death, shot down, or otherwise assassinated, on the most moderate computation, several thousands. We shall be better able to estimate the amount of self-control implied in such humanity if we compare it with the sequel of any other civil war, even among a people so eminent for self-control as the English; or if we turn to the diary of Lord Elgin, who appears inclined to endorse the opinion that the British reign of terror at Delhi, after the suppression of the Mutiny, exceeded in real severity the massacre of the people of Delhi by Nadir Shah. My own eyes are witnesses that in the very agony of the struggle the treatment of prisoners by the North was humane, or more than humane; and if there was not an entire absence of bloodthirsty language, there was an absence of it remarkable when compared with what might have been expected, and with what we were all condemned to hear, even from sentimental, even from religious lips, after the Indian Mutiny, and after the disturbance in Jamaica.

Again: I remember that just after the conclusion of the war, I was in company with a number of men whose opinions on any subject within their knowledge would have been far more likely to be right than mine, when the subject of conversation was American finance. All present, except myself, scouted the idea that the Republic would pay her debts. Payment in depreciated paper was the utmost measure of faith with the public creditor, which they thought it not chimerical to imagine that the American Government would keep. The suggestion of payment in gold they laughed to scorn. I ventured to submit that if my observation of American character did not deceive me, the Americans, though they no doubt had rogues among them, were, as a community, too moral to repudiate;

but that waiving that reason for my opinion, in which I could hardly hope to carry English Conservatives with me, I must confidently maintain that the good sense of the people, and their appreciation of the value of their public credit to them as a commercial nation, were far too great to admit of their doing what Spain, Austria, and some other powers with high pedigrees had done. It is needless to say what the event has been. Nothing has ever happened more afflicting to the friends of reaction, unless it be the economical success, now apparently past question, of the French Revolution.

Once more, on the eve of the great Ohio election, when the balance was wavering between sound currency and inflation, I heard ominous words from the lips of financiers, who were forecasting the condition of their investments in case sound currency should kick the beam. But, though I could not pretend to any special knowledge of the politics of Ohio, I had by that time seen enough of the American people to feel confident that though they might go, or allow their politicians to draw them, alarmingly near the brink of a precipice, especially in a case where much honest delusion mingled with agencies not so honest, on the brink they would stop. The Ohio election went in favour of sound currency. Not only so, but it was pretty clear that had the hard-money men trusted the good sense of the people, and avowed their principles more frankly at the outset, their majority would have been larger than it was.

These were pretty severe trials, when we consider not only what civil war is, but what it leaves behind it, and when we further consider that this civil war was not a mere conflict of dynasties or of opinions, but the mortal shock of two antagonistic systems of society, each of them bound to destroy its enemy or itself to perish. It was evident that great and patent as were the evils of the Republic, moral forces of no common strength must be acting on the other side. No adamantine



faith, therefore, was required to sustain the conviction that the crisis caused by the doubtful election to the Presidency, formidable as it appeared, would be peacefully and legally surmounted by the good sense of the nation. Formidable the crisis did appear; and it was not difficult to understand why commerce trembled and, for a moment, the wheel of business stood still. The stake was immense, in regard of patronage as well as in regard of power; and some of the principal players on both sides were the characteristic offspring of a revolution, as audacious as they were able and as unscrupulous as they were audacious, ready, it might well be supposed, to throw everything into confusion rather than resign their prize. The warning of the Civil War, with all its miseries and burdens, it is true, was recent; but it is true also that the embers of the Civil War had not ceased to glow. Amid the hot breath of those embers, and by the hands of partisans whose factious and selfish passions were excited to the utmost pitch, the country, itself agitated through its whole frame by the contest, had, in effect, to construct on the spur of the moment a law and a tribunal, which the constitution had failed to provide, for the decision of a suit the subject of which was supreme power and the parties to which were the two halves of the nation. That this should have been accomplished, that personal cupidity and ambition should have been overruled, as up to the present moment they have been, notwithstanding the pestilent efforts of bad men on both sides, and that there should have been no disturbance of public tranquillity in the north and not much in the south (where, if the military interfered, it was for the most part in such small force as to render it little more than a symbol of the federal government), certainly does not prove that the experiment of democracy is an assured success, but it does prove that there is hope in that experiment, and that it is worth while to struggle for reforms and to mend defects in the machinery

of the constitution, which would be waste of labour if the core of the community were unsound.

Besides the general result and the moral to which it points, there are some special points in this contest which deserve attention from the point of view here taken, partly in the way of encouragement and partly in the way of warning.

A long and steep hill has yet to be climbed before the very best men in the United States can be nominated as candidates for the presidency. But both the nominations on this occasion were creditable to the parties and to the country. Neither Mr. Hayes nor Mr. Tilden is an incarnation of party violence like Jackson, an available nullity like Harrison, or a mere intriguer like Buchanan. Governor Hayes is not a man of first-rate eminence, but as lawyer, soldier, and politician, he has earned general respect, and no impartial person ever doubted that the interest and the honour of the Republic would be safe in his hands. The right man on the Republican side probably was Mr. Bristow, the hero of administrative reform, because his nomination would have been the most decisive protest against administrative corruption; but, as has already been said, that the right man should be nominated is more than can at present be expected; and at all events those aspirants who would, under the circumstances, have been most emphatically the wrong men, the noted party managers and opponents of administrative reform, were set aside notwithstanding their undoubted ability, the services which, in a narrow way, they had rendered to the party, and their command of the machine. Mr. Tilden, as manager of the democratic party in New York during the days of Tammany and Slavery, has unquestionably touched the pitch which no man could touch without being defiled. He is also, in common with his political associates, open to just criticism on the ground of his conduct towards the national cause during the Civil War. But he has always belonged emphatically



to the more respectable wing of his party; he is personally a man of eminent ability and high position; he has displayed perfect self-control as well as great sagacity in the conduct of this campaign; and as Governor of the State of New York, he has signally identified himself with the cause of administrative reform by a vigorous and successful onslaught on the Canal Ring which is the centre of corruption in that State. The attempt to cast a slur on his personal integrity by bringing up against him a stale charge of making false returns to the income-tax is one of the most discreditable incidents of the campaign. He, as well as Mr. Hayes, would probably, as times go, make a very good president.

It is always said that in the United States the best men are excluded or keep aloof from public life. There is too much truth in the allegation, though, unless goodness and wealth are absolutely convertible terms, it should not be too complacently repeated by a plutocracy from whose Parliament every one is excluded but the rich, and over the door of whose "Temple of Honour," as the House of Lords has been styled, is written, "No admission for any one who has not wealth to support a title." There is too much truth, I say, in the allegation; and the fact is partly discreditable, as it arises from the unwillingness of the wire-pullers, into whose hands the representation under the system of party government has fallen, to allow any one to be elected except a party slave. Partly it is not discreditable, but the inevitable concomitant of a state of society in which the best men are all busy men, and men who would not consent to leave important and lucrative occupations in order to take up their residence during a great part of the year at Washington, and debate questions which in ordinary times are neither very stirring nor very momentous. The remark holds good, to at least as great an extent, of our Colonies, their monarchical form of government notwithstanding. But if the representatives of great

interests and of great moral forces in the United States do not personally sit in Congress, their collective influence on public life and on the course of government is becoming every day greater and more visible. The chiefs of commerce especially interpose with manifest effect whenever the interests which they represent are in peril. At their instance, and in reliance on their support, General Grant made that memorable use of his veto for the financial salvation of the State, which is about the brightest spot in the somewhat sombre record of his political career. It appears that on the present occasion their representations have been most effective in putting down the violence of the extreme party politicians, and enforcing general acquiescence in a peaceful and legal settlement. Perhaps in the absence of what is called a leisure class, a reputed blessing which can be enjoyed only at the expense of an immense amount of evil in the shape of abject idleness, luxury, and the demoralization which luxury brings in its train, we can hardly aspire to more than an honest and tolerably capable set of administrators, acting under the control of the great interests and the sound opinion of the country. Political administration, or legislation about current affairs, is after all not the highest work of man, nor the supreme source of happiness and progress in a nation; and if a really great question presents itself, it is virtually solved now-a-days by public discussion outside the walls of the legislature, which does little more than register the verdict of public opinion by its vote. From this cause the importance of all parliaments is waning, and the debates of all of them are falling dull. Assuredly during the Civil War the best men in the United States, if they did not go to Congress, were far from keeping aloof from public life; they did their duty to their country as citizens with the utmost ardour and devotion. A certain number of rich Americans no doubt were even in those times to be found in the pleasure cities of Europe, repeating in the pleased ear of Imperialism or aristocracy the old com-

plaint that under a democracy the best men are excluded from politics; but the presence of these censors on the Boulevards or in Pall Mall at the moment when their country was struggling for her very existence might in itself have sufficed to breed a suspicion as to the perfect identity of a large income with civic virtue.

In the sort of moral interregnum consequent on the failure of the ballot to give an undisputed head to the nation, an unusual responsibility has been cast upon the press. It seems to be generally allowed that this responsibility has been well borne, and that even the party journals have on the whole, and considering what party spirit is, shown themselves moderate, reasonable and loyal to the public good. Having drawn upon myself the wrath, always outspoken, of the American press by combating the exaggerations, as they may be now said to have been judicially pronounced, of Mr. Sumner's famous speech on the Alabama question, I shall, perhaps, be the less open to suspicion of partiality in saying that unless I am much mistaken, the level, both intellectual and moral, of American journalism has been visibly rising during the last ten years. It has fully shared that general upward tendency, the reality of which, notwithstanding all the utterances of despondency, I, for one, cannot doubt. Among the sources of its improvement I am inclined to reckon the increased ascendancy of native over foreign writing and management; for though the fact may be unwelcome to Europeans, the imported elements of transatlantic journalism have, as a rule, by no means been the best. All this may be said without denying that there is ground for the complaints which are still heard, and room for the exertions of those who are endeavouring to give young men the means of training themselves more highly for a calling which is of almost fearful importance in any free country, and, above all, in a country so greatly swayed by opinion as the United States.

The approach of a Presidential Election is invariably the signal for the emulous manufacture of every kind of scandal. Genuine materials unfortunately are seldom wanting; but no charge is too fictitious to be taken up by party spirit, and made the subject of an imposing investigation. On the present occasion, Mr. Kerr, a public man in the front rank of his party, and a possible aspirant to its highest prizes, was solemnly accused of having sold himself, his reputation, and his hopes, through a doorkeeper of the House, for the sum of four hundred dollars, paper currency. An impression is thus produced that American corruption is a malady without limit and past cure. American corruption is a malady only too real, and a source to all loyal citizens, and to all who wish well to the Republic, of grief as just as it is profound; but that it is not without limit we have had some proof on this occasion. The Presidential electors are a very numerous body, and they are themselves elected merely as faithful delegates of a party; so that they are probably not above the average of public men in their power of resistance to corruption. By bribing a few, or even as it appeared at one time, by bribing one of them, the election for the Presidency might have been turned. Yet so far we have not heard that anything of the kind has been seriously attempted, or that either party has deemed it possible to secure victory in that way. The fidelity of the whole body to their party engagements appears hitherto to have remained unshaken; and though fidelity to party engagements is not a very high motive, and if it was allowed to conflict with the interest of the country was certainly a wrong motive, it is at all events different from pecuniary corruption. There may be disclosures yet in store, but what we have seen up to this time has tended to confirm me in the belief that the corruption, lamentable as one cannot too often repeat it is, is not diffused through the whole political and social frame—in which case there

would be no hope of a cure—but has special seats, and is amenable to definite remedies. Its special seats I apprehend are a removable civil service, the prize and bribery fund of party; and the railway and private bill legislation. The remedy in the first case is a permanent civil service, which is the aim of all American reformers; the remedy in the second case is less obvious; but it might be found, so far as railways and other works are concerned, in a system of reference from the legislature to a professional board, as disputed elections in England are referred to the judges. The railway mania of 1846 in England produced practices in Parliament which, though better veiled, were, according to general belief, much of the same kind as those which English critics too often assume to be specially characteristic of the United States. Set out a great commercial gambling-table in any community you will, and the result will be nearly the same. Another thing urgently needed by the American Republic, and not by the American Republic alone, is, in place of the cumbrous and precarious process of impeachment, a sharp law against political corruption, and a tribunal clear of party politics for its enforcement. The betrayal of his trust for money by a member of the legislature is a perfectly tangible offence, and one which calls for condign punishment as loudly as any felony in the code. But the sphere of corruption, I repeat, appears to be limited. No great national question, so far as I am aware, has ever been decided, or been supposed to have been decided, by bribery; and that the administration is not a mere mass of rotteness, however rotten certain limbs of it may be, seems to be sufficiently proved by the flourishing state of American finance, and the rapid reduction of the public debt. Turkey is a mere mass of rotteness if you will, and in her case bankruptcy is the result.

There are some American reformers who, especially on the subject of corruption, seem unwilling to be comforted;

who are afraid that you will deaden the public sense of the evil if you speak in any tone but that of despondency and oburgation. But exaggeration may beget despair, and despair can only produce apathy. The lamp of reform must be kindled by hope, though the oil that feeds it may be that of virtuous indignation. If the malady is severe, the restorative forces are still strong. "I shall call the times bad when they make me so," is a deep as well as a noble saying; and there are many Americans in public life and millions out of it who have not that justification for despairing of the times. What is American corruption to English corruption in the last century, or to French corruption under the Second Empire? Yet both England and France live.

This very election ought to inspire reformers with hope, for it has, in great measure, turned upon reform. The gains of the Democratic party in the North were due to a reaction against the vices of the Republican administration. That General Grant has been personally guilty of corruption is a party figment which may be given to the winds: at worst he can be plausibly charged only with a certain want of delicacy and a certain propensity to nepotism; but there can be no doubt that the group of men into whose hands, after a feeble effort to save himself, he had fallen, and the official appointments he had recently made, were such as to convince the people that in that quarter there was no hope of a better system, and that the only chance of improvement lay in a complete change. Reform was throughout the North the telling cry. Reform gave the Democratic nomination to Tilden, the overthrower of the New York Canal Ring. Reform, on the other side, killed Conkling and Blaine, the leading friends of the administration, while it brought Bristow, a man distinguished only by his zeal as a reformer, displayed in his crusade against the whisky frauds, within no great distance of nomination. Whether the Democratic managers, in the event of their coming into power,



will prove to be more sincere reformers than their antagonists, is another question; it was because the people were determined to give them a trial that their party polled so large a vote in the North; and if they disappoint the people there is reasonable ground at least for hoping that the people will oust them in their turn.

I cannot see the slightest reason for apprehending that the nation has changed its mind on the issues of the war, or that it would allow the settlement of any of those issues to be disturbed. Mr. Tilden broke the customary silence of a presidential candidate to abjure any intention of the kind. The electioneering device of "shaking the bloody shirt" proved ineffective, because on that subject everybody felt secure. The heroes and martyrs of the war may rest in peace. Slavery is dead and buried deep under a tomb more immovable than the great marble tomb of Calhoun: the Southerners of my acquaintance even say that the South herself would not restore slavery if she could. The other article of the old Democratic creed, the extreme and anti-national doctrine of State Right, was maintained in the interest of slavery, to which it afforded a protection against Federal legislation; it is not likely now to be revived in its pristine form. Not only has it bitten the dust on the field of battle, but it has become a practical anachronism. Railways running through a number of states, and the extension of commercial interests and connections, would render state isolation impossible at the present day. But there is also a reasonable doctrine of State Right, without respect for which this vast confederation, embracing such a variety of local elements, cannot be held together, and which has been placed in some peril through the ultra-unionist spirit naturally evoked by the struggle against disruption and the prolongation of the quasi-dictatorial powers conferred on the central government by the stern exigencies of the war. A Democratic victory which reaffirms and ratifies anew this reasonable doctrine

of State Right, can only be useful in that respect to the confederation.

Carpet-bag rule and military intervention at the South must of course stand or fall with the party, or rather the group of politicians, by which they have been sustained. But on the showing of the Republican orators and journalists themselves, who declare that white terrorism and outrage still prevail at the South, the system of carpet-bag rule and of military intervention, after a trial of eleven years, has completely failed.

What system will succeed it is difficult, let who will be in power at Washington, to say. Still irrepressible is the negro question. Political equality has been decreed by laws which nobody, so far as I can learn, now wishes to repeal: but the decree can hardly take practical effect without social equality, which again is unattainable without intermarriage; and intermarriage between the whites and the blacks there will never be; there is less chance of a fusion of the races if possible since the abolition of slavery than there was before. The difference of race will exert its power. You cannot always keep a bayonet under the chin of each of the blacks to make him hold up his head politically on a level with that of the white; yet if you do not, his head will be bowed by the sense of natural inferiority; he will become politically a dependant, and the distinction between the dominant and the subject race will return. Still this state of things will not be slavery; it will be far removed from slavery; and perhaps it is the only practicable solution of the desperate problem which the slave trade has forced on the New World. Thought of taking arms again on the part of the South there is absolutely none; and the process of reconciliation is likely to be hastened by the election of a President who has received the Southern vote.

In England, with the defeat of one party and the triumph of the other comes a change in the spirit of legislation on all subjects. But in America, the bulk of the legislation belonging to

the State, a revolution of the political wheel which reverses the position of Federal parties, is much more limited in its effects. This remark is of special force when the struggle has turned not upon any legislative question, but upon administrative reform. So far as it goes, the Democratic reaction will be conservative; that is to say, it will tend to check the advance of the revolutionary spirit which, excited by the overthrow of slavery, has not been content to stop there; but, having cast down the barriers of privilege, seems to be proceeding in some quarters to attempt the removal of the landmarks of nature, especially with regard to the family, and the general relations between the sexes. Rational progress, political or social, is in no peril whatever. By the overthrow of the slave-owning aristocracy, which ruled with the help of the lowest populace of the North, the ascendancy of the true Republican spirit, as well as of the more respectable classes, was restored, and since that time reforms at once conservative in the best sense and genuinely Republican, have begun to make way in some of the states. The principle of the minority clause has been adopted and the independence of the judiciary has been increased by lengthening the judge's tenure. It is not likely that any change in the fortunes of Federal parties will arrest the course of these reforms.

There is just as little danger of any change for the worse in the relations of the Republic with other countries. The Democratic party bears on its records the evil memories of the Mexican War and the Ostend Manifesto. But the policy of aggression was the policy of slavery, stimulated by the fell necessity of strengthening its interests in the Union by the addition of new slave states; with slavery it has died; and a nervous fear of any further extension of territory is now the prevailing sentiment on all sides. St. Domingo has been renounced; Cuba has failed to tempt; Mexico, by frequent border outrages, has courted conquest and annexation, but in vain. A certain love of filibustering and of

bullying other nations, irrespective of any definite policy, which was also native to slavery, has been laid in the same grave. As to the relations of the Republic with England, General Grant deserves the highest credit for having settled the Alabama Question, the more so as the temper and the ambition of a soldier might naturally disincite him to peaceful settlements; but the Democrat Reverdy Johnson had previously negotiated a settlement which the Republican Charles Sumner had overturned. Let who will be in power, Republicans or Democrats, we are safe, not against occasional disagreements, but against any serious collision, if the British aristocracy can be content to abstain from meddling with the affairs of a hemisphere where it has no business to be, and from attempting, out of selfish fear, to disturb the development of institutions, which, whether destined to become universal or not, are the only institutions possible in the New World. If Canada is ever used for the offensive purposes of aristocratic propagandism, she may be in some danger from the superior force of her Republican neighbour; otherwise she is in none. That any conceivable course of political events in the United States, or the ascendancy of any imaginable party, could ever restore, in any form, the political connection of the American Republic with the aristocratic government of Great Britain is, I say it with all deference for the opinion of "an American Republican," a dream; and every true citizen of the New World must devoutly thank Heaven that it is so.

The fiscal policy of the United States, English Free Traders will say, cannot be worse than it is. Perhaps the motives which led to its adoption, and even the proportion between the evil and the good in its general effects, may be more fairly estimated by those who do not regard these questions from a specially English point of view. But at all events it is not likely to be affected in either direction by the change in general politics. There are Protectionists and Free Traders in both



parties; fewer Protectionists in the Democratic party than in the Republican, but enough probably to prevent the question from being made a party issue. Slavery did not manufacture, and therefore slavery was for Free Trade; but slavery is gone; manufactures are beginning to spring up in the South; and the mass of the people in the North seem to feel little interest in the matter. In the journals, at least, it occupies a very subordinate place. The flourishing state of the public finances naturally disposes the country to remain content with the existing system. A Democratic victory, however, so far as it would affect the question at all, would be favourable to Free Trade. But America will soon supply her own market, whichever doctrine may prevail.

On the other hand, this contest has not been without its significance in the way of warning. Those who have learned to regard the elective presidency as a very questionable institution will certainly not have been relieved of their misgivings by the peril into which it has once more brought the State. It would be practically instructive as well as historically interesting to trace the special influences under which the American constitution was formed, and from the operation of which it could no more be exempt than any other offspring of time and circumstance, however able and wise its framers may have been. Evidently one of those influences was habitual respect for the British constitution, of which the American constitution, with its House of Representatives, its Senate, and its President, is a reproduction, accommodated to the requirements of federation, and less the hereditary principle. The president is an elective king, not like the British monarch, a king who only reigns, but a king who governs with great personal power and a patronage always large, and under present circumstances immense. The election of a king every four years is a severe strain even for the soundest polity and the strongest national character. It stimulates to the utmost

the self-seeking and turbulent ambition which is the bane and the constant peril of republics. It stirs up from their lowest depths all evil passions, and calls all bad arts and influence into preternatural activity. It brings formidable questions to a dangerous head, and causes them to assume a violent and convulsive form when they might otherwise never come to a head at all, but drag on till they were exhausted, or terminate in a peaceful solution. It did this in the case of slavery, and was thus the immediate cause of the civil war. It has done the same in the case of the questions still open between the North and the South, and has again brought on a crisis which has filled the nation with alarm, given a check to commerce, and might have led to the most serious results. The notion that a king, whether hereditary or elective, is indispensable to the constitution of a state, though deeply rooted, is erroneous, as the example of Switzerland suffices to prove. An executive council elected by the legislature, and a president elected by the council, merely as its chairman and as the formal head of the State, would probably meet all real requirements; care being taken to institute such a system of rotation in elections as to keep the executive council in harmony with the legislature, and both with the nation. The evils and dangers of presidential elections would thus be avoided, and it does not appear, either from the reason of the case, or from the experience of Switzerland, that any countervailing evils and dangers would be called into existence. No doubt the Americans are wedded to the existing institution: every young citizen is trained to regard himself as a possible president of the Republic. But strong prepossessions sometimes give way to the teachings of experience, though they may resist the attacks of criticism; and no people are less patient of criticism or more quick in profiting by the teachings of experience than the people of the United States.

Part of the evils attendant on an



elective presidency, the framers of the constitution may be supposed to have foreseen, and to that extent we may acknowledge their sagacity. But their antidote, the institution of presidential electors, has proved a total failure, the electors having been turned into mere postal cards of party. The idea of their doing their plain duty to the constitution and the country in the present emergency, by electing freely and giving the Republic an undisputed head, has actually been scouted as the suggestion of dishonour. The only effect of the existing arrangement is occasionally to discredit the election by giving the office to a candidate who, not having the popular majority, is not the choice of the people. Some alteration, therefore, there must be, and it is to be hoped that not only the amendment of this particular flaw in the machinery, but the whole question, will in time be submitted to the judgment of the people.

Clearly, whatever else the framers of the constitution may have anticipated and tried to provide against, their forecast did not extend to the action of organised party. And this brings us to the last and most important point suggested by these events. Party, which has hitherto been the basis of government in the United States, is apparently breaking up. And the cause is obvious. To furnish a rational and moral ground for the existence of an organised party, there must be a difference of opinion on some fundamental question, or some question of principle which is of sufficient importance to justify a citizen in surrendering his mind on all other questions to the guidance of party-leaders, and in endeavouring, as a voter, to exclude those who do not agree with him, however well qualified in other respects, from the legislature and the public service. This is implied by Burke in his account of party, and by all who have attempted a justification of the system. Without a difference of opinion on a fundamental question, party becomes faction, and party allegiance becomes alike irrational

and immoral. In Canada, for example, where the last organic question was long ago settled by the secularisation of the clergy reserves and the dissolution of the connection between Church and State, the parties are mere factions, whose struggle for power and place is ruining the political character of the people and imperilling the general interests of the country. In the United States there has, up to this time, been a difference of opinion on a question fundamental enough not only to form a basis for party, but to justify and almost necessitate a civil war. Down to 1861 slavery, as an organised party, governed the country under the forms of the constitution. Since 1861 anti-slavery has governed the country in the same way. But with slavery and anti-slavery the foundation which they supplied for party and for party government is gone; and no other rational foundation can be assigned. Free Trade and Protection will not do. It would be impossible to disentangle the Free Trade and Protectionist elements from each of the existing parties where they lie mingled together, and to effect a complete reconstruction on such a basis. The same may be said as to the question of the currency; besides which it would be absurd to think of dividing the nation permanently into two hostile camps and stirring up party spirit between them on a question which though important, can hardly be called organic, and which moreover must soon be settled one way or the other. As to administrative reform, it is the party of all good and sensible people; nobody, it is to be presumed, would propose to organise a party of corruption. Under these circumstances, party allegiance naturally becomes loosened; the party organisations are beginning to break up, and the best political elements of the nation are assuming an independent position. It is true that at the Cincinnati Convocation of 1872 the intrigues of the wire-pullers prevailed, and the attempt to nominate an independent candidate, in the interests of reform and of the country, terminated in the ill-starred party candidature of Horace

Greeley; but great revolutions in national modes of thinking and acting are not to be effected by a single stroke, and the force displayed at Cincinnati was sufficient, both numerically and morally, to show that a new political spirit had come into existence, and that a great change was at hand. The same spirit set aside the party managers as candidates for the presidency in the Republican Convention of 1876; and it has now defeated Logan in Illinois, and Boutwell in Massachusetts. In Illinois we are told expressly that the "Independents" held the balance and turned the scale. Tilden must have received the votes of a large number of "Independents," who had seceded from the Republican party on the question of administrative reform. The most widely circulated of all the journals, and the one which most successfully studies popular sentiment, is now outside the party lines, and acknowledges no allegiance to anything but the public good. It is probable that the life of party and of party government will not in any country last for ever; opinion everywhere is rejecting shibboleths, and refusing to be coerced for party objects and confined within party lines; so that unless the course of events should take an unexpected turn, there will soon be no firm basis left for a party, but some mass of class interest, such as a dominant plutocracy, the ascendancy of which would be an unmixed evil. But in the United States a crisis has apparently arrived, which will compel the people, on pain of seeing the state become the prey of mere gangs of political adventurers scram-

bling for power and pelf, like the political adventurers of Spain and Mexico, to discard party and look out for some other foundation for a stable and honest government. The task may be a hard one, when the party system has prevailed so long that even the most open-minded and enlightened journalists seem wholly unable to conceive the existence of any other. But the destiny which calls to the task is not unkind; for a party, at the best, is little better than a faction; it generally ends by becoming a faction; it necessarily appeals to feelings which in the most virtuous of men are not identical with devotion to the public good; it always divides those who ought to be united, and it too often unites those who for the interest of the community had much better be divided. There is little use in talking of administrative reform while party reigns, for party must purchase support by patronage, and the purchase of support by patronage almost inevitably glides into corruption.

More serious questions than even that of party government are now stirred, problems more formidable than even the most fundamental problems of politics now suggest themselves whenever a nation, or humanity, is deeply moved and subjected to a severe trial; we see by many signs that the foundations of morality itself, public as well as private, are unsettled, and will have to be settled anew. But these are not subjects to be discussed here, and the difficulties and dangers arising from the moral crisis belong not to the United States, but to universal Christendom.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

## FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

IN spite of all that has been written and said—not without truth—about the errors of public taste, it may be safely affirmed that when a book reaches its twenty-ninth edition it possesses considerable merit of some kind. It may be useful, instructive, clever, or simply amusing, but one of these things it must be, for even the work of the best known writer will not go beyond a certain limit of success without something more substantial than a name to recommend it. With the exception perhaps of usefulness, M. Daudet's novel possesses all the virtues we have enumerated,—we say perhaps, in deference to the opinion of those who hold that truth of any kind is always useful. Indeed a glance at the cover of the book reminds us that it has been *couronné par l'Académie Française*, and the title to such "crowning" is precisely the fact of being "*un ouvrage utile aux mœurs*." Personally, we confess our inability to discover the usefulness of these pictures of bourgeois vice so unsparingly exposed, but the French Academy and the French public ought to know best, and these two great authorities have proclaimed in their several ways the morality of M. Alphonse Daudet's work.

It must be said that novels are judged in France, as regards their moral tendency, by singularly indulgent rules. They may be summed up thus :—The author has not held up vice to our admiration, or rendered virtue ridiculous and disagreeable; his bad people are not successful in the long run, or, if they are, they do not succeed, thanks to their badness; *ergo*, his book is worthy of being crowned. Judged by this lenient code, M. Daudet is undoubtedly entitled to a triumphant acquittal. He has

certainly not rendered vice attractive. In his pages it has neither wit, grace, elegance, nor even gaiety, and Sidonie, his entirely bad heroine, the embodiment of unmitigated selfish vice, without one redeeming point or even an amiable weakness, leads a life which seems to us only by a few shades less dull than that of her virtuous, long-suffering rival. The poetry of vice—if we may be excused so immoral an expression—is entirely absent. M. Daudet has painted good and bad bourgeois of both sexes, but the same prosaic atmosphere envelopes them all, and in this perhaps consists the perverting tendency of this well-meaning book. There can be no doubt that after reading it, the land of Bohemianism, with its surprises and its excitement, the varied land into which outcasts from the dull paradise of bourgeois respectability must wander forth, acquires a false prestige of romance when contrasted with the monotonous circle in which good Madame Fromont and bad Madame Risler suffer and sin.

When we have added that M. Daudet, in spite of his subject, has carefully avoided all those glowing descriptions and perilous scenes in which French novelists love to indulge, and that his book may lie on the drawing-room table, we shall have disposed of one part of our subject, which we are well aware, however, is not the one which chiefly interests English readers. The main attraction for them lies in the second title of the book, "*Mœurs Parisiennes*." Are these really Parisian manners? is the natural question of a foreigner. If the picture is not a likeness, it is worthless. We can safely affirm that it is not only a likeness, but a life-like photograph of one ugly aspect of French society—unflattering no doubt, as photographs mostly are, but cruelly real. And

<sup>1</sup> *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné: Mœurs Parisiennes*, by Alphonse Daudet.



having said so much it is, we think, unnecessary to dwell on the story. Those whom our remarks would interest should turn to the volume itself, if they have not read it already. No one who has read it is likely to have forgotten it, and we would not spoil the pleasure of others.

A few words will suffice. M. Daudet's heroine is an irredeemably bad woman, selfish, ignorant, and totally unscrupulous. As a poor, vain, working-girl, she is devoured with envy and all the vulgar longings of her kind. Her beauty and her cunning raise her to the bourgeois class, and she becomes the wife of an honourable man, the respected partner in a large house of business. But "*la petite Chère*," in becoming "Madame Risler," has not changed her nature, and her "little venal soul" (*sa petite âme vénale*), as M. Daudet has it, remains unaltered. She passes through respectability unpurified and unelevated, scatters shame and misery around her, and at last drives her husband to suicide. Finally, having lost all she has toiled and plotted for, husband, station, wealth, good name, we leave her, still beautiful and always callous, sinking gaily into depths even below her starting point, and taking to a life of glitter and tawdry vice as to her native element. We found her in a garret, and take our leave of her on the stage of a *café-concert*—the right woman in the right place.

It is a story full of dramatic, and, in parts, even of tragic interest, with numerous and varied personages; and yet so flowingly told that, but for its length, one might suppose it to have been written off at a single sitting. There is none of that laboured building up of incidents, that toilsome tangling and then unravelling of the story which is perceptible in most novels. The shortest tale could not be more easily told. Thanks to this work, M. Alphonse Daudet became suddenly famous. He had been before the public more than a dozen years, and was known as the author of many short tales and clever sketches, that were both graceful and life-like, but

which scarcely gave promise of a novelist of the first order, such as he has proved himself to be. Had he possessed far less literary merit, the reality of his pictures would have entitled him to a foremost place; but he is something more than truthful, he is æsthetically truthful. He belongs to a realistic school, it is true, and the hackneyed comparison of the photographer came naturally under our pen; but his personages, photographed though they may be, are grouped with the skill of a true artist.

A novel which depicts truthfully any of the aspects of French social life should be highly prized, for it is a rare phenomenon. The French novelist may have, and often has, wit, fancy, and power; his dialogues may be brilliant, his incidents skilfully combined, his scenes of passion eloquent and thrilling, but, as a rule, his portraiture of manners and society is utterly valueless. The characters and the homes he paints belong to the domain of fancy, and might well be the inventions of some foreigner who had never visited France. English readers are often scandalized, and with reason, at the strange doings attributed in French novels to English "milords" and "charming misses," but they would, perhaps, be somewhat appeased if they could be aware that the French personages of the book are only a trifle less exaggerated and improbable. We appeal to that numerous class in England whose experience is limited to the novels published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which may be supposed to be among the best: who has not remarked that one of the stock characters among heroines is a lovely and imperious heiress, who lives alone in a château with one or two faithful domestics, and gallops about the country day and night in the wildest manner, on the most unmanageable of steeds? Even if there is an elderly relative in the background, the young and wilful Amazon is never thwarted. Now this kind of liberty is simply impossible in France. Again, there is another favourite female personage, the impassioned heroine who, regardless of social

censure, indulges in the most daring and compromising freaks on the slightest provocation—certainly a most exceptional type in a country where even vice usually respects appearances, and where social and family ties are valued so highly that passion hardly ever relinquishes them voluntarily.

As to the heroes, it may be remarked that their chief characteristic is generally prodigality pushed to a fearful extent, and this, again, is decidedly not a distinguishing trait of the national character. Indeed one might say, generally speaking, that French society is depicted by its novelists, as the children's game has it, "by the rules of contrary." As a last instance, we may point to the immense amount of travel that the French novelist imposes on his heroes whenever their loves or their fortunes take an unfavourable turn. Who does not know the stereotyped phrase: "*Un beau jour le Vicomte*" (or shall it be *le Marquis*?) "*disparut de Paris, et personne ne put dire ce qu'il était devenu. La société Parisienne s'émut pendant quelques jours de cette disparition, puis elle l'oublia. . . .*" When the Vicomte comes back to astonish oblivious society he has invariably visited Japan, Cochin China, and Central Africa, to say the least. Now, do we not know that a French traveller is a rare being, and that in real life when the Vicomte or the Marquis has failed in the romance of life he generally, in the bitterness of his despair, gives a sullen consent to his own union with the eligible young lady his family have provided for him—marriage being the mitigated form of suicide usually adopted by young *viveurs* when reduced to desperation?

It may be said that French novelists, by choosing their chief actors among possessors of long pedigrees and large rent-rolls, have wilfully rendered accuracy impossible, as they neither belong nor are admitted to the blessed regions where these things are to be found. A Frenchman of high birth and large fortune does not write novels himself, and there are usually very good reasons why he should not associate with those who do.

He is well educated, and has even been made to study hard enough, perhaps, up to the age of twenty or thereabouts—probably to pass his examination for the military school of St. Cyr; but, this point gained, with a few splendid exceptions, the intellectual effort is relaxed for life. Even the exceptions belong to politics or science, and light literature finds few or no recruits among the higher class. The scenes of aristocratic life to be found in French novels are necessarily mere fancy pictures painted by outsiders gifted with strong imaginative powers. At the other end of the social scale we have the ideal working man of socialist writers, who, if possible, is still less life-like and upon whom it is needless to dwell. Sufficient to say that he is as unreal as he is tiresome, and that is saying a great deal.

Nor is family life in the middle class more truthfully described. When a novelist condescends to represent it, the result is almost always a hideous caricature. All the unlovely and prosaic features of bourgeois life, which are evident enough, are made so prominent that they cast into shade the pleasanter lines. For the literary artist, the bourgeois is a Philistine whose function in a novel can only be to serve as a foil for the brilliant personages of that fantastic world where perfidious Russian princesses, with unbridled caprice, green eyes and boundless wealth, artists of transcendent genius, and the blue-blooded patricians, male and female, of whom we have spoken, disport themselves. Even such a man as M. Taine, writing some years ago in one of his lightest moods under the name of Thomas Graindorge,<sup>1</sup> described, we remember, a bourgeois ball in these words:—

"Dans ce monde-là les femmes ne sont pas des femmes; elles n'ont pas des mains, mais des pattes; un air grognon, vulgaire, une demi-toilette, des rubans qui jurent. On ne sait pas pourquoi, mais on a les yeux choqués et comme salis. Les gestes sont anguleux, la grâce manque. On sent des machines de travail, rien de plus."

<sup>1</sup> *Notes sur Paris. Vie et Opinions de M. Frédéric-Thomas Graindorge*, Paris, 1867.



These are cruel words, and there has not been much change in the tone of the French novelist since they were written. He is not only generally a snob, he is, above all, a "liberated" bourgeois—to borrow Heine's expression—who hates with the hate of a renegade the class from which he has escaped, while he shares unconsciously many of its mean and envious admirations.

To estimate pretty accurately how far novels in any country are likely to represent faithfully its manners, one need only consider who are the people who write, and who are those that read them. In England any one casting his eye round a room filled with tolerably educated people, might boldly affirm that nine-tenths of them were, if not, properly speaking, novel-readers, at any rate readers of novels, and he would scarcely be safe in asserting, whatever might be the appearances, that no novel-writer was present. Novels in England are written by people of all kinds. Old maids, and even young maids, widows of every variety, briefless young barristers and well-to-do elderly squires, idle attachés and overworked statesmen, all may, and many do, write novels. English society, as it is to be found in works of fiction, has been viewed and painted from all sides, and although the writer is often incompetent to describe well what he or she has seen, and, moreover, not unfrequently attempts to describe what he or she has not seen, still, on the whole, any foreigner going through a well-ordered course of English novel-reading would have a very fair idea of English society. The real drawback to this universal vocation, where, after all—here as elsewhere—few are really chosen is the production of an immense amount of writing which is not literary. But this remark does not apply only to novelists, and has nothing to do with our present subject.

In France the case is altogether different. There are whole classes of the community which furnish no readers to the novelist. No well-educated girl, whether noble or bourgeois, is ever

allowed to read novels; no man who aspires to the title of "*homme sérieux*" ever admits that he allows himself to read them. M. Guizot, it is true,—and if ever a man was "serious" he was—used to confess that, to rest his mind, he often indulged in a novel, but then he took care to add that the novels he read were English. It is much to be regretted that French girls do not read the few novels which might safely be put into their hands, for the unfailing operation of the law of supply and demand would in that case stimulate the production of works of a purer and healthier tone to suit this new class of customers. Even as it is, French writers should be encouraged to greater discretion by the immense sale of certain works—like Mrs. Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur*, for example—which must evidently be attributed in great measure to the difficulty of finding books which can interest without corrupting the young. The chief consumers of novels are, in fact, shop-girls and ladies' maids, who devour them; then, alas! young married women, whose first use of their newly-acquired liberty is to seize on the forbidden fruit of their girlhood, novels and the minor theatres; idle men who smoke over the small daily dose of fiction in the newspapers without paying much attention to what they read; and, lastly, the large class of provincial human mollusks whose only literary food is the feuilleton of their journal. These latter often cut off the feuilletons day by day and pin them together, and when the story is completed exchange them with their neighbours for another equally defaced and crumpled collection of strips detached from some other newspaper; for the bourgeois is thrifty and does not buy books. Few people, indeed, buy novels in France, except a cheap volume now and then for a railway journey, and the only customers publishers can reckon on, in ordinary cases, are the circulating libraries. The volumes which come from these pass from the grisette to the great lady, but are never allowed to lie on the



table of a well-ordered drawing-room. She who reads them hides them in her bedroom, or secretes them under the sofa cushion if a visitor is announced. There is a guilty joy in the indulgence, and the volume, moreover, is generally soiled and unseemly in more than a figurative sense.

A public such as we have described is not likely to be fastidious, or to keep its suppliers of fiction in order. Plays constantly form the subject of conversation in a Parisian *salon*, and are minutely criticised, but novels are rarely discussed. The personages of French fiction never seem to enter into the circle of real acquaintance, and their sayings do not become household words. How should they? They are almost always the product of the author's invention, not of his observation—mere book-monsters who can claim kindred with none of us.

Nor is the difference less great between novelists on either side of the Channel than between their readers. We have said that in France novelists almost invariably belong to the bourgeoisie, and very often to the lowest ranks of it, whereas in England they are to be found in all classes of society; but this is not all, nor the worst. In England, when a writer makes his first attempt in fiction, he commonly has either independent means, or some other bread-winning occupation; he feels his way, and only gives himself up to the regular production of novels when he is pretty well assured of a certain amount of success. Or, maybe, he divides his time between literature and some humdrum remunerative calling which keeps him in communication with the everyday working world he has to paint. The young French writer, on the contrary, takes a leap in the dark into the arms of the Muses—who may, or may not, let him fall to the ground—and generally forswears all other means of livelihood but his pen. He is an author by profession, enrolled in a literary corps, puts on bravely his "paper uniform turned up with ink," and thenceforward keeps aloof with con-

tempt from the uncongenial unlettered crowd, which in its turn regards him with suspicion.

His education has probably been compassed at the price of great sacrifices on the part of his family. After going through the classes of a provincial *lycée*, he has been sent to Paris on a small allowance to prosecute his studies at the schools of law or medicine. Paris life, and liberty especially, are attractive at twenty, even under difficulties; and the pleasures of youth are not necessarily expensive. He goes to the play cheaply, and often gratuitously; haunts *cafés* with his friends, where they talk a great deal and spend very little; and their conversation is of politics, literature, art, and pleasure. To speak of his intellectual enjoyments only, he leads a life which, with all its poor surroundings and even privations, is removed far above the narrow penurious home of which his holidays have left him the remembrance. He has very little money, it is true, but that little he may squander as he likes; and he has his small prodigalities. No wonder he dreads the return to his expectant family, for he knows exactly what awaits him at home—*là-bas*, as he calls it. *Là-bas*, during all these years, while he has been acquiring other tastes and habits, his future has been carefully mapped out for him, for French parents do not willingly leave to chance the happiness of their children. He knows beforehand not only where he is to live, and what he is to do, but also the woman he is expected to marry. It may be the daughter of the notary, to whose office he hopes to succeed; or the unmeaning cousin with the small contiguous property. In any case he is not expected to have either initiative or hesitation. He can foresee what his life is to be till he becomes—horrid thought!—just what his father, his *bonhomme de père*, is! It may be happiness that is in store for him, but it is not the sort of happiness that allures a heart full of hopeful fancies, and a mind stirred, perhaps, with the consciousness of talent. So after many delays

he informs his family that he has no vocation for a provincial life, and that he wishes to seek employment in Paris. This soon calls forth a threat to cut off the supplies, followed by a quick retort from the rebel that he will support himself by his pen.

Then begins the literary life. The material difficulties may be easily imagined; and our business is only with the future novelist, and his chances of learning his business. These are very small. France does not possess innumerable magazines and reviews of all degrees, with their short and varied articles; and the French beginner cannot, like his English brother, try his hand on unpretending and anonymous "padding." The habit of signing contributions closes the columns of papers of the higher class against unknown contributors, however talented; so our *débutant* enrolls himself on the staff of some obscure journal, and, if his line is fiction, undertakes to furnish a romance for the feuilleton. The pay is small, therefore the necessities of life require that it should be frequent, and the writer, however conscientious he might wish to be, cannot spend much care or time on his work. Moreover, the feuilleton is doled out to the public in small daily fragments, and the reader's interest must be kept alive by a succession of startling incidents. These two conditions under which he labours would be quite sufficient to spoil any young writer's hand; but there is more besides. In the great city he has neither family nor connections; no respectable and cheerful homes are open to him; no cultivated and refined female society is accessible to him; and if it were, he could not afford to frequent it. Of the women he does see we had better say nothing; his male associates are almost exclusively his fellow-workers in the field of literature or art. Their chief relaxation is to "exchange ideas;" in other words, to talk over their own or their friends' work—past, present, or future. This constant intercourse with competitors in the race for public favour engenders an insane desire for novelty

and originality at any price, than which nothing can be more dangerous for a novelist. When a writer is bent on depicting what no one else has ever painted, he runs a great risk of depicting what no one has ever seen.

Such are the early influences which shut out the French novelist from the knowledge of home life and the normal aspects of the society which surrounds him. The "interloping" world—to borrow a French phrase—in which he seeks his recreation, he can portray truthfully enough. Later on, when fame, and maybe money too, have been attained, nothing would prevent his becoming a *bon bourgeois* himself, and perhaps he would like it; but by that time life has got into its grooves, and his literary habits—to speak only of those—are formed. Success, however, is the exception. Light literature, which begins in Bohemia, too often ends there. M. Alphonse Daudet, in a novel entitled *Jack*, which followed *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, has described with painful accuracy a group of literary failures—*les Ratés*, as he calls them. Those that miss fire or flash in the pan—to translate literally the pithy French word—are a numerous and not always a harmless class in France, as her revolutions have abundantly shown. The admirably-sketched character of the actor Delobelle in the novel now before us is an excellent specimen of M. Daudet's talent for painting "failures."

But, it may be said, how are we to reconcile this sort of antagonism between society and the literary class in France, with the fact that some of her most eminent statesmen and politicians have been literary men, and more especially journalists in their day? The answer is simple. They may have been political journalists, but they were not novelists, dramatists, or poets. Revolution, of course, takes men where it pleases, and may bring a Rochefort to the front; but, as a rule, the men of letters who in France have risen from obscurity to the foremost ranks, are men who began life by devoting themselves either to public instruction, or to private tutor-

ship, and by these occupations kept themselves in contact with the varied every-day world, from which the high priests of pure literature affect to keep aloof. The professor easily slides into the journalist, or a tutor in an influential family is often converted into a private secretary, and so an entrance into political life is effected. Patronage lies at the root of more successes than is supposed in democratic France. The recently published correspondence of M. Doudan,<sup>1</sup> for example, shows the standing and social influence which purely literary merit of a certain order could obtain for a man whose origin was so obscure that it seems not to have been known even to the illustrious personages who listened to him with such deference. M. Doudan played no political part, because his bad health and still more his essentially dilettante turn of mind, made him dread the drudgery of office, but it is evident that his own will was the only obstacle to his preferment. But then M. Doudan belonged to the circle of the Duc de Broglie, in whose family he was at first a tutor.

French novelists, we have shown, are both unable and unwilling to paint society truthfully; as regards bourgeois life, it should in fairness be added that its features are, in general, neither attractive nor romantic. Before going further, we must remind the reader that bourgeois and bourgeoisie are comprehensive terms which serve to designate persons of very different social standing. Strictly speaking, the bourgeoisie includes every one who is neither noble, priest, nor peasant, and who does not work for wage or hire. M. Guizot was a bourgeois, and so is M. Thiers, and so likewise is the small tradesman who keeps his own shop. But just as we recognize an upper and a lower middle class in England, so the French, in less awkward phraseology, distinguish between a *haute*, and a *petite bourgeoisie*. The *haute bourgeoisie* has as much culture and wealth as the aristocracy, and

differs from it chiefly in having more self-assertion and less religion. There was a time, no doubt, when the title of bourgeois was a coveted appellation, but in the present day those only are proud of it who can just attain it on tiptoe. The *petit bourgeois* even, prefers to style himself *rentier* or *propriétaire*, as the case may be. Used as an adjective, the word bourgeois is not taken in good part; *air bourgeois* is synonymous with vulgarity, just as *luxe bourgeois* means show without taste. There are, however, two characteristic exceptions to this rule: *vin bourgeois* means unadulterated wine, and an *ordinaire bourgeois* conveys the idea of simple but excellent fare. Words in this case are the true representatives of things.

Even the smallest of bourgeois eats and drinks well, but these are poor materials for romance. In all countries, people who from their youth upwards have had to think a great deal about getting money and have enjoyed little leisure, are, as a rule, neither romantic, nor poetical, but with the French *petit bourgeois* there is this aggravating peculiarity: that while he spends all the first part of his life in getting money, he generally devotes all the latter part to saving it up for his children, and that having had no leisure in his youth, he gives himself up afterwards to unmitigated idleness. He has "retired;" he is henceforward a *rentier*, one of those petty fund-holders of whose numbers France is so proud. No man possesses to the same degree the art of doing nothing, without being absolutely asleep. He invents no self-imposed tasks, none of those pleasurable toils, or toilsome pleasures, which with an Englishman give value to leisure. He does not require them, and takes his leisure undiluted. The worked worsted slippers which, in the country, he loves to wear during the whole forenoon, speak volumes. The torturing shoe of the Chinese lady is not a surer impediment to activity than those easy slippers of his. What can a man do who has embroidered slippers on, but stand on his door-step and talk to his neighbours

<sup>1</sup> X. Doudan, *Mélanges et Lettres*, Paris, 1876.



next door, or to the passers-by on the muddy road where he cannot venture?

This uninteresting being is not without his good qualities. He is no snob. He toadies no man, asks nothing of any body, is honest in his dealings, has a holy horror of debt, honours his father and his mother—especially his mother, like all Frenchmen—and what is more, maintains them ungrudgingly, if necessary, out of his hardly-earned little income. He admits the equal claims of his wife's parents to his deference and support, and, in a word, shirks no family duty. Inclined as he is to self-indulgence, he, nevertheless, perseveringly curtails his own enjoyments in order to leave his children as well, or better off, than himself. He is easy-tempered too, though you would hardly think so if you heard him holding forth after dinner against nobles and priests. It is only talk, for in his heart he is far more afraid of the Reds, when, by his silly votes, he has made their advent to power appear probable. He has not the same excuse as the peasant, and does not in reality believe that any political revolution would restore to the nobility or the priesthood their lost privileges; nor is he moved by the feeling of envy which actuates the *haute bourgeoisie*, for he is too far removed from the aristocrats he denounces to think either of outshining them, or of purchasing their alliance with the *dot* of his daughter. He is merely following unconsciously the revolutionary tradition. Nobles and priests were confounded in one common execration, and he goes on hating where his fathers hated before him, because—paradoxical as it may appear—he is, unknown to himself, intensely conservative, and has not sufficient originality to have an opinion of his own. Generally speaking, it is as natural to him to be irreligious as for the *grande dame* to be the reverse. It is his birthright, and nobody expects any thing else of him. Even the *curé*, if he is a *bon diable*, as our bourgeois—irreverent even in his praise—loves to call him, will merely shake his head in good-humoured hopelessness when some profane joke is

uttered, as much as to say: "It is very sad, but of course a *petit bourgeois* must be a Voltairian and a free thinker." Even his wife, if she happens to be more devout,—which is not very likely—will take the thing quietly, being accustomed in her class to see unbelief considered as an attribute of the other sex. "What would you have? Men will be men," she says.

Most Frenchwomen have a strong sense of duty, for which they scarcely get, we think, due credit among other nations, their lighter qualities being generally supposed to be incompatible with it. To no woman is it more necessary, for, in spite of great independence and even social power, their lot is generally a trying one. Marriage is the turning point of woman's life, and in France, except in the strictly prolétaire class, all marriages are more or less arranged. That these turn out as well as they do is mainly owing, we venture to assert, to the wife's willing and cheerful acceptance of her duty. Englishmen are apt to exalt the domestic virtues of their countrywomen at the expense of all other nations, and we sometimes wonder whether Englishwomen, while receiving their due meed of praise, ever take into account the far greater difficulties under which other women—their French sisters, for example—practise those same virtues. Do they realize the fact that in the life of nearly every well-conducted Frenchwoman there has been no romance, no novel-acting, no love-making at all, at no time? Mr. John Smith is not, perhaps, a romantic being, and after a while his wife has probably found it out, but, rightly or wrongly, he was a hero of romance once for her, and Mrs. Smith has had her own novel, the remembrance of which makes it more easy for her to forgive poor John his shortcomings.

What is a woman's life without romance? So strong is the natural craving for it than many a young French bride tries to persuade herself, against all evidence, that she has been the choice of her husband and, if he is a consenting party, begins her novel at what an

English girl would consider the end of the last volume. This is sometimes successful, and love springs out of marriage more frequently than people, judging from an English point of view, would think possible. In many cases, however, the void has to be filled up by maternal love exalted into a passion. It takes possession of the empty heart and reigns supreme—the one absorbing passion of a whole life. Among the upper classes religion holds a great place in women's lives, and the constant intervention and observances of the Catholic Church afford not only encouragement and support, but, what is scarcely less necessary, occupation. But the *petite bourgeoisie* does not turn to the Church for comfort, and the lower we descend in the social scale—in large towns especially—the greater we find religious indifference. M. Daudet has exemplified this when he makes little Désirée Delobelle commit suicide as soon as she finds out that work is no longer for her a refuge against despair. She does not give a thought to any other world than the one in which there is no hope left for her. She looks neither above it nor beyond it, to fear punishment or to seek for help.

“Qu'est-ce qui aurait pu donc la soutenir au milieu de ce grand désastre? Dieu? Ce qu'on appelle le Ciel? Elle n'y songea même pas. À Paris, surtout dans les quartiers ouvriers, les maisons sont trop hautes, les rues trop étroites, l'air trop troublé pour qu'on aperçoive le ciel. Il se perd dans la fumée des fabriques et le brouillard qui monte des toits humides; et puis la vie est tellement dure pour la plupart de ces gens-là, que si l'idée d'une Providence se mêlait à leurs misères, ce serait pour lui montrer le poing et la maudire. Voilà pourquoi il y a tant de suicides à Paris. Ce peuple qui ne sait pas prier est prêt à mourir à toute heure.”

Poor little Désirée had tasted—ever so little—of the honey of romance, and she had to die. Fortunately few of her countrywomen take matters so tragically. In general, the girl of the *petite bourgeoisie* marries the most prosperous of her suitors and makes the best of him, whether she can manage to love him or not. She is the partner, if not of her husband's soul, at any rate of his

business, and no inactive partner either. We have sometimes, indeed, been tempted to think that the thrift which distinguishes Frenchwomen of this class is an instinct implanted in their hearts by a beneficent and pitying Providence to furnish some poor nutriment for the imaginative faculty which otherwise would perish by atrophy. Everything which gives the future predominance over the present offers in its way food for imagination, and though gaining and saving may not be romantic in themselves, they contain some of the true elements of romance—trust in the unknown and forgetfulness of the real in the contemplation of the unreal. The visions that “rise from a cheeseparer” are not lofty, but they are visions nevertheless, and, in so much, partake of the nature of poetry. A dull sort of poetry if you will. Still these visions give strength to the young and pretty mother to relinquish finery and pleasure and submit to daily labour and privations to put by the *dot* of her little daughter, in order that she may in her turn marry and save. Economy and frugality are not elevating influences, but, on the whole, it is perhaps more ennobling to save for others than to spend recklessly on one's self. So it may be that thrift has other uses than that of repairing the losses caused by the Franco-German war. As soon as we saw that M. Daudet had made Sidonie unthrifty and childless we knew that he had doomed her to perdition.

As we write we are reminded of one particularly bright little bourgeoisie, whose life we followed from afar during many years. When we first knew her, more than twenty years ago, she was a young and blooming bride, who took possession of the seat reserved for her at the till in her husband's shop as proudly as if it had been a throne. It was a large grocery shop in the Rue St. Denis, and the business was flourishing. Madame M——'s throne was fenced off from the shop on three sides by a brass-wire netting, leaving only an opening in front which served as a frame for her bright and ever-pleasant countenance.



she sat day after day, with the leather-bound books and ledgers before her, always busy and never idle; with a gracious smile for every customer, and a vigilant eye for all the children. In the summer, when the weather was hot and stifling; in winter, when the ever-opening door admitted cold draughts of wind, there she sat. One would like to think that in the evening there was some relaxation, but as every account that was brought by that house, was in her hands, we fear there was often evening-work as well. After a time, a little girl took her seat beside her within the arched doorway of brass-wire netting, and played with her doll, or did some little childish needlework under the mother's eye. The doll soon made way for slates and copybooks; but the little child was there, and kept her mother's company. In time, she took her place now and then at the heavy counter by way of initiation into the duties of the shop, while her mother worked by the needle. Years went by, and Madame was still there; her eye was as bright as it, perhaps more vigilant than when she first put it was less bright; her smile was as gracious and as unfailing, but it was less varied and more conventional; and, indeed, her youth was gone, utterly and forever away behind that commercial doorway of brass-wire. The other day, when we went into the shop, we noticed that there was a new master. But the new master was not new; the child, the little woman whose whole life had been spent there, now reigned in her mother's stead. The shop, her *dot*, her dowry, had been handed over together with the same purchaser. "Her father had retired," she said. "We now live in the country now," she said, but not without a touch of pride. Any one wishes to know what the life of the retired Parisian tradesman should "view"—as the house-surveyor says—the small country houses of one or two acres of land which are sold, at prices varying from 800*l.* to 1,500*l.*, in the vicinity of Paris. They constantly changing hands, as each

successive owner finds out that he is not fitted for country life. It has been the dream of his—and especially his wife's—life to have a country house some day. When they used to go into the country for their Sunday holiday, the little houses with their green window blinds seemed so cool and pleasant when compared to the hot, dusty road over which they trudged. There can be no greater difference of position than that which exists between one man who stands on the high road, on a broiling summer's day, and looks at a house with pretty flowers and green trees, and another who looks at the hot high road out of the windows of that same house. And then to think that while they were toiling wearily back to the railway station and baked-up Paris, the happy owners of that house were dining with their windows open, and sipping their coffee on those green benches outside the door! No wonder they register a vow to have such another paradise of their own some day! and, unfortunately for them, they keep their vow.

The house, viewed dispassionately, is hideous—a square box with white plastered walls, and a complete absence of that creeping leafy ornament which Englishmen associate with the idea of a cottage. If there is a view, the house may, or may not, turn its back to it; the bourgeois does not much care. The garden is inclosed within four high walls, for there must be plenty of fruit-bearing espaliers. These, in their season, have their charms; but they require sun and air, so no large, unprofitable trees are suffered in their neighbourhood. The whole establishment betrays the utilitarian tendencies of the owners. There is a pigeon-house, a fowl-house, rabbit-hutches innumerable, and standard fruit trees in every available corner, but few flowers. The idea evidently is to live cheaply, and especially to make a great many *confitures*. There is no greater bliss for the *petite bourgeoisie* during the honeymoon of proprietorship than to make her own *confitures* from her own fruit, out of her



own garden. But no bliss is lasting, and ennui soon creeps into the ugly little paradise. Monsieur begins to be bored and runs up to Paris "on business;" then Madame is still more bored, and vows that she is afraid when she is left alone. She is too economical to spend her money in going up to town, and too prudent, moreover, to leave her little *bonne* unwatched during a whole day. So, at last, she speaks out boldly, and the dream of her life is got rid of to her infinite satisfaction. They return to Paris; Monsieur to his boulevards, his café, and his games of piquet or dominoes; Madame to her marketing, her gossip, and her envying friends with whom she dilates on the charms of the country house her husband would sell.

In a still humbler line, M. Daudet has given an excellent picture of the life of M. and Madame Chèbe at Montrouge, and there is not much exaggeration when he describes Madame Chèbe following with her eye the omnibus as it starts for Paris, and compares her to an employé of Cayenne

or New Caledonia, watching the departure of the packet for France.

With one remark we must conclude. M. Daudet's book may be taken as a picture of bourgeois manners, but not of bourgeois morals. The particular form which vice assumes in George Fromont and Sidonie, and the immorality of old Gardinois, are evidently the results of their social station, and M. Daudet, not uninfluenced perhaps by the prejudices of the literary caste, has dwelt with complacency on the ugliness of bourgeois vice; but it would be very unfair to take such people as samples of their class. It is in the details of life, in the *mise en scène*, so to speak, of the story, and in his minor personages, that he is an inimitable portrayer of bourgeois life. The opening marriage scene, the death and funeral of Désirée are wonderfully accurate pictures. Above all, the long fruitless waiting of Frantz Risler at the railway terminus is a scene which could only have been painted by the hand of a master.

H. DE LAGARDIE.

# CONSTANTINOPLE: A SKETCH DURING THE CONFERENCE.

ist and lover of the picturesque, which sense only I can speak, find pleasure, even in winter, shores of the Bosphorus, and so the more so naturally when as they form the stage on which a historical drama is in course of

The first and tragic part has not been over, the second was last as about to begin; while for the curtain may rise at any moment. I cannot say that the raptures of this—immortalised though they place in the *Vade Mecum* of the tourist—appear to me fully; but, then, he was an adventurer a subject of Turkey, no less clever Greekling. To his eyes of city of the Empire would swell in proportion to his own conceit: for the greater the subject matter must be the glory of the while to his mind, the domes of which might well glitter with gold, the waters of the Strait run in a tide, when he hoped to find even streets of Galata paved with those metals.

As people approach Constantinople from the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmara; partly from a natural wish to go through the romantic channels of the Straits of Greece, partly because they know that the road which does not mark its mark must be the shortest; they would be content to make

Black Sea at Varna and then back again, they would in fact reach Constantinople in little more than half the time and would find, moreover, that they had lost in romance they had gained in comfort by avoiding some twenty and forty hours of capricious sea; all isle-bespangled as it is, is apt to be in December or January some striking effects. The arrival from the west is greatly more imposing than that from the west, and has all the advan-

tage, to use a commonplace illustration, that has the gradual approach by a handsome lodge and noble avenue to some country mansion, over the sudden turning into its courtyard from the public highway. Tall mountains rise as sentries on either side of the first opening to the Bosphorus, and others behind them force the blue waters of the Strait to make a series of bold curves which form in appearance as many land-locked lakes. In the largest of these, at Buyukderé, lies at anchor the Turkish ironclad fleet round the *Massoudieh*, the grand-looking flag-ship of Admiral Hobart Pacha. Even before reaching that bay a few hamlets have caught the sunbeams on their yellow walls and red-tiled roofs, while from each at least one minaret has shot up its slender white spire against the mountain-side. But from Buyukderé some ten miles onward to the city there is a continual succession of buildings, either palaces on the water's edge with wide slopes of garden behind them, or villages clustering in every nook of the steep shores both of Europe and Asia. At this season the hills are brown and bare, but in the gardens many cypresses and stone pines give the requisite warmth of colour. No doubt the palaces are nearly all more or less Frenchified, but the smaller houses are still mostly of wood painted yellow or brown, with bay windows, bright roofs, and broad overhanging eaves; not unlike the cottages of Switzerland, if the constant neighbourhood of a minaret did not banish any but Oriental comparisons. So much has been written about Turkey during the last few months that the Bosphorus is nearly as familiar as the Thames, and I will not repeat an old story further than seems necessary to paint broadly this most striking spectacle of a vast street of water sweeping on for miles with many a graceful bend through an almost

unbroken suburb. It is true that half the great houses are duplicates. Your Turkish magnate likes elbow-room, and, from the Sultan downwards, possesses as many palaces as he can by any means contrive to buy or build. The European residents follow suit, when rich enough; and the result is that an inquisitive stranger who comes, as the writer came, on board the Varna boat, fancies himself back among old nursery friends, and in the land of that ubiquitous Marquis of Carabas. But when every allowance is made for this repetition of ownership, a startling residuum of population and of wealth is still left. No wonder that the crowd of provincial Turks, who had made their beds on deck, rolled up their mattresses; and with their many-coloured garments somewhat saddened by the discomfort of a voyage, collected as soon as the morning broke into groups to watch the scene with curiosity and pride. For its beauty called on deck also a highly-cultivated Pacha, who was received with much respect on coming on board the night before. The attention to him would, no doubt, have been doubled, had it been foreseen that three months would make him first subject of the Empire; and the unconcealed exultation of that courteous gentleman with the close gray beard and quick glance through his double gold eyeglass, who spoke French so perfectly, must, now that he is Grand Vizier, be taken as a factor in politics. He pointed out the apparent signs of wealth and prosperity with the evidently-implied question trembling on his lips, "Is this the look of a man sick beyond recovery?" With Edhem Pacha as a statesman I have nothing however now to do, and merely take an artist's liberty to paint him in the foreground of my picture, as I chanced to find him.

When praising the Bosphorus so highly it may seem a contradiction to say that on the whole Constantinople, even from the outside, does not come up to expectation. The size of town and faubourgs is enormous, greatly larger than their reputation, and by approaching from the east one gets

the full effect of this; but the hills of Stamboul itself are sadly wanting in height: after the steep and mountainous shore of the Strait it is a disappointment to see the long, low, mere swell of land on which the main city rises, and of which the outline, if not helped by numerous domes and minarets, would be very tame indeed. Then the Seraglio Point is too much broken up by unconnected lines of building and straggling rows of trees to form a well-marked group; while the far-famed Golden Horn is disappointingly smaller than it ought to be. On the other hand, the crowd of shipping, boats, and people is marvellous.

Perhaps this crowd is, altogether, the most striking feature of the place both on land and sea. Of course the traffic is really nothing compared with London or Paris, but yet both these capitals seem empty after that of Turkey. About half-past ten or eleven in the morning on Monday, which is about the busiest hour of the busiest day, the long line of the Grande Rue de Pera and the chief streets below it, all round from Tophané to the arsenal at Kassim Pacha, seem to a stranger as crowded as streets can be, until he has to fight his way through the shoulder-to-shoulder mass of speculators in front of the Bourse at Galata, and the porters, money-changers, fish and fruit-sellers between that and the bridge leading to Stamboul. Upon this bridge there is just room to thread your way, and not more; while in all but the back streets of Stamboul—although it is a huge town with numerous great open spaces—there is scarcely walking or even standing space. So much for people, but to them must be added carriages not a few, horses and mules innumerable, and pretty frequent bullock carts. On one side of the way a train of recruits is landing from the Scutari boat, a troop of excursionists from the Prince's Islands in the Sea of Marmora, or a party of Greek and Levantine merchants coming to business from their lovely homes at Candilli or Ortakœui. The recruits are tattered and travelworn; some of them have evidently marched



from the far interior of Asia Minor to reach the rendezvous; and all look as if the most meagre fare, both as to quantity and quality, had been the best they could obtain. They shuffle off in uneven file towards Galata; but it is surprising how contented and alert they will appear, when they return a few hours hence equipped and armed as soldiers, and on their way to barracks in Stamboul. From the opposite side of the bridge start the smaller steamers which ply to Eyoub at the head of the Golden Horn. The sea is everywhere of great depth, and men-of-war or great passenger vessels lie all about the harbour, while smaller merchant ships are ranged in endless rows along the shore; every vacant space of water is dotted over with the pretty fanciful caiques; while as background to the whole the houses are piled together as closely as the inhabitants. On the hill of Galata they rise thickly—each one on, seemingly, the roof of that below it, scarce leaving room for the gray mass of the old round Genoese tower, which marks the point; while Stamboul, which has from the distance almost a level outline, is found on closer view to be broken up into numerous valleys and heights, on which houses and mosques jostle each other in the most singular confusion. If the throng of people were all dressed alike it would be less striking; if it were talkative, like that of Naples, it would be far more bewildering, for the languages here are almost as various as are the costumes. The fez is sufficiently general to give a red flush to the sea of heads, but that is the only prevalent colour. The European coat and trousers are common enough on the Pera side, but in Stamboul they make their wearer remarkable among the brown-braided jackets and pantaloons of the hamals; the long robes and white or green turbans of the old Turks, of the Ulemas, and of the large and restless class of the Softas; the dark graceful pelisses of the dignified and high-bred-looking Persians; the scarlet-jacketed Croats, or much-embroidered Albanians, with an armoury of rusty silver-mounted weapons in

their girdles; the great fur bonnets and coarse leathern tunics, with a double row of cartridges sown on either breast of the Circassians; the flowing gaberlines of the Jews; and the wild garment of skins of the gipsies. Women are plenty enough, but the walkers are merely blots of colour without feature or outline in their shapeless wrappers of some brilliant silk, and with their heads bound up in the disfiguring Yashmak and Feringhee. A short experience teaches one the different types of face among the men; they are as various as their garments, and as each race usually lodges apart it is easy to study any particular type by visiting any one quarter of the town. The pure Turk of the lower orders himself is frequently handsome and well made, and has usually, too, a contented pleasing countenance; but there is another and most disagreeable type of Turkish face, not quite uncommon, and which bears a look not less cruel than cunning.

Of all main channels of communication between the two halves of a great capital, the worst I have seen is that crazy bridge of boats connected by uneven planking, which contrives, as by a miracle, to support the monstrous stream of traffic across the Golden Horn. There is certainly another and better bridge near the arsenal at Tershané, but that has been ingeniously contrived so as to start from a point at which few people arrive, and to lead where not one wants to go. Thus happily situated it is in good repair, but desolate; while the other is as populous as it is ruinous. Had Turkey the same care that other nations have to put the best foot foremost, she would avoid giving shocks to each stranger at the outset. She would repave the streets of Constantinople and would replace the tottering structure spoken of by something more solid than the iron wreck alongside it. That was soon after its arrival and before completion run into by a man of war, and has since remained for now many months in melancholy evidence of the strength of a Turkish ironclad and the emptiness of the Ottoman exchequer. The arsenal and dockyard are higher

up the Horn, so that a large part of any bridge must be movable: but constructive engineers are not wanting in the world; while the toll of many thousand daily passengers ought, if properly managed, soon to pay the cost. Even by an artist the fine dome and beautiful minarets, with their triple galleries, of the Sultana Validé Mosque just beyond, would be more appreciated if they could be approached at less danger to neck and ankles.

A charming picture is this Validé from every point of view. Around the front, facing the end of the bridge, collected every morning a crowd of costermongers (as we should call them in England), who plied a busy trade at the foot of and upon the high flight of marble steps which lead to the recessed and shrouded entrance, while intending worshippers purified themselves at the long succession of small fountains, which are never absent from the façade of a mosque. On another front is a courtyard, and within it I often found groups of peasants or of Tchinganees encamped under a noble arcade lined with Persian tilework, and resting its particoloured arches upon granite and porphyry pillars. To reach the back a quaint, oblique gateway must be passed, leading beneath the covered staircase and corridor which provide a private entrance for the Commander of the Faithful, and issuing out upon a considerable space surrounded by the various buildings of the priestly quarters, and full from dawn to sunset of an animated fair. A hundred kinds of sweetmeat or fruit are displayed on a hundred little tables, while a line of moustached and turbaned shoeblacks squat under the wall of a small inclosed cemetery and earn a handsome income by their hopeless battle with the mud of Stamboul.

A crack from the long lash of a mounted negro's whip warns you perhaps to jump aside, and stand a little removed from the throng, where the money-changers display piles of medjidiés (a silver coin not unlike, in size or value, our old crown piece), beshiliques (between a shilling and a franc), and bundles of caimé and mounds of copper in

their little glass-covered tables, while spectacled scribes are ready with pen and ink-horn to register a bargain or indite a love-letter. This impatient cavalier, with braided uniform, high jack-boots and mighty spurs, with pistols in his belt, and a truculent sabre clattering by his side, turns out to be the cavass of an ambassadress on her way to the Great Bazaar, so you may avail yourself of the channel made in the crowd to avoid that grave and handsome Persian, who might for dignity be the Shah himself, but is only a small merchant anxious to sell the rug he carries gracefully draped over one shoulder, and pick your way up the crooked climbing street of Mahmoud Pacha. Alas! the Great Bazaar dispels another illusion! and is not the scene of mysterious and seductive splendours that fancy and the Arabian Nights have painted it! It is nothing but a most extensive labyrinth of vaulted not lofty passages, very badly lit from round windows in the roof and lined with miserable little shops. No doubt every conceivable article is to be found there, from the revolver of the newest American fashion, the cretonne chintz of the latest pattern, or the most gaudy piece of Manchester cotton stuff to the scimitar of Saladin, the prayer-carpet of Eyoub, or the richly embroidered towel on which Suleiman the Magnificent condescended to dry his hands: but the incessant pursuit of Jew commissionaires and the solicitations of Greek or Armenian merchants are so bewildering that escape at the other end is welcome through the loftier arcade of the old Bezestein.

The finest situation in Stamboul is occupied by the Seraskierat, or war office, and it is worth scaling the winding stair to the summit of the tower here in order to study the panorama of the far-stretching masses of building. On one side they run for three or four miles along the Sea of Marmora, while on others they surround the Golden Horn, and line both sides of the Bosphorus as far as the eye can reach. Close under you is the Pigeon Mosque of which the picturesque courtyard is almost filled by the enormous flock of

those birds, which have resulted from Sultan Bajazet's care, and are maintained under a special provision of his will. This mosque occupies one side of a large irregular square, and this square, on the day when I first saw it, was so encumbered with numerous flocks of sheep, and would-be buyers, that a cavalcade had much difficulty in making its way up to the great gate of the Seraskierat, which Abdul Aziz built in that bastard Franco-Moorish style which he seems to have established as the national architecture of Turkey. Through the crowd at last it came, and the soldiers who accompanied the carriage would have proclaimed his dignity, even if I had not recognised the face of Midhat Pacha, then only Grand Vizier of a few days old. Midhat's following was of course larger than that of any other minister, but all the great Pachas have a certain retinue, and to accommodate these retainers the ground floor of the Konaks, or large town houses, consists of a covered court with a wide staircase at one end leading up to the dwelling-rooms above. These are arranged and furnished much as in France, except that there are more divans and fewer tables. Great dinners, too, are apt to be disappointingly like a Western banquet; at one oddly enough the chief novelty was a pretty little girl who peeped round the dining-room door, and mixed shyly with the guests afterwards; while one alone of a dozen Ottoman gentlemen, sat with foot tucked under him on his armchair, and smoked the bubbling narghileh of tradition. Mahmoud Damat Pacha is in the prime of life, portly and handsome, but has not cared to acquire either the postures or the language of any Frankish nation.

The Turkish Passover, called the Courban Bairam, or Feast of Sacrifice, had called together the flocks of sheep, but they were soon dispersed, most of them to make one last uncomfortable journey, each on the back of his purchaser. Nothing was more quaint to see than the unlucky animals with their fore-legs held firmly one over each shoulder of the

bearer, so that their poor patient heads nodded gravely above the red fez or green turban. Every true believer ought properly himself to buy and conduct home the sheep, which must be killed that night by his own hand for the atonement of the household. At sunset cannon announced that the festival had begun, and as the twilight faded into darkness it was very pretty to watch, gleam brightly one after another, the lights which had been hung out from the gallery of every minaret, from the public buildings, and from the men-of-war all about the harbour. To a Christian of course there was some profanation in the grand ceremony early the following morning in St. Sophia; but when the original consecration of the edifice can be forgotten the spectacle of these great Mohammedan festivals is little less imposing than the services of Holy Week at Rome. The Sultan and all his ministers in full uniform; the Scheik-ul-Islam and a vast train of priests in splendid robes are there with a countless throng of meaner people, to fill in long kneeling rows the spacious floor with masses of brilliant colour, while the sunbeams find entrance through the numerous though small windows of the great dome, and die away in warm masses of golden shadow, which reflect the tone of the paint or fresco with which the entire interior is covered. The exterior of St. Sophia is as ugly as its interior is imposing; and the purely Turkish mosque of Sultan Suleiman is scarcely inferior to it within, while it is incomparably more graceful and effective without. That too is in good repair, being the only not new building in Constantinople that is so. At first one thinks that there must have been a time when the Ottomans were great architects, and when the whole town was in harmony with the many fine mosques, the numerous and beautiful fountains, or rather kiosks for water, and the massive stone-built khans one sees on every side. Longer acquaintance, however, with the disjointed effort at architectural effect, which characterises even the most modern streets of the city makes one



doubt if any portion has at any time formed a harmonious whole. In point of style, the old buildings greatly excel the new.

In this city of contrasts civilisation and barbarism go hand in hand, and a line of tramway-cars, which have a special compartment to shield veiled women from the profaning eye of man, carries a quantity of passengers during the day at Stamboul through streets that are lit at night by only the paper lanterns of the few-and-far-between passers-by. It is strange, as at one of the brilliant balls at the Austrian palace, to dance to the exquisitely civilised music of Vienna, while an Egyptian Princess holds mysterious court—to which of course only ladies are admitted—behind the gauze curtains of a gallery above. She can see the gay scene below, but she is as closely shrouded from the public eye as was the prophet of Khorassan. Nor is the assembly rendered more commonplace by the splendid blue and silver uniforms of the Hungarian Count Zichy's private hussars. At Pera a subterranean railway saves a weary climb up hill, but the gas lamps are very few, and the best street is so narrow, that two carriages can hardly pass—and so badly paved, that a sedan-chair is the only comfortable conveyance. In this street, however, are all the Embassy palaces, except that of England; and upon its execrable pavement were to be met, so full was Constantinople of notabilities, some three or four in an ordinary stroll. You could scarcely miss, and would not fail to notice, in particular, one sturdy martial man with a resolute, restless face, and ever-watchful eye. General Ignatieff and his sufficiently numerous colleagues had each his little court of secretaries and compatriots. There are also one or two wealthy residents, but Turkish aristocracy in any European sense there is none whatever, and can be none under the Mohammedan view of domestic life. Then it requires to be an Oriental to understand the charms of kief, or the art of doing absolutely nothing; and

an ordinary man misses terribly the galleries, the libraries, the theatres, and other advantages which are to be obtained to some extent even in the most moderate Western capital.

Æsthetically it is perhaps agreeable to find that a great city still exists where sound sense and economical science are not likely to have for some years to come the same highly laudable, but somewhat tame, pre-eminence they have gained elsewhere. It is certainly pleasant to find that one of the prettiest relics of the fanciful stateliness of the land of Aladdin is also, from a practical point, a decided success. No more fairy-like scene can be imagined than the state procession by water on a fine morning, of the Sultan to the Selamlık, or Friday-Prayers, at some mosque of his choosing. No more fanciful bark can be conjured up by the imagination than the painted and gilded galley which bears the Khalif under a canopy of crimson velvet, looped back with golden cords. But this relic of Haroun-al-Raschid can yet beat the latest effort of modern boat construction, and can and does, with nothing but its six-and-twenty silk-clad rowers, leave a steam-launch going at full speed far behind even in the first hundred yards. Followed by six or seven scarcely less gorgeous barks with the sun gleaming on the eagle at the prow, on the crescents which crown each pinnacle of the canopy, and on the green and gold robes of the Albanian at the helm, the state caique glides over the water as majestically as it does rapidly; while the numerous war-ships of every nation round dress their masts with flags and man their yards. Abdul Hamid has a slight figure, but a shrewd as well as commanding expression, in spite of the look of ill-health and nervousness on his pale, somewhat Armenian face, with its long features and close black beard, and he seems to wonder, as he bows courteously, whether the cannon fired by his own subjects, or the honour paid him by his powerful neighbours, betoken the most lasting respect.

## HOW DR. FAUST BECAME A DANCER.

FAUST was not only the most famous, he was also the last, of the many misguided men who deliberately, and by a formal compact, sacrificed the future to the present; and, as if with a presentiment that never would another man have dealings with the devil, the old storytellers repeated of Faust all the tales that had ever been told of any one else in the same position. Thus, Faust took miraculous flights like Robert the Devil, like Pope Sylvester, and like Simon Magus, who is reported to have raised himself in the air before Nero, and to have been brought down suddenly to the ground through a counter miracle performed by the Apostles Peter and Paul. Indeed in connection with Faust's atmospheric expeditions, the writer of the oldest version of the Faust story points out that our Saviour was similarly carried by Satan to the roof of the Temple, and to the summit of the mountain. Cornelius Nepos and the author of the Sylva must kept the same story, and glared at the devil like the man in the moon.

bidden to us devils," he had been told), was held to be checkmated; and he was carried off to the infernal regions; his dog, which he had left at the Capitol, howling dismally the while. Tvardowski, being still entitled to demand the execution of one remaining wish, called upon the devil to marry his wife, Madame Tvardowska; a requisition which so alarmed the evil spirit that, breaking his compact, he took to flight, leaving Tvardowski a free man. In some versions of the Faust legend, Faust is similarly entrapped at an inn, of which Rome is the sign; while in yet another version he entraps Mephistopheles by proposing to him the alternative of going to Rome or breaking his compact, and would have discomfited him altogether, had not Mephistopheles suddenly, by way of last card, produced Helen of Troy, through whose charms Faust is brought once more within the devil's power. Neither, however, in Spiess's nor Widman's ancient narrative does this incident occur, but only in a popular ballad on the Faust subject, much later in origin than the Spiess and Widman books.

Besides the rhymed ballads and the popular narratives, great and small—that of Widman is a prose epic with a commentary appended to each book—the Faust subject was treated in puppet-show dramas and popular plays; and the dramatic history of Faust began, as every one knows, in England. It was in his *Doktor Faust, ein Trauerspiel*, being the libretto of the opera, which he wrote in 1850 for Meyerbeer, which was never produced. The subject of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* is an impressive old story, partly from the legend of the 14th century, and partly from the legend of the 16th century. Heine was the first to

Trouvère, to have borrowed for his *Miracle of Theophilus*.

But though Theophilus of Syracuse is usually regarded as Faust's direct ancestor, there are remarkable points of difference between the legend in which Theophilus figures and that in which Faust plays the principal part. Theophilus (as to whose doings Dr. Dasent, in English, and M. Achille Jubinal, in French, may be profitably consulted) was an ecclesiastic who, having modestly and in good faith declared himself "unwilling to become a bishop," was, by the bishop who replaced him, deposed from his office as Vidame (Vice-dominus); and, thereupon finding himself ruined and disgraced, sold himself, through a Hebrew magician, to the devil, but ultimately got saved through the intercession of the Holy Virgin, who herself went to hell in order to get back the compact. In the original story, written in Greek, by Eutychianus, a pupil of Theophilus's, the narrator declares, that he himself saw the devil engaged in conversation with Theophilus, and that he witnessed (not, however, in a legal sense) the signing of the deed, which was of course done in the blood of the victim.

The main features of this legend of the sixth century were reproduced some centuries later by an anonymous bard in Latin hexameters, beginning "Miles clarus erat;" the most important variation being the substitution in the Latin poem of a soldier for the priest of the original Greek prose narrative. But the story was destined to be made popular by Rutebœuf, whose *Miracle de Théophile* found its way from the north of France both to England and to Germany. The old English or "Anglo-Saxon" version of the legend of Theophilus, as Heine, writing in the days before Freeman, ventured to call it, may, of course, have been known to Marlowe. But a German writer has distinctly shown, in a work on the *Earliest dramatic treatment of the Faust subject*, that Marlowe based his work on the story of *Dr. Faustus*, as given in the

narrative published by Spiess. It is difficult to see what he could have borrowed from the legend of Theophilus, who sells himself, not like Faust, to extend his knowledge beyond human limits, but from pique, from poverty, and for the sake of material enjoyment. Theophilus, moreover, is saved through the intercession of the Holy Virgin; whereas Faust, who is a Protestant, has no such resource open to him, and is left in the spirit of tragedy and of human life to meet the fate he has himself invited.

The signing of the compact in blood drawn from the victim's own veins is an incident which occurs both in the legend of Theophilus and in the old Faust story. But it is only in the Faust story that the blood, trickling down the man's hand, forms in the palm the letters HF, which are interpreted as meaning *Homo fuge*; and it is to be observed that this detail is reproduced by Marlowe, who has indeed followed the old narrative very closely, and is indebted to it not only for incidents, but also for some of the finest thoughts in his admirable play.

Heine, when he discussed the subject of Faust in *Die romantische Schule*, was convinced that the historical Faust was the old printer of that name; the "same Faust," in his own words, "who invented printing, and who lived at the time when people were beginning to preach against the authority of the Church and independently to attack it." Apart from the dislike which the Church, if it could have foreseen to what intellectual results the invention would lead, might well have entertained for printing, the monastic orders have been accused of objecting to it as putting an end to the copying trade, of which they had, practically, a monopoly.

Thus the story that Faust the printer was sold to the devil might have had its origin simply in the malice of the clergy, whose interests were threatened by his invention. A serious joker, however, has argued, that Faust the printer was called "professor of the black art" because the art in which he worked



was literally a black one. If Faust the printer had ever been suspected by his contemporaries, or by generations immediately succeeding his own, of having sold himself to the devil, the most rational explanation of the notion would be the astonishment of the public at the power which he possessed, and exercised, of multiplying copies of a book rapidly and without limit as to number. But neither the contemporaries of John Faust the printer, who died towards 1470, nor those of George Faust—"Faust, junior," as he called himself—who was in full activity as professor of magic at Cracow in the first years of the sixteenth century—seem to have known anything of the rumour set going at a later period as to the printer's relations with the infernal powers.

When, nearly twenty years after the publication of *Die romantische Schule*, Heine undertook to compose a ballet on the subject of Faust, he put aside the old printer, and recognised the fact that the Faust of necromantic tradition was the professor of Cracow, spoken of by Luther, Melancthon, Weiher, and the Abbot Tritheim of Wurzburg, and with whom Melancthon, according to Manlius the collector of his *Table Talk*, was well acquainted. Heine, like Meyerbeer in similar circumstances, knew better than to touch the *Faust* of Goethe. M. Blaze de Bury has told us in his recollections of Meyerbeer, that that great composer could not be induced to undertake an opera on the subject of Faust, which, he held, had at last received its appropriate and permanent form. He was willing to set the songs to music and to furnish interludes, but would not hear of the work itself being reduced to the shape and style of a libretto. If Meyerbeer shrank from the idea of making Gretchen a prima donna, still less could Heine think of turning her into a *première danseuse*. There is no question, then, of Margaret in Heine's *Tanz-Poem*.

But if Margaret belongs to Goethe, Dr. Faust belongs to every one. He had been treated before Goethe took him in hand by at least fifty authors,

of whom two, Marlowe and the anonymous writer of the old story-book published by Spiess, were true poets. There are a dozen printed versions extant of the Faust story, in prose and verse, and as many of the puppet-show plays and other popular dramas on the same subject, which, with performers who improvised the details, assumed new features according as they were represented at Ulm, Strassburg, Augsburg, Cologne, or Berlin; while apart from Goethe's work, about thirty pieces based on the Faust legend had been produced at regular theatres in Germany up to the time (1829) when the *Faust* of Goethe was first put on the stage.

*Faust* had even been made into a ballet more than a century before Heine agreed so to treat it for Her Majesty's Theatre. A playbill of the Vienna Opera-house, which Scheible (who reproduces it in *Das Kloster*) assigns to the year 1730, announces the performance of a ballet called *Dr. Faust*, which is to combine the features of "German comedy, English pantomime, and Italian opera." A programme of the action of the piece sets forth that in the opening scene Faust, wearied with vain study, is tempted by Mephistopheles, who offers to place before him "the most beautiful women from all the four quarters of the globe." After a little hesitation, Faust consents to sign the usual compact, and the scene terminates, like the first act of Gounod's opera, with a duet for Faust and Mephistopheles.

In Heine's ballet, to which, as Mr. Lumley has told us in his *Memoirs*, the name of *Mephistophela* was to have been given (it was, indeed, published under that title in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, though Heine, in the German version, published at Hamburg in 1851, calls it *Der Doktor Faust*), a whole series of beautiful women are exhibited by the female Mephistopheles for the entertainment of her victim. But instead of being women of no individuality from various parts of the world, as in the old Viennese ballet,

the apparitions with which the chore-graphic Faust is gratified are dancing celebrities of the highest character. As history and the Bible do not give us a sufficient number of eminent female dancers to supply the requirements of a ballet designed on the model of Heine's *Mephistophela*, the author introduced a certain number of male dancers ; which pre-supposes on the part of *Dr. Faust* a passion, not merely for dancing girls with beautiful figures, graceful movements, and expressive gestures, but a passion for dancing as an art. Thus Mephistopheles is made to call up and exhibit to Faust, "David dancing before the ark ;" a scene which, if presented at Her Majesty's Theatre, would scarcely have been applauded, would, perhaps, have been hissed, and might even have been hooted.

Heine, in publishing his *Doktor Faust*, gave with it an introduction and a commentary ; and it can scarcely be disrespectful to the wittiest of poets

and most poetical of wits to say in regard to the "Tanz-Poem" that the introduction and commentary are the best part of it. No reader of this article will need to be told why Heine's *Mephistophela* was never produced in England. The amiable Mr. Lumley told Heine that the ballet-master objected to the work for technical reasons ; and Heine thereupon wrote, in the introduction to *Der Doktor Faust*, that as there had been no previous instance of a poet's composing a piece for dancers, *Mephistophela* had been refused "*par esprit de corps de ballet.*" He forgot that his friend, Théophile Gautier, had, on the basis of Heine's own beautiful legend, composed the ballet of *Giselle*, in which Perrot, the ballet-master, who was alleged to have refused *Mephistophela*, had so often appeared with his beautiful wife, Carlotta Grisi.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

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### A MOTHER'S HEART.

- A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know ;  
 A little lingering over dainty things ;  
 A happy heart, wherein Hope all aglow  
 Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—  
 And that is all.
- A little clasping to her yearning breast ;  
 A little musing over future years ;  
 A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest best,  
 But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of tears"—  
 And that is all.
- A little spirit speeding through the night ;  
 A little home grown lonely, dark, and chill ;  
 A sad heart, groping blindly for the light ;  
 A little snow-clad grave beneath the hill—  
 And that is all.
- A little gathering of life's broken thread ;  
 A little patience keeping back the tears ;  
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,  
 God keeps her safe through His eternal years"—  
 And that is all.

## OWENS COLLEGE AND MR. LOWE.

MR. LOWE holds, most honourably and most fittingly, by the choice of the University of London, a brief on behalf of the University which he represents in Parliament. He also holds, less honourably and less fittingly, by his own choice, a brief against every other University in the kingdom. The self-chosen occupation is a strange one. Mr. Lowe is an Oxford man, an Oxford man who won the highest honours that Oxford could give him; and he is something more. He has since won fame in other lines; but his earliest fame, his fame which lasted for many years, was a distinctively academic fame. The late Cabinet contained an unusual number of Oxford first-class men. But Mr. Lowe was the only one among them whose name was surrounded by local Oxford memories, as the name of one who had lived and worked in the place. No one ever heard of a "tip" of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Cardwell; but "Bob Lowe's tips" were very living things in my Oxford days. Since then, by changes which somehow have never come to Mr. Lowe's knowledge, the studies of Oxford have put on new shapes, and "Bob Lowe's tips" are now most likely useless and forgotten. But their author is not forgotten; nor is it forgotten, there or elsewhere, that, of all our statesmen, Mr. Lowe is the one whose start in life was most distinctly given him by his University. There is then a certain incongruity, to use no harsher word, when we find Mr. Lowe, of all English statesmen, the foremost, in season and out of season, to seize every opportunity of saying a word against the institution which did so much for him. Were those words well considered and grounded on fact, the witness of such a man would have a special value. It might be looked on as testimony wrung by sheer force of truth out of a

witness at once competent and unwilling. The value of such testimony might be measured by the amount of pain which it gave to the witness. But its value is somewhat lessened when it is brought out as a pet subject wherever it is likely to get a hearing; it is lessened further still when all the facts of the case happen to tell the other way. Mr. Lowe, who first became known to the world through his proficiency in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, is never tired of telling any audience that will listen to him that, of all studies in the world, Greek, Latin, and Mathematics are the most useless. When the doctrine is put forth in this shape, the hearer cannot quite keep down the thought that Mr. Lowe's career is the best confutation of his own doctrine. He feels tempted to think that, when Mr. Lowe mourns that, he learned what he did at Oxford, and did not learn civil engineering instead, it is really nothing more than the old story of the pack-horse wishing to plough and the ox wishing to carry the pack-saddles. The thing sounds like one of those unaccountable whims from which the ablest men cannot always keep themselves. But it becomes something more than a whim when Mr. Lowe goes on to say, not only that he himself gained nothing by his own studies at Oxford, but that nobody else has ever had a chance of gaining anything there by any other studies. Mr. Lowe has more than once stated or implied that no change whatever has taken place in the studies of Oxford, or of Cambridge either, since the days of his own youthful successes. The strange carelessness by which Mr. Lowe has failed to make himself master of facts which are known to all the rest of the world—the facts that every branch of study at Oxford has been modified, and many new branches of study added—does



take away somewhat from the weight of Mr. Lowe's charges ; it goes still further to stamp them with the character of a mere whim. When Mr. Lowe says or implies that no studies but those which he disparages are known in a place where a crowd of other studies are zealously followed, this singular blindness to facts takes away somewhat from our estimate of Mr. Lowe's judgement. It makes us doubt whether the fact that Mr. Lowe disparages a certain study proves after all so much against that study as we might at first sight have been inclined to think.

On the whole, Mr. Lowe's attacks on the elder Universities have perhaps been more amusing than dangerous. They have pleased himself ; they have seemingly pleased his hearers at the Institution of Civil Engineers ; they have not seriously disturbed the slumbers or affected the appetite of any one in Oxford or Cambridge. But Mr. Lowe's last utterance on academical matters is really dangerous. It is easier to cut short what is still growing than to root up what has already grown up. Mr. Lowe will not be able to do much to pull down the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ; he may be able to do a good deal to hinder the setting up of a new University at Manchester. The attack is in this case serious, and it may be deadly. Mr. Lowe now speaks no longer as the mouth-piece of a personal whim of his own, but as the representative of a powerful interest of which he is the official champion. His immediate position is that Owens College at Manchester ought not to be raised to the rank of an University and entrusted with the power of conferring degrees. That power Owens College now seeks. The proposal has of course met with both friends and enemies ; arguments have been brought for the scheme, and arguments have been brought against it. But hitherto the discussion has been carried on fairly and generously on both sides, and with due and special regard to the immediate question at issue. Mr. Lowe alone attacks the proposal of Owens College in a spirit which it is

impossible to call anything but ungenerous, and he attacks it on grounds which go a good deal further than the mere refusal of University rank to Owens College. He attacks it on grounds which threaten every University in the United Kingdom, except the one which Mr. Lowe himself represents in Parliament. This much may be said undoubtingly ; but I believe it would be safe to go a great deal further. I believe that a man would not be far wrong if he were to say that Mr. Lowe's arguments would tell against every University in the civilized world outside the bounds of London and Paris.

The case of Owens College may be put into a few words. It is an institution which, from small beginnings, has risen, not with any miraculous speed, but by sure and steady growth, to a very high position among teaching bodies, to a position which, it would be safe to say, is higher than that of any other institution of its own class. Started by a single public-spirited and discerning founder, it has since grown by its own strength. It is not a mere school for the teaching of any one subject. While adapting itself to the special needs of its own district, it has never forgotten the directions of its original founder, who willed that its teaching should take in all such subjects as were or might be studied in the elder Universities. Mr. Owens gave this almost prophetic injunction just before the time when the studies of the elder Universities were so largely extended. And that injunction his College has thoroughly carried out. Its teaching takes in both the old subjects and the new ; it takes in all the faculties of the older Universities, Divinity alone excepted. It has Professors of acknowledged eminence in all these branches, and students whose numbers surpass that of several established Universities, British and continental. Of its legal, medical, and physical teaching I can of course say nothing from my own knowledge ; but the names of some of the Professors in those branches speak for themselves.

Of its historical and philological teaching I can say something; I only wish that historical and philological teaching everywhere was on the same level. It is the teaching of men who not only understand their own subjects, but who understand the relations of their several subjects to one another. It is the teaching of men who have not learned the doctrine which Mr. Lowe has so vigorously set forth to so many audiences. It is the teaching of men to whom learning is dear for its own sake, men who would not exchange the cultivation of their own minds and the minds of others for the greater wealth and higher promotion which, as Mr. Lowe so diligently teaches, may be more easily won in other walks of life. I at least know of no place where work is done more thoroughly and more zealously, more truly as a labour of love.

The history of Owens College is specially interesting, because it really has so much in common with that of the elder Universities. The main difference is that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge do seem literally to have come of themselves, while Owens College, like the Universities of Scotland, had a personal founder. Otherwise the history of the growth of the elder and the younger institutions has really much of likeness. In arguing with any other adversary than Mr. Lowe, I should be ashamed to tell yet again the twice-told—the ten-times told—tale of the origin of Oxford and Cambridge. But in disputing with Mr. Lowe, it cannot be forgotten that we are disputing with one whose ideas of the ninth century need clearing up no less than his ideas of the nineteenth. As Mr. Lowe cannot be made to understand that Oxford studies have undergone any change since his own youth, so he was, at least a few years back, one of the sect which held that a college which began to struggle into being in the thirteenth century had come forth whole and perfect from the head of Alfred. There is indeed another sect, or perhaps the same, which believes that the Universities of Oxford and

Cambridge were founded in howling wildernesses, and that towns somehow grew up around them, as towns really did grow up at the gates of the Bishop of Wells and of the Abbot of Saint Edmunds. But in truth the Oxford in which masters and scholars began to gather together in the twelfth century, in which they began to be housed in colleges in the thirteenth, had more in common with the Manchester of our own day than the votaries of legend think for. It was in one of the foremost towns of England, in the great military post on the frontier of two ancient kingdoms, in the chosen place of meeting for the most solemn assemblies of the whole realm, that Robert Puleyn began the first recorded lectures in divinity, and that Vacarius began to expound the mighty volume of the Imperial law. The greatness of Oxford in these days was not exactly of the same kind as the greatness of Manchester now; but relatively to the state of the kingdom then and now, the difference between the two would be by no means so wide as might at first sight be thought. Oxford, in short, like Paris, Bologna, or Glasgow in older times, like Leyden, Dublin, and Berlin in later times, became a seat of learning, because it was already, according to the standard of the times, one of the chief towns of the kingdom. Nor is it hard to see why the new seat of learning was not planted in one of those towns which were greater still, in London or Winchester, in York or Exeter, or Lincoln. The central position of Oxford was one attraction; and I doubt not that another was found in the absence of any great ecclesiastical lord. But, be this as it may, the fact is plain that the Universities of the older times arose, as a rule, among the busiest haunts of men, and that those who have gathered masters and scholars together among the busy streets of Manchester, are simply walking in the steps of those who first gathered masters and scholars together among the then busy streets of Oxford.

In Manchester then, within the present

generation, an institution has grown up, very much as older kindred institutions have grown up, which, under the humbler and less appropriate name of a College, is really doing the work of an University. The building has grown up, and it now only waits for its crowning. An University in every thing else, Owens College asks to be admitted to the power which is specially distinctive of an University, the power of conferring degrees. It is not only from the ambition of a higher rank and a more sounding title that Owens College asks for this power. Such ambition, if it were merely ambition, would be neither unnatural nor unreasonable; but Owens College has strong practical grounds to go on as well. Its students, when they have finished their course under their own professors, can obtain degrees only at the University of London. Now the University of London, as it stands at present, is an institution of a very peculiar kind, unlike any other known University, except the modern University of France. It is an University which does not teach, but which merely confers degrees on students who have got their teaching elsewhere. Now no one wishes to disparage the University of London; no one wishes to alter its character. The variety is not only pleasing, but it has its practical advantages. It is well to have an institution of this peculiar character as one among others. But surely, of all conceivable types of University, this is the last type which is entitled to be set up as an universal model, as a model to which all other teaching institutions should be made to conform. Now as a matter of fact, the necessary connexion with the London University, the inability of getting degrees anywhere else, have been found to be practical grievances by Owens College, its professors and its students. The connexion with London hampers the professors in teaching; it hampers the students in learning. The teaching of the College has to be adapted to an external standard, a shifting standard, a standard over which Owens College and its professors have no control.

Several of the most eminent professors have made this complaint. Among them are those whose complaints I can best understand, those in the departments of history and philology. Those who conduct the London examination are doubtless eminent men; but those who conduct the Manchester teaching are men of no less eminence, and they naturally kick at finding their well-arranged schemes of teaching thwarted by the strange arrangements of an external examination. I quote one example only, in the words of one of the most distinguished of the distinguished staff of Owens College.

"In ancient history, matriculation candidates are required to answer questions arising out of the subjects of the Latin and Greek books selected, which subjects are at times such as suggest no questions in what is commonly called history at all. In ancient history the candidates for the first B.A. are examined in the history of Rome to the death of Augustus; the history of Greece to the death of Alexander is reserved for the second B.A., and this strange rule of succession appears to be immutable."

It must certainly be hard for a professor who understands his work and loves it, to adapt his teaching to such an examination as this. It must if anything be harder still for him to adapt his teaching of later history to an honours examination in which the selected period of English history varies from year to year. It is hard to see how the professor can teach, or how the student can learn, anything worth learning or teaching, while they have such a yoke as this tied round their necks. There must be a good deal of life and strength in a place which can get on under such bondage as well as Owens College undoubtedly has got on. Feeling themselves to be what they are, teachers of the highest order, teachers in a society which is an University in every thing except the one distinctive badge of an University, the Professors of Owens College do not merely ask to gain a higher place for themselves or their students, not even to merely gain for their College a badge of honour which it richly deserves. They ask to be allowed to set themselves



free from a great practical evil, to shake off a bondage which makes their teaching far less perfect than it otherwise would be. To gain these ends, they ask that they may be set free from the necessity of sending their students to seek for degrees at the hands of an external body. They ask that Owens College, under the new rank of the University of Manchester, may receive the power of conferring degrees for itself.

Now no one doubts that the demand thus made is in some sort a daring one, that the questions raised by it are weighty, and that they raise many points which cannot fail to be met by some variety of opinion even among those who are best fitted to judge. The Professors have collected a great number of opinions as to their proposal from men of eminence in various branches, many of them men of experience in teaching and examination. It was not to be expected that they would all agree; but the way in which they differ is instructive. Among those who have nothing to do with the University of London, be they English University men, Scotch University men, or men of no University at all, a large majority is more or less favourable to the claims of Owens College. Some think that the power might be granted at once; some think that it might be better to wait a little. But a large majority agree in thinking that Owens College either already is, or is on the high road to become, a body which can be rightly trusted with the power of conferring degrees. On the other hand, all those who have anything to do with the University of London decide, not by a majority, but with a most edifying unanimity, that Owens College ought not to be trusted with that power. I think that there can be little doubt that the former set of opinions are of the greater intrinsic value. Certainly an Oxford or Cambridge man, who has nothing to do with Owens College or with Manchester in any way, has neither any thing to gain nor any theory to satisfy by giving an University of Manchester

the right to confer degrees. He most likely has to struggle against and to overcome a certain amount of prejudice, when he declares that an University of Manchester ought to have that power. His witness has at least that value which belongs to testimony which is purely disinterested. The same cannot be said of the opinions the other way which come from men who are in different ways interested in the University of London. No one will think for a moment that the testimony of these witnesses is other than perfectly sincere, or that they have any motive but the interests of sound learning, as they understand them. Still their opinion is the testimony of witnesses in their own cause. It cannot have the same weight as the opinion of men who have no interest in the matter, and whose judgement must have been formed in the teeth of a certain amount of traditional feeling the other way.

It is at this stage that the most doughty champion of all comes across the field. Mr. Lowe makes his appearance in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, quite ready to maintain the cause of the University which has made him its representative against all comers, ancient or modern. And in so doing he is, as usual, not troubled with any special care as to minute accuracy of statement about any matter, ancient or modern. Mr. Lowe, at this time of day, thinks that the word University has something to do with "universality" of teaching. I remember how, a great many years ago, Mr. H. H. Vaughan, then Professor of Modern History at Oxford, was afraid of insulting his hearers by explaining the very point which Mr. Lowe still needs to have explained to him. Mr. Vaughan's scruples are proved by Mr. Lowe's example to have been quite needless. I may then be forgiven for saying that the word "universitas" has nothing to do with "universality" of teaching, that it simply means the whole body of any thing, and so, in a legal sense, a corporation. It is purely by one of the accidents of language that in modern

usage the word "University" always, and the word "college" most commonly, means a body which has something to do with teaching, or at least with examining. But Mr. Lowe does not seem lucky either with the theory of corporations or with corporations in their actual being. He twice in his article recommends Owens College to get itself incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Act. There is no need to stop to ask whether this is meant as a joke or a sneer. Mr. Lowe is as far wrong in his facts as in his derivations. In the language of the Civil Law, Owens College is, in the fullest sense, an "Universitas" already; for it has received a corporate being, not under the Joint Stock Companies Act, but by Act of Parliament. But this is the sneering spirit in which Mr. Lowe deals with the whole question. Now it is at Owens College that he sneers, now at Oxford and Cambridge, now at the Universities of Scotland. Mr. Lowe stoops to say that the argument in favour of giving Owens College the power for which it asks, means no more, "when translated into English," than saying "that the name of University will be an excellent puff for the institution." A disputant of Mr. Lowe's school might answer that Mr. Lowe's article is really no more than an excellent puff for the London University. Mr. Lowe believes that he is "not uncharitable" in making this and that insinuation against the motives of the Owens College Professors. They might perhaps believe themselves not uncharitable in thinking that all this astonishing zeal is simply part of the representative's duty to his constituents. And when Mr. Lowe makes sneers about calico-printing and cotton-mills, because the place of the new University is Manchester, he might remember that sneers of exactly the same kind were thought equally clever when it was first proposed to set up an University in London. But the University of London has lived through the sneers of those days, and the University of Manchester will live through the sneers of

Mr. Lowe. Mr. Lowe once publicly lamented that, in his Oxford days, instead of learning about the battle of Marathon, he had not learned the art of getting up "a good colliery accident." Quiet men, at Manchester or elsewhere, who do not share Mr. Lowe's love for colliery accidents, may be inclined to think that, if an University did teach the art of printing calico, it would not be the worst purpose to which it has been proposed that University teaching should be applied.

But it must in fairness be added that, whatever may be Mr. Lowe's motive, it is not any special spite against Owens College. Mr. Lowe's spite takes a much wider range. It takes in, not only Oxford and Cambridge, but Edinburgh, Göttingen, Harvard, all the Universities of the world, except those which have their homes in the French and English capitals. Owens College comes in for its share of enmity, for no special fault of its own, but simply because it wishes to belong to the same class as all the Universities of the United Kingdom save the one which is represented by Mr. Lowe. All of them agree in this, that, like all Universities since Universities began, they both teach and examine. This is the common sin of all. While all times and places, save London and Paris in the nineteenth century, have had one notion of an University, Mr. Lowe has another. An University, he holds, should be a mere examining board. If we rightly understand him, no one who examines should teach; no one who teaches should examine. This notion of his has not been taken up very lately. It was set forth by him in the winter of 1871-1872, and it was presently demolished, in a pamphlet both wise and witty, by Dr. Lyon Playfair.<sup>1</sup> That pamphlet is well worth reading still. In it Dr. Playfair speaks mainly, like Mr. Lowe, on behalf of the Universities which he represents; but the cause

<sup>1</sup> *On Teaching Universities and Examining Boards.* Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1872.

which he defends is that of English and Scotch Universities alike. He pleads for independent local Universities, as centres of cultivation in different districts of a large country. He pleads for a variety of character in different Universities, and he pleads distinctly in favour of examinations conducted, partly at least, by those who are engaged in teaching. And on this last head, as on all the others, reason and experience go with him. Mr. Lowe says over and over again that those who teach should not be trusted to examine. He makes use of a number of hard phrases, aimed at Oxford and Cambridge *in esse* and at Manchester *in posse*, which really amount to a direct charge of dishonesty against teachers and examiners everywhere. In his view, teachers and examiners conspire, for their own interests, to keep down the standard as low as possible. He draws a picture, which has some truth in it, but a good deal of exaggeration, of the wretchedness of a pass degree in all British Universities except London. Owens College, he tells us, wishes to escape from the rigid impartiality of the London University, in order to give its students degrees on easier terms. This last insinuation will go for very little with those who know anything about Owens College and its professors; but it is exactly of a piece with the whole of Mr. Lowe's reckless talk about academic matters. In what Mr. Lowe says about degrees in the older Universities there is just truth enough to be mischievous. Mr. Lowe, somewhat inconsistently with his general views about the studies of Oxford and Cambridge, does attach some value to a high place in the class list or the tripos. It is on the low standard of the pass degree that he pours forth the whole bitterness of his wrath. Now undoubtedly the pass degree is not at Oxford, or, as far as I know, in any British University, what it ought to be. One argument, with me at least, in favour of making Owens College an University is that we shall there have an University which can start fair, and

can make its degrees better worth having from the beginning. But let us be fair even to the passman and to those who examine him. Here Mr. Lowe once more shuts his eyes to everything that has happened since he was himself an Oxford coach. I do not know whether he has ever acted as examiner anywhere; he certainly has never examined at Oxford since Oxford put on its present shape. If he had done so, he would have learned that even the passman is capable of some improvement, and that both teachers and examiners, instead of conspiring to keep his standard low, do what they can under great difficulties to raise it. Of one branch of Oxford examinations I have had as much experience as most men; and, as far as that school is concerned, I can distinctly contradict every statement made by Mr. Lowe. I have held the post of examiner three times, the third time after a considerable interval, and the one thing which most struck me the last time I examined was the marked improvement in the character of the passmen. There was no longer the same disgraceful ignorance, no longer the same necessity for plucking candidates by wholesale. The passman of 1873 might easily have been improved; but he was a different being from the passman of 1857, or even from the passman of 1864. It would have been well if he had known something more; but he did know something. The degree, as I hold, ought to have a higher value; but as things stood in 1873, it had some value: it was not to be had except by those who had gained a certain amount of knowledge and whose minds must have received a certain amount of training. Of the Oxford school of history I can thus speak from my own knowledge; and I hear from others the same report of other schools both in Oxford and Cambridge. Since I last examined, further changes have been made at Oxford, of whose working for the better or for the worse I know nothing. But to the honest desire of improvement on the part both of teachers and examiners, and of the practical effect of their labours from 1857



to 1873, I have as good means of speaking as any man. And I say emphatically that the state of things described by Mr. Lowe is a state of things which, if it ever existed at all, had passed away years before the present generation of candidates for degrees were born.

I would also quote my own experience on another point. I believe that in order to have a really well-constituted body of examiners, there should always be some who are engaged in the teaching of the place and some who are not. Neither class can do the work thoroughly well without the other. I speak as one who has examined often, but who has had nothing to do with teaching. And the result of my experience is that I and other non-resident examiners who have acted with me could never have done our work without the help of our resident colleagues, while I believe that they could not have done the work so well without our help. An examiner who is not himself a teacher will have a better idea than a teacher of what, in an ideal state of things, ought to be known. But he needs the teacher to remind him what is known and what can be known under the circumstances. The non-resident examiner not only knows nothing of the particular candidates; he knows nothing of the whole class of candidates. Engaged in the studies of after-life, he does not of himself know how much can be fairly expected from the candidates who come before him. Left to himself, he is apt to examine, so to speak, up in the air; and such London Examination papers as I have seen have looked to me very much like the papers of men who were examining up in the air. They have always filled me with a strong desire to see the answers. The non-resident examiner needs the practical experience of the resident to bring him down within the practical requirements of the case. He needs the non-resident colleague as a curb. On the other hand the resident examiner needs the non-resident as a spur. Neither can do so well by himself as the two can do together. Oxford has long admitted this truth by the constant

union of residents and non-residents in the work of examination. It has lately gone still further by appointing several examiners who are not members of the University at all. This last move is a thoroughly good and sound one; and, speaking for the one branch of Oxford study for which I am entitled to speak, I may say that, if I am ever called on to take another turn at my old work, I should be well pleased indeed to be yoked together with a colleague from Owens College.

It is only fair to say that some of the objections which Mr. Lowe has raised in an offensive shape have been raised by others in the way of fair argument. If to grant the power of conferring degrees to Owens College necessarily meant the examination of the candidates for those degrees by the Professors of Owens College only, I should not support the proposal. I have just now given my reasons. Teachers and non-teachers, residents and non-residents, ought to be joined together to make a thoroughly good examining board. To join them together is the existing practice of Oxford and Cambridge. Those Universities are not bound to do so by any Act of Parliament, or even by any statute of their own. They do so because experience has shown that that is the best way of compassing the end which is sought. One essential feature in the system of Owens College, one specially and strongly laid down by its founder, was conformity as far as might be to the model of the older Universities. Cannot the new University of Manchester be trusted to follow the example of Oxford and Cambridge in this as well as in other matters? There seems to me to be something ungenerous in making any law to force it to do what it is so plainly its duty to do. I feel sure that the present staff of Manchester Professors are wholly free from the motives which Mr. Lowe attributes to them; I am sure that they would be glad to keep their standard as high as possible, that they would welcome any help from

outside, in the shape of examiners from other Universities or from no University at all, as fellow-workers in keeping up that standard. But if the Crown or the Legislature thought it necessary to provide against the possibility of their having successors who could not be so fully trusted, the remedy is of the very easiest. Nothing more is needed than to insert in the charter which gives the right of conferring degrees a clause ordaining that on every board of examiners there shall be a certain proportion of men who are not teachers in the University of Manchester. But my own belief is that it would be better not to make such restrictions. If Owens College so highly deserves public confidence as to be deemed fit to grant degrees, it deserves public confidence so highly that it may be left to its own sense of right and to the working of public opinion. Years ago complaints used to be made that fellowships in Oxford were not given away according to merit. Those complaints were true of some colleges, untrue of others. But there was only one college in whose case the Legislature thought it needful to lay down any restriction as to the choice of fellows. That college is, as far as I know, the only one against whose elections any such complaints have been made in later times.

In short, a movement on behalf of Owens College, a movement for calling into being a new University at Manchester, is a movement which looks in an exactly opposite direction from that in which Mr. Lowe fancies that it looks. It is not a movement in favour of lowering the standard of examination, but in favour of raising it. It is not that Owens College is afraid of the strictness of the London examinations; it is rather that Owens College wishes to throw off the trammels of a vague and impractical system of examination. The aim of London is to make a show of knowing everything; the aim of Manchester is to know well what it professes to know. It is because the Professors of Owens College are hampered in their system of teaching by the necessity of adapting

it to an examination which represents no system of teaching at all, that they are anxious to be set free from a connexion which has been found to work badly, and to be allowed to start fairly for themselves. The teaching of Owens College is as good as the ever present yoke of London will let it be. Break that yoke, and it will be better still. The eminent men who conduct that teaching will be able to conduct it freely, systematically, and to good profit, when they are no longer weakened by connexion with an examining board which requires a knowledge of one period of English history one year and of another the next. Set free from this bondage, the new University will be able to grow and prosper and hold its own. It will start with great advantages, as having no vicious traditions to cast aside, and as having the elder Universities before it, partly as beacons, partly as warnings. We may be sure that Manchester has seen enough of the London pretence of omniscience to need no warnings of dangers on that side. But it will need some courage, some energy, to keep quite clear of dangers on the other side. I would venture to repeat a piece of advice which I gave to the Professors of Owens College when they asked my opinion among others as to the proposed change. I have seen my words so often quoted both by friends and enemies that I do not scruple to quote them once more myself. "Don't keep your place at fever heat with endless examinations and class-lists, but let the degree itself be respectable. Let B.A. prove something, and M.A. prove something more, and don't go wild after senior-wranglers and double-firsts." I wrote thus in a letter which I did not suppose would ever be printed; but I can repeat the same warning more deliberately and more formally. There is too much examination in Oxford; there seems to be no moment when a man is not, according to his time of life, either examining or being examined. The result undoubtedly is that many more men read than otherwise would read. But I doubt whether it is healthy to

make the ideas of reading and examination inseparable. There seems no time left for work done for its own sake, without any reference to examinations. In my day there was much less examination than there is now; but I remember that I always felt the fear of the schools to be a hindrance to real work. It was not the necessity of adapting one's work to the examination in the sense of reading the books that were needed for examination. That was in every case a great gain. It was the constant thought that one was reading, not for the sake of learning, but for the sake of getting a place in the class-list. I remember that, when I was clear of the schools, having won in them only a place far inferior to that which was won by Mr. Lowe, my first thought was, "I have done with examinations; now I can work." Still examinations there must be; but I am not sure that examinations need imply class-lists. Let the degree itself be something; let the bachelor's degree be respectable, let the master's degree be honourable. In the letter of which I have already spoken, I recommended, and now recommend again, the German system of requiring for the doctor's degree, answering to our master's, a treatise dealing minutely with some point of some branch of study. The bachelor who aspires to a higher degree

should choose his subject—the wider the range of subjects the better—and he should show his mastery over the subject that he chooses by being able to treat some point of it in thorough detail. A Manchester University, starting fair, would be better able to introduce this system than any existing University which would have to substitute this system for some other. Let it have scholarships, fellowships, if it will; but before all things let its degrees be realities. Let its bachelor's degree be a real mark of a respectable amount of preliminary knowledge; let its master's degree be an honourable mark of preliminary training brought to bear on some special branch of knowledge. The field is open; Manchester may fill it if it will. The older Universities will look on the experiment without jealousy, and they will gain something by the experiment being made. As for the feeling represented by Mr. Lowe and his constituents, the unwillingness of the master to let go his bondmen, that feeling is as old as Pharaoh and as new as Midhat; but it must not be allowed to count in the least degree towards hindering an institution which has done much in a state of bondage from doing yet more in a state of freedom.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.



# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## NATURAL RELIGION.

### IX.

IN the last paper<sup>1</sup> we entered upon the application of our principles to the practical religious questions of the day. We considered the general relation between natural religion as it has been here described, and historical religion. We found the doctrine that all living morality rests upon a basis of religion, upon a worship of ideal humanity, harmonising with the general tenor of the Bible, or rather that this doctrine is actually the idea around which the Bible has grown up. But the Bible, though the greatest literary monument of historical religion, is nevertheless not the only mirror in which it is to be contemplated. There are the eighteen centuries of church history. There is modern society with its countless churches and religious sects, there are prevailing views on the subject of religion. In what relation do these principles which have been laid down stand to all these?

We shall not be greatly surprised if we find the churches and sects of the day occupied with very different ideas from those which have been here represented as the fundamental ideas of religion. The machinery of institutions is very apt to choke the ideas which originally the institutions were intended to realise. Nay, we shall not at once allow ourselves to be disconcerted if we come upon what appear to be great religious movements which

nevertheless in no way agree with our ideas of what religion essentially consists in, and even run counter to them. For we remember that there are at least two powerful impulses, which, though they are quite distinct from religion, yet often assume its appearance and its name. There is first ecclesiasticism. Often, in the decline of churches or priesthoods, waves of eager enthusiasm are seen to pass through them, which might seem to indicate a renewal of vitality, a return of the inspiration which first gave them life; and yet this is but a delusive appearance. The *esprit de corps* has been aroused, and that is all. The natural feeling of loyalty to caste, of enthusiasm for a venerable institution, has been awakened for the time; as a matter of course it revives the old religious watchwords; but the impulse nevertheless is not religious, but only ecclesiastical. And secondly, there is superstition. This too has its manifestations, not less imposing than those of religion, and other manifestations are produced by the two principles acting together; for if superstition be the effect of terror as religion is of admiration, these two emotions, it is evident, pass easily into each other. We often fear what we admire, and on the other hand the servile human heart readily persuades itself that it admires what in fact it only fears. When we look back upon the great Evangelical Revival of the last century and this, it is melancholy to be obliged to admit how large a part of it was mere *Shamanism*. The fear of hell may be as power-

<sup>1</sup> Continued from *Macmillan* for October, 1876.

ful an impulse as any other ; when it seizes a great multitude it may produce notable manifestations ; but no such manifestations concern us here, for there can never be anything properly religious in them.

And as it may happen that great movements which have convulsed churches and sects, or strong opinions which now characterise them, may not concern us at all ; so we may be much interested, and find much confirmation of our views in other movements of opinion and feeling which have gone on outside all churches, or even in opposition to them. That the *Renaissance*, for instance, was often hostile to the hierarchy, does not prevent us from regarding it as a religious movement. That science now proclaims the downfall of religion as about to be accomplished by its hands, is no reason why we should not regard the scientific movement as one of the most powerful and most hopeful religious impulses that the world has seen, evidently destined to raise religion out of the tremors, the misgivings, the fits and moods in which she has so long lived, and make her a strong and robust spirit, capable of inspiring great enterprises. It is one of the standing difficulties of religious discussion, as it is also of political, that the question which is most completely unsettled, and which people are least willing to consider, is precisely the first and most necessary of all, viz., what the subject of discussion is. As in politics liberty is perpetually talked of and never defined, so that a multitude of different notions, many of which are contradictory to each other, are attached to the same word by the same persons, so it is in religion with the word religion. The misfortune arises in both cases from the same cause, namely, that it is the multitude by and for whom both politics and religion are discussed, and that the multitude are utterly careless of exactness in the use of language. To them religion will always mean what parsons talk about, what goes on in churches and chapels. But we, as

we recognise that parsons are concerned with many things besides religion, and that it is often true according to the proverb, that "the nearer the church the farther from God ;" so must we be prepared without the smallest hesitation to acknowledge the presence of religion in much which the clergyman does not countenance, and in much which he calls secular, or in which he scents Atheism.

Perhaps it may be well to begin by pointing out how far the view of religion here given, which represents it as consisting in the great habitual admirations which elevate the human spirit, and form the nutriment of the higher life, differs from the view of religion now most current. First, then, in the popular view, religion is a something truly possessed by very few, and creating in those few a kind of virtue or sanctity quite different from the ordinary virtues of human nature, and in a manner supernatural. There seems indeed much confusion in the language used in the religious world, both about ordinary virtue, and about that transcendent kind of virtue which they believe religion to produce. They profess, indeed, to lay it down that no virtue of any kind is possible except as the result of religion, and yet they seem to have no hesitation, nay, even to have pleasure, in asserting that some of the most splendid virtues, the most exalted perfections of character that history can show, have not had their root in religion. The doctrine of "splendid sins" has been invented ; but the sins in question seem to be often as solid as they are splendid ; and the perplexed lay world when it hears the most scrupulous justice, the most delicate honour, the most genuine benevolence branded as "filthy rags," wonders what more the religious would have, and what better virtues they can show themselves. Not less unsatisfactory is their way of meeting this challenge. The virtues produced by religion are indeed, they tell us, as much above mere secular virtues as heaven is above earth ; but they do not profess to have themselves

more than the beginnings and rudiments of such virtues. Their progress in the heavenly life is indeed lamentably slow; and did not even Paul call himself the chief of sinners? Still it is not to be denied that this transcendent virtue has at times been seen, a purity, an elevation which seemed superhuman. Certainly no one would think of denying this; but who can admit that the connection between this elevated form of virtue, which is occasionally seen, and what the religious world understands by religion, is made out half so plainly as it ought to be?

In opposition to all this, religion, in our view, so far from being a rare thing, is one of the commonest or rather most universal things in the world. We agree with the religious world that there can be no true virtue without religion; nay, we agree also that there is a certain respectability which usurps the name of virtue without having any of the substance. But this pinchbeck virtue which is really nothing more precious than prudence is, we hold, distinguishable at a glance from the genuine metal. All virtue, therefore, which strikes us as admirable, we admire without misgiving, and do not stop to examine whether it is connected with religion, because we know beforehand that it must be so. Instead of arguing that, in spite of all appearance, it must be spurious because no religion is at the root of it, we should be prepared to argue that because it is genuine, therefore, in spite of all appearance, religion must be at the root of it. But in fact we are never reduced to this shift. It is indeed common enough to meet with this genuine virtue entirely disconnected from any recognised cultus, or from membership in any church; but few even in the religious world would be hardy enough absolutely to identify these externals with religion. To our eyes the religious principle in all such cases appears very visible, however formless. Take from history the hardest and least sentimental specimen of acknowledged virtue; take old Cato.

That type of virtue springs out of religion not less truly than the saintly type which seems most opposite to it; it springs out of the worship of ancestors.

To us then religion seems necessarily as common in the world as virtue. But it seems far commoner. For first we recognise much religion which bears and can bear no fruit in virtue, unless indeed we use virtue to describe any healthy condition of the soul. And secondly, we recognise that half the vices of the world are just as plainly the result of religion in a perverted shape, that is of some worship not properly subordinated, as all the virtues are the result of religion working normally.

If then we write of religion, or would exhort men to it, we do so not with the melancholy pathos of our preachers, who are convinced that nine-tenths of mankind will not listen; that the foolish are too foolish and most of the wise too wise to do so, and that only a few people of very peculiar temperament are capable of religious impressions. All are capable of them, almost all are strongly animated with them. Men without religion must be in the lowest depth of barbarism, or rather in that still lower deep of monkeyism which fashionable speculations have opened for us in human nature. But we recommend religion because though there is plenty of it there is very little compared with our needs; then again the higher kinds are sadly deficient, and in large parts of the earth almost unknown; and the lower kinds of religion are often too strong for the higher, which leads to great disorders, and sometimes the higher kinds are unjust to the lower, which leads to hypocrisy and concealed exasperation; lastly, in industrial ages and nations the vitality of religion itself languishes, all ideals together shrink and dwindle, till men learn to aspire to no bliss higher than comfort and obey no law higher than convention.

This view of religion is less melancholy than the popular view, just as much when it looks at the age in general and at the recent course of



history as when it regards individual men. In the popular view the present is a period of rapid and almost hopeless decline in religion. It is indeed only of late years that such despondency has come upon us, and it seems only yesterday that we used to speak of the great religious revival which the age had witnessed, and how far more zealous and successful all religious bodies now were than formerly. The public mind has changed now, and believes itself to have been misled by a passing wave of reaction which for a moment hid the steadfast tendency of the time. Science has declared open war against the clergy; news arrives that on the Continent Protestantism is dying a natural death as fast as Catholicism a violent one. The memories of the eighteenth century revive; Voltaire and Diderot are spoken of as enlightened thinkers who were before their age; the later generation that abjured them is described as influenced by passing and accidental causes. And so we begin to think of religion as in an advanced stage of dissolution and as evidently not long for this world; to be a little ashamed of the tincture of it that we ourselves have taken from the age of spasmodic revival; to wonder a little and be half-amused at our own knowledge of the Bible; to think of the religious conflicts of past English history much as the later Romans thought of the age of Numa, when they said, *Majores nostri, religiosissimi mortales*; and at times almost to picture the Almighty Himself as some Pius IX. deprived of His temporal power, and only allowed, out of traditional respect, to inhabit His Vatican above until the curse of nature takes Him away.

To us it is needless to say that all this seems the most extravagant misconception, caused by identifying religion with ecclesiastical systems in a way which no one could seriously justify. That existing Churches, even some leading Protestant ones, have lost very much of their influence is certain, and it is true that two centuries ago these organisations answered to men's thoughts

and wants far more than they do now. This is a pity; but such misfortunes must happen as long as Church authorities cling to the notion that they can invent forms which will never wear out, or that they have been intrusted with a revelation so complete that the course of time has long ceased to add anything to it. No one would ever complain of the doctrine that the Eternal reveals Himself to men, if it were presented still in the old Hebrew manner; if the revelation were described as ever-growing, and receiving the addition of a new chapter in every age that passes by. But when it is pretended that the Eternal had once the habit of revealing Himself to men but has long since ceased to do so, how is it possible but that sooner or later that degrading conception of Him should spring up which exhibits Him as an ecclesiastical potentate of declining influence and a teacher of old-fashioned science? If it was by constantly growing and expanding that the religion of Moses survived all other religions of antiquity and became the religion of Europe, what can be expected but that by reversing this rule, by declaring itself complete and its canon of inspiration closed, it will in an age of busy thought and progress lose all the ascendancy it has gained? That is, the institution will decay—the organisation in which the religion was embodied, and which in popular parlance is confounded with the religion itself. But if, when we are told that religion is dying out, nothing more is meant than that ecclesiastical institutions have grown stiff and unserviceable for want of timely reform, the phenomenon is described in language which is needlessly alarming. If that be all, organisation is by no means indispensable to religion—nay, perhaps excess of organisation is one of its principal dangers. If that be all, religion will subsist for a time independent of organisation, and then, unless it languishes from other causes, will gather strength to create anew for itself what organisation may be needful.

And what, from our point of view, shall we say of that revival of religion

in England in the first half of this century, which already looks so curious when we read histories of the surplice controversy of thirty years ago and of the Gorham Case? We shall say that, along with religion, both superstition and ecclesiasticism counted for much in that movement. It was perhaps less a stirring of the higher life in English society than a vigorous attempt to furbish up the old ecclesiastical machinery. It was a discovery made by the clergy that the indolence in which they had indulged did not suit an age of reform. The three old schools of Anglicanism took their turn to rouse themselves. After the Low Church, the High Church awoke in great energy, and then the old party of latitude revived in the Broad Church. But in all these revivals the question properly religious, the question of the higher life, seemed almost secondary to the merely clerical question whether the old machinery could still be made to work. Clerical subscription was always in the foreground. Each revival seemed in turn to fail when it was found to strain the Church machinery too far. Evangelicalism was refuted by being shown to lead to Dissent, Tractarianism by being shown to lead to Popery, Broad Churchism by being shown to lead to heterodoxy. And yet this mode of argument was of course purely professional. To the simple inquirer after the higher life, who desired only to know how he and others might rise out of worldliness and lead a life worthy of the dignity of human nature, it was clearly important to know only whether the different religious systems put before him would help in that task, and not towards what quarter of the ecclesiastical horizon they led. Accordingly even in the midst of that revival, although religious controversy occupied the nation in a way which astonished foreign observers, yet the remark was made by some of these, as by Bunsen, how verbal and superficial the controversies were, and that beside them there was a hollowness, a conventionality of feeling, which was, in fact,

want of religion, and might lead sooner than was expected to an open rejection of it.

Putting, then, clerical and anti-clerical controversies on one side as likely to give us no safe gauge of the state of religion, we turn to quite different phenomena and arrive at quite different conclusions. We inquire, not whether the name of God is often in men's mouths or whether they garnish their conversation with texts of Scripture, but whether the realities which answer to sacred names, or are expressed in sacred oracles, influence them. And as tried by this criterion much that calls itself revival seems little to be trusted, so that general appearance as if in the last centuries religion everywhere had been in steady decline because the unprogressive Church organisations have declined, appears delusive. In religion itself what is, and for a long time past has been, observable, is not decline but reconstruction. There was indeed a period which may be truly called irreligious, which set in when men first began to feel deeply discontented with ecclesiastical systems. A good part of the eighteenth century was really irreligious, not because it attacked the Church, but because it abandoned the very principle of worship. Yet even then the advance of science was a redeeming feature. For to us science, instead of counting among the forces hostile to religion, is the outward manifestation of one of the grandest religious principles; it is the modern form of that old Hebrew worship which was paid to a Deity who was not to be represented in the human form. And the most irreligious period of the eighteenth century felt itself more religious in one respect than the seventeenth, namely, in having a deeper sense of God's incomprehensible greatness. The *Essay on Man* is in this respect in advance of *Paradise Lost*, and much of Voltaire's most reckless mockery agrees in substance with the closing chapters of the Book of Job where the Almighty out of the whirlwind rebukes the disputing theologians. Nor was this feeling bar-

ren, for it is by recognising clearly that God is not a man that science becomes possible. Accordingly those years, otherwise so irreligious, are the years when science began its steady advance. But in those years everything else, Church, State, society itself, seemed hastening to ruin. Later, however, reconstruction begins. Virtue comes back into fashion, and is spoken of with affection. This to us is evidence of a revival of religion. The religion of humanity begins to take its place beside that worship of Deity which is Science. All those ideas which form the basis of Christianity proper are now, as it were, rediscovered. Respect for humble life, tenderness for children, pity for the poor, are awakened in turn. Soon rights of man are heard of, and a kind of wild Pentecost of the revived religion is witnessed. The story does not need telling again, nor what strange effects followed from the lighting of a spark of inspiration upon so much explosive matter. All the strangeness could not prevent the nations from feeling that "still the light that led astray was light from Heaven." A sort of new birth of the moral virtues takes place in the very midst of massacres and lawless wars. And in our view such a result is far better evidence of a revival of religion than the building of many new churches or the reviving of many obsolete controversies. In the same age Nature vindicated again her old right to worship from poets and artists, and thus the three admirations which constitute religion, and the proper adjustment of which to each other constitutes pure and healthy religion, were restored to men.

What was then begun has continued since. The nineteenth century has been still more plainly a time of reconstruction. How is it possible for those who believe that religion is to be tested by its fruits to consider the present a period of decline in religion? Has it not been an age of great improvements, of great emancipations? Slavery abolished in the New World and serfdom in the Old, despotism and unjust privilege almost suppressed; these are the larger results.

Failures and partial retrogression have not been wanting, nor crimes on a great scale; but these have been comparatively accidental and transitory. Were religion really dying out we should have that sense of desertion and desolation which has been felt in some former periods; but the sense of progress is in this age stronger than usual. Those who think the sense of health and progress consistent with the disappearance of religion teach men to regard religion as a thing superfluous. So much may be urged upon those who, identifying religion with Christianity, look upon virtue as its only fruit. To us the signs of religious revival are much more numerous. For we look upon the advance of science as among the greatest of these, and when we see this taking quite a new rate of rapidity, when we see the love of science passing from the few to the many, and the contemplation of the laws of Nature taking its place among the habitual enjoyments of life, we recognise a new revelation, and the opening of a new channel of communion between man and the Eternal.

Nevertheless, what to the writer of all this seems palpably clear will no doubt be condemned by many readers as vague. They will say that it is easy to make out religion prosperous by collecting all the hopeful signs that the age presents, and attributing them arbitrarily to a single secret cause, and then, still more arbitrarily, and in defiance of all usage, calling that secret cause religion. Religion, they will insist, means, and must mean, churches and clergymen, and you determine the condition of it by ascertaining what proportion of the population goes to church, and whether the number of candidates for orders increases or diminishes, just as you ascertain the state of trade by looking at the returns of export and import. One can only hope by slow degrees to remove a prejudice which will know nothing of the chief lesson taught by ecclesiastical history, that religion is constantly at war with its own organization—a prejudice which, if transferred to politics, would argue a country to be in a state of poli-



tical decline, in which resistance was offered to a tyrannous government. The excuse for it is that whereas in earlier times, as at the Reformation, those who rebelled against the reigning Church did so in the name of religion, and began immediately to frame new Churches, in this age the rebellion repudiates the name of religion altogether, and would destroy the Church without substituting anything for it. It has chosen to identify religion with its corruptions, and when it speaks of its own positive objects, calls them by new names—the most secular that can be chosen. Accordingly it will seem to many perverse that I should urge the improvements of modern life and the reform of abuses in proof of the vitality of religion. “What has all this to do with religion? It is progress, civilisation, if you will; but religion (*i.e.* of course, churches and parsons) has nothing to do with it, and has, in fact, throughout rather hindered than furthered it.”

Now it is not from carelessness or looseness of thought that religion is here spoken of as identical with civilisation. No doubt it is a common abuse of high-sounding names to apply them to anything which, being in itself good, belongs to the genus of which they denote some one species, as, in politics, whatever people approve is, in England at least, peremptorily called liberty. We, however, mean seriously to assert that the civilisation of a nation or an age is strictly the religion of the nation or age; at least that if any distinction is to be made between them it can only be the distinction between the external and the internal, so that civilisation should express the habits and ways of acting, religion the views and principles out of which they spring. This is the idea which has dictated these papers, and we have laboured to show that what is so vaguely called civilisation, or, more distinctly, culture, is not a mere mass of conveniences, comforts, or contrivances stored up by nations out of their experience, but a system of living corresponding to the growth of the higher life within them, and everywhere

closely connected with their religion, except when, according to well-known laws, the religion, corrupted or paralysed by its own organization, assumes a new and morbid character. When this happens it is evident that the real religion of the nation must be distinguished from its nominal one; the formularies or catechisms in use no longer express what it is, but only what it was, and in this case, in order to ascertain it, you must take the unorganised civilisation of the nation, its customs and ways of life, and infer from this, with the help of its literature, what its religion now really is.

It is difficult to catch what is characteristic about these ways of life so long as you look only at the nation itself, or all the nations that share them. But the civilisation of a nation becomes at once visible by contrast when it is compared with nations whose civilisation is different. And the principal outlines of our own European civilisation have become plain to us all, partly through our dealings with Asiatics, partly through our dealings with those among ourselves who disapprove of it and would drag us back into the ways of life we have abandoned. Thus we find ourselves able to teach the whole Asiatic world that definiteness of conception, accuracy of observation and computation, that intellectual conscientiousness and patience, which are necessary to science. This, then, is one leading constituent of our civilisation, and we recognise it to be so. Closely connected with this is the active spirit which believes that man's condition can be bettered by his efforts. Then comes that constituent which is so conspicuous that we often summarily call it civilisation, *viz.*, humanity. No doubt it does not characterise European civilisation alone, but it does characterise it, and in a peculiarly effective, because peculiarly active and hopeful form, and in many nations outside that sphere it is almost wholly wanting. Then come many other principles affecting man's dealings with his kind, respect for women, respect for individual liberty, respect for misfor-

tune, &c. And again, when we look back upon our own past we discover that our civilisation has in the later centuries acquired a new principle, that it has thrown off that dread of external nature, and that depreciation of the present life in comparison with the future which marked Monasticism and Puritanism, and has found in the enjoyment of natural forms not merely an allowable pleasure, but a great spring of mental health.

This, then, is our civilisation, not as one may think it ought to be, but as it evidently is. And the religion that inspires it is scarcely less evident. That scientific spirit of observation and method is the worship of God, whose ways are not as our ways, but whose law is eternal, and in the knowledge of whom alone is solid well-being. That spirit of active humanity is Christianity, and it is supplemented by several other forms of the worship of Man which have grown up round it. Lastly, that enjoyment of the visible world is a fragment saved from the wreck of Paganism. It is the worship of the forms of Nature derived from Greece, first widely diffused at the *Renaissance*, and welcomed since and spread still more widely by artist natures from age to age. Now this threefold religion is not in a state of decline. What is in a state of decline is the body of ecclesiastical organisations whose doors are not promptly enough thrown open to receive it.

So far then of the difference between the view here taken of religion and the popular view. But how far is the popular view identical with real Christianity? In differing from it do we cease to be Christians? Do we leave Christianity behind us? Evidently there is no reason why we should. Against popular Christianity, the religious men of almost every generation have protested, declaring that it was not genuine Christianity, but a corruption of it. We may do the same and represent that our ideas are all Christian, and lie hidden in the original documents of the faith. Are we prepared to do this?

Certainly not altogether. It is evidently contrary to our conception of the Deity, as the Eternal Power of the universe—*Der da waltet gut und gross*—to imagine that His revelation of Himself could be confined to one country and nation. If this seems here and there to be asserted in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, we ascribe it to a narrowness which few nations—and our own less than most—are free from. We regard the religion which lies at the bottom of modern civilisation as containing elements almost unknown both to ancient Judaism and to primitive Christianity. The scientific impulse is foreign to both, and not less the artistic; and these have come to us from quite other sources. Yet even here, as we have had occasion to remark, the new elements are only additional, not in any way incompatible or discordant with the old. The spirit of joy and nature-worship finds no asceticism to combat in the original religious tradition. It finds the Founder of Christianity separating Himself in a pointed manner from asceticism, and dropping at times words which a lake poet might take for his motto. It finds the prophets of Judaism describing nature with free enjoyment. And the zeal against anthropomorphism, though it did not in the Hebrew race lead to science, is yet strikingly in harmony with the scientific spirit. If our men of science wished to give to their favourite conviction about the Unknown and Unknowable, an imaginative form in which it might work upon the popular mind, they would find that the work has already been done for them in an incomparable manner by the prophets of the Old Testament. But beyond this and some rude outlines of a philosophy of universal history which are to be discerned in the prophetic books, it is plain that we do not draw our science or our art from the sources from which we draw our Christianity. It is plain, also, that neither art nor science has flourished freely where Christianity has been regarded as the one source of spiritual life. But to avow this and to

assert that we cannot do with Christianity alone, is not to abandon Christianity, nor is it to assert that within its own province, anything can come into competition with Christianity, much less supersede it.

That province is the province of morals, of man's struggle towards his ideal. Assuredly here, too, it is contrary to our principles to imagine that the Eternal exhausted Himself long ago, and for many centuries has had nothing more to reveal. We believe that those who assert this in words, deny it unconsciously in their actions. Else why do they read new biographies with such interest? Why do they crowd with such enthusiasm in every generation round new objects of admiration, the hero, or the saint, or the adored teacher? The ideal of humanity is not so revealed once for all, but that it needs continually to be presented again, that we may see its bearing in the midst of the new conditions into which mankind are brought. But behold at the same time that it was by and in Jesus Christ that man was aroused—that is, in these western regions—to the worship most necessary to him, to the religion which gives life to morality, and that the introduction of this highest worship was both so made and so recorded that the record is the most precious among all the heirlooms of our race. We hold that though there may arise by chance a Zoilus who has the courage of his stupidity, and will tell the world boldly that he doesn't see it, yet few people would listen to him if their minds were not irritated by the professional pedantry with which the subject has been handled, and if the origins of Christianity were not contemplated through a vista of centuries, in which it was barbarised, and in which it became at times a wild superstition or a childish mythology, though not losing, even in these perversions, its original elevation and tenderness; at times a merciless, though even then, it may be, a necessary and beneficial theocracy. So far from having gained an accidental importance beyond

its desert, nothing has been so unjustly misrepresented, so unfairly judged, or mixed up with so much that it has no concern with, as Christianity, and yet in spite of all this, it remains the core, the best and most precious part of that religion of modern civilisation which we have described as extending beyond it. To pretend to be able to dispense with it would be a folly as well as an impiety, even if all the sacerdotalism and spiritual tyranny which have gathered round it, could fairly be laid to its account. But the charges against it fall to the ground when we look back to its original character, and see how deeply penetrated it was with the idea of progress. If the religion of modern civilisation is not quite the same thing even in its moral part as the religion of the New Testament, if it has grown larger and richer with the process of time, we may fairly say that it is all the more Christian on that account. It is what Christianity would be if it had been allowed to develop itself in the spirit of its founders, and of their precursors, the prophets. For in the original plan it is assumed, what sacerdotalism denies, that new light is ever to be expected, and that the divine revelation of one age gives place in due season to the larger revelation of another. With what a singular mixture of reverence, and the sense of superiority, does the young Christian Church look back upon its Jewish parent! It is an inimitable model of the way the ages should behave to each other. There is no touch of rebellion, and yet there is the calmest assertion of freedom. There is no depreciation of the old truth, no denial that it was divine, and yet the firmest assertion of the new truth as divine also, and still more divine. Who can doubt that that Apostolical Age which so treated its predecessors, desired and expected to be so treated in turn by its successors? Who that reads its glowing expectations of the future can fail to see that it did not look forward to a Christianity of timid repetition, a commentatorial age of religion, but to an unheard-of increase



and diffusion of the spirit of prophecy? Who that knows the ring of original Christianity does not hear it in those words of Milton: "In that day it shall no more be said as in scorn that it was never yet seen in such a fashion, when men have better learned that the times and seasons pass along under Thy feet, to go and come at Thy bidding?"

This notion of modern civilisation as constituting or as enshrining a religion which, though not exclusively, is yet substantially Christian, may provoke the following objection. It may be said that civilisation is a matter of birth and physical conditions, that it is to nations what personal character is to individuals, a thing peculiar to themselves and incommunicable, whereas Christianity announced itself as something publishable, and to be published to all nations, a gospel or message, the acceptance of which would elevate men to a higher spiritual condition. The world was lying in darkness, and the new religion was to rise upon it like a sun. Certainly Christianity did announce itself so, and it is curious to observe with what helpless automatism Christian teachers repeat the original language, forgetting that what was news when it was first announced, can hardly continue news when it has been repeated with unparalleled reiteration for eighteen centuries; and that unless Christianity has broken its promise, the world that lay in darkness before it was preached, must now lie in light. But is it true that modern civilisation does not resemble Christianity in this respect? that it belongs to a few countries in Europe, among which it has grown up in some way only half understood, and that it can never be communicated to other races? Does it consist merely of certain habits or ways of action which, though convenient, can yet never be referred to any principle, so that nothing like a creed or catechism of civilisation could ever be drawn up? Because this has, perhaps, never been attempted, it does not follow that it is impossible. We remember that much of what constitutes Christianity lay for

a long time hidden in Judaism, passive and unaggressive, and it also seems that the other great aggressive religion of the world, Buddhism, did not begin its missionary course for some centuries after its foundation. May not the same change pass over modern civilisation? May not it too have at last its missionaries conscious and devoted!

Civilisation again is often spoken of in a sceptical tone, as if it were only a flattering name which nations give to their own usages which, from mere prejudice, they regard as superior to the usages of foreigners, whereas in reality each nation develops for itself the way of life that suits it best, so that each nation would do wisely to stick to the usages it has inherited.

Assuredly—to deal with the last question first—it will never do for one nation to set up its own culture as the standard which all mankind should conform to. An absolute civilisation, such as might deserve to have its formularies and its missionaries, could only be gathered from a comparison of the usages of very many nations. But then when we speak of modern civilisation, we actually mean a civilisation of this kind. The usages of nations have actually been carefully compared in recent times; even many nations differing most widely from the European have been studied with sympathy and candour; and in consequence we can and do now speak of civilisation without exclusive reference to our own usages. Nothing could be worse than for any nation to preach its own culture as a gospel of deliverance to mankind; yet the English in India may, with perfect modesty, with perfect consciousness of their own woful deficiencies, assert that part at least of the gospel of civilisation is committed to them to preach there—for instance, scientific method, for this they know is not peculiar to themselves, but belongs to absolute civilisation.

This example may show that it is actually not impossible to draw out into a formulary the principles of absolute civilisation. An attempt has been

made in these papers to give distinctness to some of these principles, and in this way to bring out the conception of a religion which consists, not of the crotchets of any individual, but of those grand views of life which may fairly be said to have been revealed to our times by the Eternal, because they have commended themselves to whole nations, and have then victoriously invaded other nations, subduing mankind with large and gradual processes of conviction. And if there exist this absolute civilisation, it is certainly not true that it cannot be propagated, but can only be called into existence within a new population by the same inscrutable and gradual influences which created it originally. The culture of a nation is eminently capable of being transmitted to other nations by direct teaching, and by the exhibition of its fruits, appealing to the admiration and envy of those alien to it. We may wonder and conjecture in what way, and through what causes, the old Hellenic culture sprang up, and concentrated itself at Athens; but when this had happened, there was no such mystery about the way in which it could be propagated further. The Hellenising of other nations went on easily and naturally, because all who saw what Hellenic culture could do, desired to participate in it, and would not be refused their share.

Now the culture of modern Europe—not those views of life which are matters of controversy among us, but those in which all who have a high standard agree—is now what Hellenic culture was in the days of Alexander, what Hebrew culture was in the time of the early Church; it is a great religion about to gather all nations into its communion. It conquers wherever it comes, not so much by argument as by an evident superiority that makes argument superfluous. Our missionaries go out to convert the Hindoos to our ecclesiastical Christianity, and not without success; but meanwhile without missionaries the Hindoos are converted to Europeanism, to that total of views and principles

which is so much larger than ecclesiastical Christianity. They are converted to our science, to our energetic mode of life; so that their old traditional religion seems not unlikely to pass away from their minds like a dream; and we might influence them much more powerfully if we ourselves were not so backward in some parts of European culture, if our Christianity were not so dry and formal, and all our religion so much corrupted by worldly views.

It is easy to trace in the life of Livingstone, and in other records of modern missions, that the view here presented has often occurred to practical men, and that there is something very unnatural in separating our Christianity from the rest of our civilisation, as if it alone deserved to be carried to the heathen as a message of redemption; and as if there ought not to be missionaries to preach to the heathen those laws of nature upon which health, whether bodily or intellectual, depends, or those truths about institution and government which are the life of society.

This great modern religion, of which Christianity is the core, requires just as much to be sedulously preached and inculcated within the limits where it is professed, as to be carried beyond them. For within those limits it has been corrupted into numberless heresies. There is the asceticism which disbelieves in nature, the obscurantism which shrinks from science, and will not know God as He is, the scientific fanaticism and cynicism which reject humanity. And worse than all these heresies there is the naked irreligion which believes in nothing, that is, worships nothing, and aims only at the getting, or increasing, or consuming of a livelihood.

Here, too, at home as well as in the fields of missionary enterprise, it is easy to see that the mistake made is that of putting a part of our religion for the whole, of supposing that we are merely Christians in the ecclesiastical sense of the word, when in fact our religion is something beyond comparison wider.

Our religion, what is it in reality but the great system of views which supports the higher life in us? And what then in all this system of views can be outside of the province of the religious teacher? But our religious teachers have thoroughly accustomed themselves to the notion that they have no concern with, perhaps, the greater part of this province. It costs them nothing to admit that there may be great laws of the universe profoundly affecting the life of man; that there may be elevating thoughts, nay that there may be noble deeds and noble characters fit to be set up as examples, which nevertheless do not concern them at all as religious teachers, and have no bearing upon religion. "If this be not worship," says Carlyle somewhere, "why then I say the more pity for worship!" And just such is the reflection which mankind have long been making upon that definition of religion which has been put before them by the teachers of it. The consequence is that it is now proposed to exclude religious teaching from schools, and that the theological faculty begins to be abolished in universities, while many of the most serious-minded men feel that little will be lost. Religion has been so defined, that morality can be separated from it, that the laws of the universe can be separated from it, that all noble and elevating arts can be separated from it; what wonder then that nothing but a *caput mortuum* seems to remain?

In spite of all that can be said of scientific objections to Christian doctrine, it is most plain that the decline observable in the influence of religious teachers is owing, not to anything they have taught, but to what they have not taught. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." While new knowledge of God, of man, and of nature has been pouring in upon us for generations past, while society has taken new forms, so as to need new advice and new instruction, religious teaching has remained much the same. "It may be true, it may even be good, but it is not God's truth, it is not religion."

Subtle distinction! Meanwhile the more liberal-minded among religious teachers have laboured commendably to show that the new truths are not inconsistent with the old oracles, so that there is no reason to reject either, or that Prophets and Apostles have said things which make it conceivable that they would not have disapproved, or perhaps that they in some degree anticipated, the modern discoveries. But that God can reveal a new truth which may stand on the same level as the old, they will hardly admit, and so they scarcely get beyond tolerance for such new truths, or can be brought to conceive that they may deserve precedence over the old, as in fact they generally do. Thus while the mass of religious teachers are lost in the depths of the past, the more liberal are commonly just sighting the present. Unfortunately those who are to be taught, at least the more busy-minded of them, know nothing of the past, but live wholly either in the struggles of the present, or in wild dreams of the future.

Were it otherwise, the decline of churches would be by no means such as we see. The arguments against miracles, or those against a future life, are by no means so convincing, but that they could easily be resisted, or almost disregarded, by churches which preached the real religion of the age. The churches lose their hold, not because they dare to hope more than science does, but because they respond so little to the positive aspirations, admirations, devotions of the age, not, in a word, because they teach more than men can believe, but because they teach infinitely less. They are dragged down by the superstition that God has long ago ceased to reveal truth, and that the truths which have come to mankind since, though not wanting in certainty nor yet in importance, are destitute somehow of a certain quality of sacredness. It would be hard indeed to define this quality, or to say why it is that some doctrines are fit to be preached from pulpits and called



religious, while others are not so, though admitted to be both true and to affect nearly the higher life of man. But the test is none the less effective for being so wholly unreasonable, and it excludes most of the doctrines which form the real religion of the present age.

The reason why it seems worth while to state all this, is that in Protestant churches, at least, nothing stands in the way of an immediate and complete reform. They are bound by no Syllabus. No articles surely have ever laid it down that the Almighty has finally ceased to reveal new truth to man, and that it is heterodox to say that those true ideas with which the world is now alive, and of which only germs, or not even germs are to be found in the Scriptures, come from the same source from whence prophets of old drew truth, from the source in fact from which Christianity appears to teach that all truth comes. It is worth while to point out that the real cause of decline in Churches is not the so-called conflict of religion with science, that is, not the disagreement of their positive teaching with the philosophy of the age, but something quite different, viz. their want of any positive teaching upon the topics in which the age is most interested. If this distinction were once apprehended, the hopelessness which paralyses so many religious men might pass away. To reconcile religion

with science is a great matter, and many of those who have the strongest faith that the reconciliation can and will be accomplished feel entirely unable to contribute towards it. The other work of filling up the gaps of religion, of doing justice to the neglected revelation of the eighteen centuries which have passed since the canon of inspiration was said to be closed, of admitting into the creeds and catechisms of religion all those truths about God and man which a sacerdotal prejudice has hitherto pronounced "common and unclean," this work is not so difficult. It need not strain the formularies of any church. It might go forward without secession and without schism. And yet it is as much more important than the other work as it is less difficult. For the opposition of science is only formidable to a religion which lacks inherent vitality. When the prophetic power has gone out of a Church the boldness of the hopes and promises on which it is built ceases to appear sublime, and then the world gains courage to criticise and to sneer; but when she recovers her grasp of reality, and her prophets enrich their eloquence with fresh observation, and warm it with first-hand conviction, the peevish negations—not of science but of scientific people—die away again speedily into inaudible murmurs.

*To be continued.*

## YOUNG MUSGRAVE.

## PART IV.

## CHAPTER X.

WHILE Lady Stanton spread the news of the arrival of the Musgrave children among the upper classes, this information was given to the lower, an equally or perhaps even more important item in their history, by an authority of a very different kind, to whom, indeed, it would have been bitter to think that she was the channel of communication with the lower orders. But such is the irony of circumstances that it was Mrs. Pennithorne who prided herself upon her gentility, and who would have made any sacrifice rather than descend to a sphere beneath her, who conveyed the report, which ran through the village like wildfire, and which spread over the surrounding country as rapidly and effectually as if it had been made known by beacons on the hill-tops. The village was more interested in the news than any other circle in the country could be, partly because the reigning house in a village is its standing romance, the drama most near to it, and most exciting when there is any drama at all; and partly for still more impressive personal reasons. The Castle had done much for the district in this way, having supplied it with more exciting food in the way of story and incident than any other great house in the north country. There had been a long interval of monotony, but now it appeared to all concerned that the more stirring circle of affairs was about to begin again. The manner in which the story fully reached the village was simple enough. Mrs. Pennithorne had, as might have been expected, failed entirely with Mary's frock. It would

not "come" as she wanted it to come, let her do what she would; and when all her own efforts had failed, and the stuff was effectually spoiled, soiled and crumpled, and incapable of ever looking better than secondhand under any circumstances, she called in the doctor, as people are apt to do when they have cobbled at themselves in vain. The dress doctor in Penninghame and the neighbourhood, the rule of fashion, the grand authority for everything in the way of *chiffons*, was a certain Miss Price, a lively little old woman, who had one of the best houses in the village, where she let lodgings on occasion, but always made dresses. She had been in business a great many years, and was an authority both up and down the water. It was not agreeable to Miss Price to be called in at the last moment as it were, to heal the ailments of Mary's frock; but partly because it was the clergyman's house, and partly because of the gossip which was always involved she obeyed the summons, as she had done on many previous occasions. And she did her best, as Mrs. Pennithorne had done her worst, upon the little habiliment. "Ladies know nothing about such things," the little dressmaker said, pinning and unpinning with energetic care and rapidity. And the Vicar's wife, who looked on helpless but admiring, accepted the condemnation because of the flattery involved; for Mrs. Pen was elevated over Miss Price by so brief an interval that this accusation was a kind of acknowledgment of her gentility, and did her good, though it was not meant to be complimentary. She liked to feel that hers was that ladylike uselessness which is only appropriate to high position. She simpered a little, and avowed that indeed she had never been brought up to know about such things; and while

Miss Price put the spoiled work to rights the Vicar's wife did her best to entertain the beneficent fairy who was bringing the chaos into order. She did not blurt out suddenly the news with which she was overbrimming, but brought it forth cunningly in the course of conversation in the most agreeable way.

"Have you any news, Miss Price?" she said; "but I tell the Vicar that nothing ever happens here. The people don't even die."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. There's two within the last three months; but to be sure they were long past three-score and ten."

"That is what I say. It's so healthy at Penninghame. Look at the old Squire now, how hale and hearty he is—and after all he has come through."

"Yes, he has come through a deal," said Miss Price, putting her pins in her mouth, "and that's too true."

"Poor old man; and still more and more to put up with. Have you seen the children, Miss Price? Oh dear! didn't you know? Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it; but people cannot hide up children as they hide secrets. I have been living here for ten years and I scarcely know the rights of the story about John Musgrave yet."

"Children!" said Miss Price, with a start which shook the pins out of her fingers. "To be sure—that came in a coach from Pennington with a play-acting sort of a woman. But what has that to do with Mr. John?"

The dressmaker dropped Mary's frock upon her knees in the excitement of her feelings. There was more than curiosity involved. "To be sure," she said. "To be sure!" going on with her own thoughts, "where should they come but to the Castle? and who should have them but his family? 'Lizabeth Bampfylde is a wronged woman, but not even me, I wouldn't trust the children to her. His children! though they would be hers too——"

"What do you mean, Miss Price?"

said Mrs. Pen, half offended; "are you going out of your senses? I tell you something about the Squire's family and you get into a way about it as if it could be anything to you."

Miss Price recovered her composure with a rapid effort, but her little pale countenance reddened.

"Nothing to me, ma'am," she said, with what she felt to be a proper pride. "But if Mr. John has children, if that is what you mean, they had a mother as well as a father; and there was a time when that was some thing to me."

"Oh!" cried the Vicar's wife, "then you knew Mrs. John; tell me about her. She was a low girl, that is all I know."

"She was no low girl, whoever told you," cried the little dressmaker. "She was one as folks were fond of, as fond as if she had been a princess. She was no more low than—I am; she was——"

"Oh, I did not mean to offend you, Miss Price. Of course I know how respectable you are—but not the equal of the Squire, you know, or of——"

Miss Price looked at the woman who had spoiled Mary's frock. There she stood, limp, and faded, and genteel, with no capacity in her fingers and not much in her head, with a smile of conscious superiority yet condescension. Miss Price was not her equal. "Good Lord! as if I would be that useless," she said to herself, "for all the money in the world! or to be as grand as the Queen!" But though she was at once exasperated and contemptuous, politeness and policy at once forbade her to say anything. She would not "set up her face to a lady," even when so very unimpressive as Mrs. Pennithorne; and it did not become the dressmaker in the village to be openly scornful of the Vicar's wife. She saved herself by taking up again with energy and devotion the scattered pins and the miserable little spoiled bodice of Mary's frock.

"I am glad you know about this girl," said Mrs. Pen, satisfied to have subdued



her opponent, "for I want so much to hear about her. One cannot get much information from a gentleman, Miss Price. They tell you, oh yes, she was a pretty creature! as if that is all you cared to know."

"It's what tells most with the gentlemen, ma'am," said Miss Price, recovering her composure. "Yes, that she was. I've looked at her many a time and said just the same to myself. 'Well, you are a pretty creature!' I don't wonder if their heads get turned when they are as pretty as that, though it isn't only the pretty ones that get their heads turned. The girls that I've had through my hands! and not one in ten that went through with the business and kept it up as it ought to be kept up."

"Was Mrs. John Musgrave in the business? Was she in your hands? I declare! Did he marry her from your house?"

"She was come of wild folks," said Miss Price; "there was gipsy blood in them. They had a little bit of a sheep farm up among the hills in their best days, and a lone house, where there wasn't a stranger to be seen twice in a year. 'Lizabeth Bamffylde, that's her mother, comes about the village still. I can't tell you what she does, she sells her eggs and chickens, and maybe she does tell fortunes. I won't say. She never told me mine. I took a fancy to the lass, and I said, 'Bring her to me. I'll take her. I'll train her a bit.' Oh, how little we know! If I had but let her bide on the fells!—but what a pretty one she was. Such eyes as she had, and a skin that wasn't to say dark—it was brown, but so clear! like the water when the sun is in it."

"You seem to think a great deal of people being pretty."

"So I do, ma'am, more than I ought. A woman should have more sense. I'm near as easy led away as the gentlemen. But there's different kinds of beauty, and that is what *they* more see as want it most. There's pretty faces that I can't abide. They seem to give me a turn. Now that's where

the men fails," said the little dress-maker; "all's one to them, good or bad, they never see any difference. Lily was never one of the bad ones, poor dear. Lily? yes, that was the young woman; but she's not such a young woman, not a girl now. She'll be thirty-seven or eight, close upon that, if she's living this day."

"She is not living—she died five years ago; and Miss Musgrave won't believe me that she ought to go into black for her," said Mrs. Pennithorne.

"Ah!" said Miss Price with a sharp cry. She dropped her work at her feet with an indifference to it which deeply aggrieved Mrs. Pennithorne. The announcement took her altogether by surprise, and went to her heart. "Dead! oh my poor Lily, my poor Lily! Was I thinking ill o' thee? Dead! and so many left—and her in her prime!" Sudden sobs stopped the good little woman's speech with which she struggled as she went on, making a brave effort to recover herself as she picked up the little dress. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but it was so sudden; it took me unprepared. Oh, ma'am, that's the worst of it when you have to do with girls. Few of them go through with the business, though it would be best for them; they turn every one to her own way; that's scripture, but I mean it. They marry, and they think themselves so grand with their children, and it kills 'em. Oh, if I had but left her on the fells! or if she had stuck by the business like me!"

"I did not think you took so much interest in her," said Mrs. Pen, feeling guilty. "If I had known you cared, I would have been more careful what I said. But nobody seemed to think much of *her*. It is always the Musgraves the Vicar speaks of."

"The Vicar thought of nothing but Miss Mary," said Miss Price hastily; then she corrected herself. "I mean of womanfolk," she said; "the Musgraves, ma'am, as you say, that was all he thought of. And that's always the way as far as I can

judge. The gentry thinks of their own side, and we that are but small folks, we think of ours; it's natural. Miss Musgrave was not much to me. I never made her but one thing, and that was a cotton, a common morning frock; she was too grand to have her things made by the likes of me; but Lily, she sat by my side and sewed at the same seam. And she's dead! the bonniest lass on all the water, as the village folks say."

"You don't talk like the village folks, Miss Price."

"No. I'm from the south, as they call it—except when a word creeps in now and again through being so long here. It's all pinned and straight, ma'am, now. It was done almost before I heard the news—and I'm glad of it, for my eyesight goes when I begins to cry. I don't think you can go wrong now," said Miss Price with a sigh, knowing the powers of her patroness in that direction. "It's as well as I can make it—pinned, and basted, and straight before your hand. No, thank you kindly, nothing for me. I'm that put out that the best thing I can do is to get home."

"But dear me, Miss Price, as she is not even a relation!"

"A relation, what's that? A girl that you've brought up is more than a relation," cried the dressmaker, forgetting her manners. And she made up her patterns tremulously in a little bundle, and hurried out with the briefest leavetaking, which was not civil, Mrs. Pennithorne said indignantly. But Miss Price, in her way, was as important as the Vicar's wife herself, being alone in her profession, and enjoying a monopoly. It is possible to be rude when you are a monopolist, without damage to your trade; but this, to do her justice, was not the motive which actuated the little dressmaker, who, in her nature, was anxiously polite and indisposed to offend any one; but the news she had heard was too much for all her little decorums. She made a long round out of her way to pass by the

Castle, though she could scarcely tell why she did so—for it was not the children that were most in her mind. Indeed she scarcely remembered them at all, in her excitement of pain and hot grief which took the shape of a kind of fiery resentment against life and nature. Children! what was the good of the children—helpless things that took a woman's life, and made even the rest of death bitter to her, wringing her heart with misery to leave them after costing her her life. She was an old maid not by accident, but by nature; and what were a couple of miserable little children in exchange for the life of Lily? But when, not expecting to see them, not thinking of them save in this bitter way, Miss Price saw the two children at the door of the hall, another quick springing sensation rose suddenly in her hasty soul. She went slowly past, gazing at them, trying to say to herself that she hated the sight of them, Lily's slayers! But her kind heart was too much for her quick temper, and as soon as they were out of sight, the little dressmaker sat down by the wayside and cried, sobbing like a child. Little dreadful creatures who had worn their mother to death, and killed her in her prime! Poor little forlorn orphans without a mother! She did not know which feeling was the warmest and strongest. But she reached home so shaken between the two emotions, that her present assistant who filled the place to which Miss Price had hoped to train Lily, and who was a good girl with no nonsense in her head, fully intending to go through with the business, was frightened by the appearance of her principal, who stumbled into the little parlour all garlanded with paper patterns, with tremulous step and blanched cheeks, as if she had seen a ghost.

"Something's to do!" cried the girl.

Miss Price made no immediate reply, but sank into a chair to get her breath.

"Oh, nothing; nothing you know of," she said at last, "nothing that need trouble you;" and then after a pause, "nothing that will warn you even, not one of you, silly things. You'd all do just the same to-morrow, though it was to cost you your lives."

"I'll run and get you a cup of tea," said Sarah, which showed her to be a young woman of sense. Where lives the woman to whom this cordial, promptly and as it were accidentally administered, does not do good? Miss Price gradually recovered herself as she sipped the fragrant tea, and told her story with many sighs and lamentations, yet not without a certain melancholy pleasure.

"If girls would only think," she said; "if they would take a warning; but ne'er a one of you will do that. You think it's grand to marry a gentleman; but it would be far better to go through with the business like I've done, far better! though you'll never think so."

Sarah was respectfully sympathetic; she shook her head with a look of awe and melancholy acquiescence; but nevertheless she did not think so. She was only twenty, and thirty-seven was a good age. To marry a gentleman, even at the risk of dying at thirty-seven like Lily, was better than living till sixty like Miss Price; but she did not say so. She acquiesced, and even cried over the lost Lily, whom she had never seen, with the easy emotion of a girl. She herself meant sincerely to go through with the business; but anyhow Sarah was as much excited by the news as heart could desire. Miss Price was very determined that it should not be talked of, that the story should not be spread in the village. "Don't let them say *again* it came from us," she said; but however that might be, before the next morning it had spread through the parish, and beyond the parish. Such things get into the atmosphere. What can conceal a secret? It is the one thing certain to be found out, and which

everyone is bound to know. There was nothing else talked about in the cottages or when neighbours met, for some days. The men talked of it over their beer, even, in the public houses. "She were a bonnie lass," the elder ones said; and all the girls in the district felt that they individually might have been Lily, and felt sad for her. The children (who could not be hid) were followed by eager looks of curiosity when they appeared, and the resemblance of Lilius to her mother was too remarkable not to strike every one who had known her; and the entire story which had excited the district so deeply in its time, and which with its mixture of all the sentiments which are most interesting to humanity, was almost as exciting still as ever, was retold, a hundred times over, for the benefit of the younger generation. In these lower regions, as was natural, the interest all centred in the beautiful girl, who, though "come of wild folk," and not even an appropriate bride for a well-to-do hopeful of the village, had "the offer of" two gentlemen, one the young lord, and the other the young squire. Had such fortune ever come before to a lass from the fells? How she had been courted! not as the village lovers wooed with a sense of equality, at least, if not perhaps something more; but John Musgrave and young Lord Stanton had thought nobody in the world like her. And the young lord, poor fellow! had even broken his word for her, a sin which was but a glory the more to Lily in the eyes of the village critics—however bitterly it might have been condemned had his forsaken bride been a village maiden too. That this rivalry should have gone the length of blood, all for Lily's sweet looks, was a thing the middle-aged narrators shook their heads over with many a moral, "You see what the like of that comes to, lasses," they said. But the lasses only put their heads closer, and felt their hearts beat higher. To be fought for, to be died for! It was



the terrible, no doubt, but glorious. Such things never happen now-a-days, they said to themselves with a sigh.

And the news did not stop down below in the plain, but mounted with the winds and the clouds, and reached lone places in the fells, where it raised a wilder excitement still—at least in one unsubdued and fiery soul.

## CHAPTER XI.

"You must not cry, Nello; for one thing you are too big to cry; or if you are not too big you are too old. You are eight—past! and then the old gentleman down stairs is such a funny, funny old man, that he will eat us, Nello, if we make a noise."

"I don't believe you," said the little boy, whom England had much improved in strength. "Old men do not eat children," but he drew back a little, and stopped crying all the same.

"We do not know no-ting about old men in England," said Liliás—the *th* was still a difficulty to her; and they both pronounced their *rs* in a way which was unfamiliar to English ears, though the letter exists and retains its natural sound in the north country. "They are very very strange; they sit in a chair all day, like the wild beasts. I go to the door and peep in. He has no cap on his head like Don Pepé, but a bare place here, where the cap should be, and white hair. And he never moves nor speaks. Sometimes I think he will be cut out of wood; and then all at once he rises up, and me, I run away."

"Are you not afraid, Liliás? I should be frightened," said the little boy, looking at her with large wondering eyes.

"That is because you are only six, but I am twelve, and one is never frightened after twelve. I run away, and it makes me beat and thump here," Liliás put her hand to her heart to indicate the place, "and I like it."

"Yes," said the little brother, "when you run it makes that beat; but I do not like it."

"Ah, you are a baby," said Liliás. She stood with her dark hair shaken back, and her eyes shining, an image of lively daring. Nothing could be more unlike than these two children. The boy had all the features of his race, blue eyes, fair hair, with a touch of gold in it, a fair complexion, browned and reddened indeed, with his long journey and the warm sun he had been used to, but already changing into the pink and white of English childhood. But there were none of the Musgrave features in Liliás. Her dark eyes, dancing with life and energy, her warm colour, clear brown with an underlying rose tint, and a downy bloomy surface which softened every outline, and her crisp, yet shining dark hair, all belonged, not only to a different species, but to a different type of race. The Musgraves were robust and strong, but their strength was not of this buoyant kind. The cloud of anxiety which had been about her on her first appearance, that mystery of doubt with which a little human creature regards the strange and novel, in whatever form, not knowing if harm or good may be coming, had floated away, and Liliás had already taken back her natural character. She was at home in the house, every room of it, though she knew that she was hidden and thrust into corners, on account of "the old gentleman down stairs." This did not depress or trouble her, but felt like a joke, a mystification and masquerading such as is dear to childhood. She threw herself into the spirit of it with enjoyment, instead of brooding over it with melancholy consciousness, which was what Mary, forgetting childhood, as all grown people do, had feared.

The children were in the hall, which had now grown so familiar to them that they could not understand how they had ever feared it. It was one of those exceptional days which occur now and then in the winter before

the turn of the year. The whole world was full of sunshine. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the great green hill in front of them rose up in dazzling clearness of relief, like a visible way of ascent into heaven. There was not a breath stirring; the trees without a leaf upon them, pointed themselves against the blue of the sky, and the green of the hill, in minute perfection of branch and twig, like a photograph. The lake was as still and as blue as the sky—everything lay in the sunshine charmed and stilled, hanging motionless as it were between earth and heaven. The sense that it was mid-winter, the natural season of storms, seemed to have got into the air, which wondered over its own stillness, and into the skies, which excelled themselves in lightness and soft blueness, snatching this moment of delight with a fearful joy. Earth took that moment of ecstasy as one who was well aware that she could not answer for the morrow. The great doorway of the hall stood wide open; it was after mid-day, and the sun streamed in, having got to the west so much earlier than in summer. Liliās and her little brother, children of the sun, were planted in the midst of it, enjoying it with unconscious exhilaration. Martuccia sat in the open doorway, basking in it, knitting; a tranquil, almost motionless figure, with that faculty of repose which is no doubt awarded to nurses in compensation for the endless calls upon their activity. She had put a little tartan shawl—congenial garment—upon her fine shoulders, and with her silver pins and glowing black hair all whitened by the sunshine, sat perfectly motionless except for the little rustle of her hands and click of her knitting needles. It seemed immaterial whether it might be years or moments that the robust and comely watcher should hold that peaceful guardian pose. She was paying no attention to the children, yet the lightest appeal, a querulous exclamation, a longer pause than usual, anything or nothing would have

brought her to her nurselings. It was the repose of the mother, who sees everything, and feels everything even when she does not see: and the additional security which her presence brought to them, though she sat apart and had nothing to do with their talk or their play, the strong support of the background which she made, it would be hard to tell in words. They had been playing in the spacious place all lighted and warmed through and through with sunshine. Miss Musgrave had not yet made her appearance; either she had less time to spend in her favourite resort, or the fact that it had been appropriated to the children, as specially suitable in its size and separateness for their enjoyment, had made her relinquish its use. The great bay window in the recess gave back a reflected light from the shining of the lake, which added a colder tone to the prevailing brightness; and in the old fireplace there burned a smouldering fire, half coals half wood. Every feature of the place had grown familiar to the two little things who were once so alarmed by its dark corners—so familiar that they could not understand how they had ever been afraid. The kind old spacious silent hall sheltered them with a large passive protection not unlike that of Martuccia herself.

But the afternoon languor had stolen upon the boy and girl, notwithstanding the brightness. They had come to a pause in their round of amusement, and though half-tired, were yet looking about with all their quick senses for some new delight. A little scuffle, a little quarrel and crying fit on Nello's part, which had been put a stop to by the warning of Liliās already recorded, had left them free for a new start, but not with the old plays, which were worn out for the moment. They made an unconscious pause, and looked about them to find some novelty; and both pounced upon one at the same moment with a burst of sudden and unlooked for rapture. A great broad sheet of something white



lay stretched out on Mary's table, in company with an open colour-box and brushes—a sight too tempting to be resisted by any child, especially after the exhaustion of a long day's play. It was wonderful that they had overlooked it so long. They caught sight of it simultaneously now, and the result was a sudden rush of eager curiosity. The boy got first to the goal; perhaps he had been by a second of time the first to start. He grasped one side of the white sheet with his hot little hand, and climbing into the chair, which stood before it, threw himself upon the new wonder. "It is Mary's," said Liliás, making a feeble effort to hold him back; but her own curiosity was much stronger than her sense of duty to Mary, who allowed them to see everything and share everything she had. They both leant on the table breathless, the mysterious whiteness cracking beneath their hands. It was a sheet of dazzling white vellum, ornamented with what they considered beautiful pictures, a puzzling, yet a tempting sight to the children. It was nothing less than a genealogical tree, their own pedigree, which Miss Musgrave, skilled in such works, was preparing for her father, ornamented with emblazoned coats of arms, some of them unfinished and inviting completion with a seductive force which made the children's hearts beat.

"What is it?" said Nello, in a tone of awe.

"I know," cried Liliás, confidently; "it is a copy. You have had no education, you don't know what a copy is: but me, I have done them, though never any so pretty as this. Mary is a grown up lady, old, not like us; it must be Mary's copy. You should not touch it, you are too little."

"I will try," cried Nello, with his eyes upon the brushes. Already he had rubbed against something not yet dry, and had smudged the colour to the horror of his sister. He had both his elbows upon it and the greater part of his small person.

"Oh what have you done, you naughty boy!" cried Liliás; "you can not do it. Let me!"

"Yes, I will do it, I will do it!" cried Nello, seizing the crackling vellum and dashing at it with a brush full of colour.

Liliás had to stand and look on, sorest of miseries, while her little brother performed badly what she felt she could have done well. She stood impatient, with a faint moaning. "Let me do it. Let me do it!"

There was a large shield in the centre, upon which the canton, the cherished augmentation, the chief ornament of the Musgrave arms, was slightly drawn. Gules on a shield argent, it ought to have been—Nello made a blurred dash of bright blue, surrounded by a sea of red. "How it is pretty!" he cried, in his half-foreign speech, with a crow of triumph. Colour upon colour! and such colour! the sight would have driven Mr. Musgrave wild.

Liliás uttered a cry of horror, which changed immediately after into one of triumph. She had seen something else—a copy of the first in plain paper, lurking behind the vellum, and dashed at it, nearly upsetting Nello. "Now I have one too," she cried, darting with her prize to the table in the recess. The excitement of emulation had seized her. She spread it out upon the table and smoothed and caressed it with nervous fingers. This last was a copy of the family tree, which Miss Musgrave was making for herself. She had a kind of contempt for these family honours, which was in its way a proof of her reverence for them. "What is the use of it? does it do one good to have one's name there?" she had even ventured to say to her father; but all the same it had distressed Mary to know that the names of the children, the last representatives of the race, were not there, and this was why she had taken the trouble to make out a copy. Naturally this was all quite unintelligible to little Liliás, who saw only at the bottom of the page an escutcheon void



of all colour, a little white space which might be made, she thought, to resemble the others with great advantage to the whole. That this came opposite to the name of John Musgrave was nothing to the child, but the sight of it as she spread out the paper filled her with that enthusiasm of doing which pushes the mind into creative frenzy and makes the frame tingle. It went to her head and made her tremble with eagerness. She rushed to the other table and seized from under Nello's elbow a brush, which she filled full of fine broad vermilion, a colour about which there could be no mistake, and rushing back again applied it to the paper, filling the vacant shield with strong decided gules, safe from any accident. The outline was not very firm, and there were overflowings and runs of colour outside, but at all events the hue was undeniable. She was standing looking at it with a satisfied yet agitated mind, with the brush still in her hand, when her elbow was grasped by some one behind and a hand laid on her shoulder. In the start she gave, the child's arm made a nervous jerk of the brush over the paper, and ran a tremulous line of red over some half-dozen of the kindred names. "Mary!" she cried, with a sudden perception of wrong doing. But Liliás did not weep or excuse herself. She got quite pale, with a red spot on each cheek, and stood, not even dropping the brush, looking up at her judge, with the corners of her mouth suddenly turned downwards, and a gleam of awakened understanding in her alarmed eyes.

"Liliás! I thought I could trust you; what have you been doing?" cried Mary. "And Nello?" she added, looking round with dismay at the more important work. Nello had already been roused to that instinctive sense of harm which comes with the arrival of an aggrieved person. But he did not face his victim as Liliás did. He threw down his streaming pencil on the vellum, got down from his chair in the twinkling of an eye, and fled to

take shelter with Martuccia, who, ever ready to defend, and yet unaware who was wrong, put an arm round him at once and faced Miss Musgrave with prompt defiance.

"Oh Mary!" cried Liliás, trembling, "Nello did not mean it. He is so little. Nello did not know."

Mary was not so angelically sweet as to be indifferent to the damage done, but she had not the freedom of reproof which people exercise with children familiar to them. The little meddlers were still strangers. So she restrained herself and said nothing. She went to the parchment, leaving the other, which was hopeless, and began to sponge off the still wet colour. Nello kept in his refuge regarding her from afar, ready to bolt behind Martuccia if she made any hostile advances and hide himself in his nurse's skirt. But Liliás followed Miss Musgrave closely as her shadow. She watched the sponging with the gravest anxious attention. She kept herself close against Mary's dress, touching it, and put herself in Mary's way, and interposed her wistful face, now quite pale and troubled, between the vellum and Mary's eyes. At last her aunt said, perhaps somewhat peevishly, "What do you want, child? You have done harm enough for one morning. Pray go out of my way."

"Have we done much harm?" said Liliás, with strained and anxious eyes.

"Yes, you have spoiled my week's work, you mischievous children," said Mary, melting a little. "I shall have to do it over again. I did not expect this, Liliás, from you."

"It was very, very bad of me," said the child, with perfect seriousness, her eyes slowly filling; "but Nello is such a little fellow—he did not know—"

"Then why did you do it, Liliás?"

The child looked up searchingly into her face. "I think it must have been the devil," she said, with portentous gravity, drawing a heavy sigh.

An impulse of laughter came to Miss Musgrave in the midst of her annoyance; but partly she restrained it for high moral reasons, and partly she was

still too much annoyed to give way to laughter. "What do you know about—the devil?" she said. "I think it was your own little mischievous hands, and your curiosity."

"Oh, I know a great deal about him. Mr. Pennithorne told us on Sunday; and Martuccia must be of the same religion as Mr. Pen, for she worships him too," said Lillas, aware of the advantages of digression when things were so serious as they were now.

"Worships him, Lillas! You must not use such words."

"They are always thinking of him, and they say he does everything. They are very, very afraid of him," said Lillas seriously, "and so am I—he can do whatever he pleases; but I cannot think he is as strong as God."

"And it was he who made you spoil my papers——?"

"Oh, Mary, not Nello—only me. Nello is such a little fellow, he did not mean it—he did not know what he was doing——"

"And did you?"

Lillas pressed very close against her aunt's side. Her heart was beating loudly in her brave little bosom. Her sense of crime had not been lightened by the postponement of the punishment which must, she thought, be coming. But it was not in her to fear as her brother had done. She took a furtive hold of Mary's gown. No hope of any forgiveness was in her serious soul; but to whom could she cling in earth and heaven but just to this inflictor of stern justice? She kept her eyes fixed on Mary's face, that she might see the fearful doom which was coming—that would always be a help in bearing it—and kept close to her, pressing against her. "*Aie-tu peur de moi? cache-toi dans mes bras*"—this was the child's impulse in her penitence and terror.

Mary forgot her vellum and its stains. She put her arm round the child, whose eyes opened a little wider thinking the judgment was coming, but who never shrank. "You will not do

it again," she said, half crying. Lillas could not understand that it was over. She bent back a little the better to see Mary's face.

"Will you not punish me?" said the child. Between the fear and the wonder she was breathless. This was the most wonderful of all.

"No, dear—you will never do it again."

"Nor Nello?" She put her arms round Mary's arm, with that soft clinging which is irresistible in a child, and leant her head against her, and began to sob as if her heart would break. Then Nello, seeing the worst was over, came out from his shelter, venturing a few steps, then a few more. Forgiveness did not touch him, as punishment would have done. He came slowly, ready to turn and fly at any hostile demonstration. Nello had, as it were, an army at his back, his ships to take refuge in; but still it was with great caution that he made his advance. This little exhibition of character, however, soon melted into a universal sentiment. As soon as the contingency was over, both the children, restored to a tremulous ease of mind, were seized with a common impulse of curiosity and interest. They forgot their own culpability in watching the obliteration of the damage they had done. Fortunately the discovery had been made in time, and the process of reparation, if not so exciting was almost as interesting to them as the delicious frenzy of mischief in which they had wrought this harm. They pressed upon Mary as she worked, one at each side. When the last trace had disappeared they gave a cry of joy. How clever Mary was! She could do everything. As for Nello, he was unmoved morally by the spectacle; it had been amusing all through, all but the moment of fear, which fortunately came to nothing. But Lillas never forgot this scene, and still less did Mary forget it, whose heart seemed to be learning a hundred sweet and subtle lessons, and to whom the child, even in her naughtiness, was like an

angel, leading her to depths unsounded, nay, unthought of till now.

But when they had gone away, joyous as usual, to their "tea," which was a meal much scorned and wondered at by Martuccia, Mary went to the other table where lay the copy of the more important document. This was Lilius' work, and it was spoiled beyond remedy, though the child, in the delight of seeing the other set to rights, remembered nothing about it. Mary smiled and shuddered, with a curious mixture of feelings. The little girl's mischief had taken a symbolical form. The blank shield which represented her mother was blurred and blood-red, and a stroke like blood ran across her father's name and that of her father's father, from the little pool of red in the daubed shield. Lilius knew nothing of the lives from which her little life had sprung. It was accident, caprice, a child's fancy for bright colour, yet it made Mary shudder even when she smiled.

Another incident, which she paid less attention to—indeed, did not think of at all—happened this same evening. She went to the door where Martuccia had been seated, her own favourite place, though now in great part given up to the children and their attendant, to look out upon the evening before she left the hall. When she had looked at the sky where the early wintry sunset was just over, leaving deep gorgeous tints of red and yellow upon a blue which was deepened by coming frost, Mary's look came back, carelessly enough, by the lower level of the long brown road. And it was with a momentary start that she found herself almost close by an unthought-of spectator, who was standing at the foot of the little slope, gazing intently up to the hall-door. Mary was puzzled to see that though the woman's appearance was like that of many of the older women about, she did not know her; and at the same time she was equally perplexed by a consciousness that the face looking up at her thus eagerly was not that of a

stranger. She could not associate it with any name, yet she seemed acquainted with the features, which were worn and rugged. The stranger's look was so intense that it struck Miss Musgrave like an audible petition. "Did you want anything?" she said with natural courtesy, making a step towards her. The woman turned sharp round on her heels with a hasty wave of her hand, and went hurriedly away towards the village without further reply. Who could she be? Mary asked herself lightly, and went in and forgot all about her. The people are independent in their ways, and not grateful for a casual address, in the North.

## CHAPTER XII.

"My Lord Stanton, ma'am," said Eastwood, with a certain expansion in the throat, and fulness of voice, like that swell and gurgle which accompanies in a bird the fullest tide of song. Who has not heard that roll in the voice, of the man who mouths a title like a succulent morsel? A butler who loves his family, and who has the honour of announcing to them the visit of the greatest potentate about, is a happy man. And this was what Eastwood felt, as he uttered with a nightingale trill and swell of satisfaction this honoured name.

"Lord—*whom*——?" Mary rose to her feet so much startled that she did not know what she said.

"Lord Stanton, ma'am," the butler repeated. "He asked if you would receive him. He said as he would not come in till I asked would you receive him, ma'am. I said you was at home, and not engaged—but he said——"

"Lord Stanton!" The name seemed to hurt her, and a kind of dull fear rose in Mary's mind. She knew, of course, who it was; the young successor of the man who, with intention or not, her brother had brought to his death. She knew well enough about Geoff. It had not been possible to hear the [name] at any time without



interest, and in this way Mary had learnt as much as strangers knew of the young lord. But what could he want here? A subdued panic seized her. She did not know what he could do, or if he could do anything; but that he should come merely as a friend did not seem probable. And how, then, had he come? She made a tremulous pause before she said, "Let him come in, Eastwood." Eastwood thought Miss Musgrave was very properly impressed by the name of the young lord.

Geoff, for his part, waited outside, anxious as to how he was to be received, and very desirous in his boyish generosity to make a good impression. He had driven to Penninghame, a long way, and his horses, drawn up at the door, made a great show, when the children passed, stealing round the corner like little intruders, but so much attracted by this sight, that they almost forgot their orders not to approach the hall door. Geoff himself was standing at some distance from his phaeton, waiting for his answer; but even Liliás was old enough to know that to address commendatory remarks and friendly overtures to a horse or a dog is more easy and natural than to address a man. She said, "Oh, look, Nello, what lovely horses!" but only ventured to look up shyly into the friendly face of their owner, though she was not without an impression that he, too, was nice, and that he might give his friends a drive perhaps, with the lovely horses, a service, which was not in the power of the animals themselves.

Geoff went up to them, holding out his hand. "You are the little Musgraves, I suppose?" he said.

The boy hung back, as usual, hanging by Martuccia's skirts. "Yes," said Liliás, looking at him intently, as she always did; and she added at once, "This is Nello," and did her best to put her small brother in the foreground, though he resisted, holding back and close to his protector.

"Is he shy, or is he frightened?"

He need not be frightened of me," said Geoff, unconsciously conscious of the facts between them which might have caused the child's timidity had he been old enough to know. "Nello is an odd name for a boy."

"Because you do not know where he came from," said Liliás, quickly. "Nello is born in Florence. Here you will call him John. It is not so pretty. And me, I am born in France," she continued; "but we are English children. That does not make any difference."

"Don't you think so?" said simple Geoff. The little woman of twelve who thus fixed him with her great beautiful eyes, made him feel a boy in comparison with her mature childhood. She never relaxed in her watchful look. This was a habit Liliás had got, a habit born of helplessness, and of the sense of responsibility for her brother which was so strong in her mind. That intent, half-suspicious vigilance, as of one fully aware that he might mean harm, and quick to note the approach of danger, disconcerted Geoff, who meant nothing but good. "I know two little girls," he said, trying to be conciliatory, "who would like very much to know you."

"Ah!" said Liliás, melting a little, but shaking her head. "I have to take care of Nello; but if they would come here, and would not mind Nello," she added, "perhaps I might play with them. I could ask—Mary——"

"Who is—Mary?"

"Oh! don't you know? If you do not know Mary we should not talk to you—we only ought to talk to friends—and besides you have no right to call her Mary if you do not know her," said Liliás. She turned back to say this after she had gone a few steps away from him, following Nello, who, tired of the conversation, had gone on with his guardian to the Chase.

"That is quite true, and I beg your pardon," said Geoff; "it must be Miss Musgrave you mean."

Liliás nodded approving. She began to take an interest in this big boy.

He was not strictly handsome, but had a bright attractive countenance, and the child scarcely ever saw any male creature except Eastwood and Mr. Pen. "Are you coming to see her?" she asked, wistfully; "are you going to be a—friend?"

"Yes," said Geoff with a little emotion, "if she will let me. I am waiting to know. And tell me your name," he added with a slight tremor in his voice, for he was young and easily touched. "I will always be a friend to you."

"I am Liliás," she said shyly giving him her hand, for which he had held out his. And this was how Eastwood found them when he came bustling out to inform my lord that Miss Musgrave would see his lordship, if he would be good enough to step this way. Eastwood was much "struck" to see his lordship holding "little Miss's" hand. It raised little Miss in the butler's opinion. "If she had been a bit older, now!" he said to himself. Geoff was half reluctant to leave this little new acquaintance for the audience which he had come here expressly to ask. Mary was not likely to be so easily conciliated as little Liliás. And being a lord did not make him less shy. He waved his hand and took off his hat with a little sigh, as he followed Eastwood into the house; and Liliás, for her part, followed Nello slowly, with various thoughts in her small head. These it must be allowed were chiefly about the little girls who wanted to make friends with her—and of whom her lonely imagination made ecstatic pictures—and of the lovely horses who could spin her away over the broad country, if that big boy would let them. But Liliás did not think very much about the big boy himself.

Geoff went in blushing and tremulous to Miss Musgrave's drawing-room. It was not a place so suitable to Mary as her favourite hall, being dark and somewhat low, not worthy either of her or of Penninghame Castle. She was standing, waiting to receive him, and after the bow with

which he greeted her, Geoff did not know what to say to disclose his object. His object itself was vague, and he had no previous knowledge of her as his cousin Mary had, to warrant him in addressing her. She offered him a chair, and she sat down opposite to him, and then there began an embarrassing pause which she would not, and which he did not, seem able to break. At last, faltering and stammering—

"I came, Miss Musgrave," he began, "to say. I came to tell you—I came to ask. Circumstances," cried Geoff, impatient of his own incapacity, "seem to have made our families enemies. I don't know why they should have done so."

"If the story is true, Lord Stanton, it is easy enough to see how they should have done so. My brother was concerned, they say, in your brother's death."

"No one could prove that he did it, Miss Musgrave."

"He did not do it with intention, I am sure," she said. "But so much is true. It was done, and how could we be friends after? We should have been angels—you to pardon the loss you had sustained, we to pardon the wrong we had done."

There was a gleam of agitation and pain in her eyes which might well have been taken for anger. The young man was discouraged.

"Must I not say anything then?" he said, wistfully. "My cousin Mary, Lady Stanton, whom you know, told me—but if you are set against us too, what need to say anything? I had hoped indeed, that you—"

"What did you hope about me? I should be glad of any approach. I grieved for your brother as if he had been mine. Oh more, I think, more! if it had been poor John who had died—"

"It would have been better," said the young man. "Yes, yes, Miss Musgrave, that is what I feel; Walter had the best of it. Your brother has been more than killed. But I came to say, that so far as we are concerned,



there need not be any more misery. Let him come home, Miss Musgrave, let him come home! We none of us can tell now how Walter died."

Mary was moved beyond the power of words. She got up hastily and took his hand, and pressed it between her own.

"Thank you, I will always thank you!" she cried, "whether he comes home or not. Oh, my dear boy, who are you that come with mercy on your lips? You are not like the rest of us!"

Mary was thinking of avengers, whose wrongs were not as the Stantons', but whom nothing could induce to forgive.

"I am my mother's son," said Geoff, his eyes brighter than usual, with a smile lighting up the moisture in them. What Mary said seemed a tribute to his mother, and this made him glad. "She does not know, but she would say so. Let him come home. I heard of the children, and that your brother——"

"Yes," said Miss Musgrave, "from Mary. She told you. She always took an interest in him. Do you know," she added in a low voice of horror, "that there is a verdict against him, a coroner's verdict of murder?"

She shuddered at the word as she said it, and so did he.

"But not a just one. No jury would say it was—that; now——"

"Heaven knows what a jury would say. It is all half forgotten now; and as for the dates, and all those trifles that tell in a trial, who knows anything about them? Even I—could I swear to the hour my brother went out that morning? I could once, and did, and it is all written down. But I don't seem sure of anything now, not that there ever was a Walter Stanton, or that I had a brother John; and I am one of the interested; the people who were not specially interested, do you think they would have better memories? Ah no; and he fled; God help him! I don't know why he did it. That was against him;

though I don't think any one believes that John Musgrave did *that*, now."

"I am sure they do not, and that is why I came. Let him come home, Miss Musgrave. He would not have been convicted had he been tried. I have been reading it all up, and I have taken advice. He would be cleared. And if there is risk in it we would all stand by him. I would stand by him," said the young man with a generous flush of resolution, "so much as I am worth. I want you to tell him so. Tell him to come home."

Mary shook her head. How long she had been calm about this terrible domestic tragedy, and how it all rose upon her now! She got up, in her agitation, and walked about the room.

"How could he risk it—how could he risk it—with that sentence against him?" she said; then after a while she came back to her seat, and looked at Geoff piteously with a heartrending look in her eyes. She was past crying, which would have relieved her. "That is not all," she said in a low voice. "Alas, alas! if all was well, and he might come home when he pleased, it would not matter. I know nothing about him, Lord Stanton. I don't know my brother any longer, nor where he is, nor how he is living now."

"But his children have just come to you!"

"Yes, out of the unknown. No one knows anything about him; and suddenly they came out of the darkness, as I tell you. That is where he is: out in the world, in the dark, in the unknown——"

"There are ways of penetrating the unknown," said Geoff, cheerfully. "There are advertisements; everybody sees the *Times* now-a-days. It goes all over the world. Wherever there is an Englishman he sees it somehow. Let us advertise."

"He would not see it."

"Then a detective—let us send some one——"

"Oh no, no, no, not that. I could not bear that. We must let him alone



till he comes of his own accord. Let well alone," said Mary, in her panic. She scarcely knew what she said.

"Well! do you call it well, Miss Musgrave, that your brother should be away from his home, from everything he loves—his country lost to him, his position, all his friends?"

"He has not been separated from everything he loves; he had wife and children; does a man care for anything else? What was this old house to him, and—us—in comparison? His wife is dead—that was God's doing; and his children have come home—that is his own choice. I say, let well alone, Lord Stanton; when he wishes it he will—come—back; but not to those he loves," Mary said in a low tone.

Geoff could not fathom her meaning, it was beyond him. The accusation under which John Musgrave lay was bad enough. It was cowardly of him (he thought) to fly and leave this stigma, uncontested, upon his own name; but that there should be any further mystery did not seem possible to the young man. Perhaps there was something wrong with the family, some incipient insanity, monomania, eccentricity. He could not understand it. But at least he had shown his goodwill, if no more.

"I must not dictate to you, Miss Musgrave," he said; "you know best," and he rose to go away, but stood hesitating reluctant to consent to the failure of his generous mission. "If I can be of any use, at any time," he added, blushing and faltering; "not that I can do much; but if you should—change your mind—if you should—think—"

She took his hand once more in both of hers.

"I shall always think that you have the kindest and most generous heart: and are a friend—a true friend—to John, and everybody in trouble."

"I hope so," said the youth, fervently; "but that is nothing;—to you, Miss Musgrave, if I can ever be of any use."

"I will ask you, if it ever can be," she said. "I will not forget."

He kept hold of her hands when she loosed them, and with a confused laugh and change of tone, asked "About the children? I met them just now. Might I bring my little cousins, Lady Stanton's children, to see them? They want to meet."

"Sir Henry would not like it, though she might. Sir Henry is not like you."

"I know; he is *plus royaliste que le roi*. But the children would. And they don't deny me anything," said Geoff, with a little laugh.

He scarcely knew why this was—but it was so; nothing was denied to him; he was the *enfant gâté* of Elfdale. Miss Musgrave was not, however, quite so complacent. She gave an assent which was cold and unwilling, and which quenched Geoff's genial enthusiasm. He went back to his phaeton quite subdued and silent. "But I will see that little thing again," he said to himself.

In the meantime, while this conversation had been going on, Liliass had wandered forth alone into the Chase. Martuccia had gone before with Nello, while Liliass talked to the young man; and now the child followed dreamily, as she was in the habit of doing, her eyes abstracted, her whole being rapt in a separate consciousness, which surrounded her like an atmosphere of her own. She knew vaguely that the little brother and his nurse were in front of her; but the watchfulness of Liliass had relaxed, and she was not thinking of Nello. He was safe; here was no one who could interfere with him. She had taken up a branch of a tree which lay in her path, and had caught her childish fancy, and with this she went on, using it like a pilgrim's staff, and saying a kind of low chant, without words, to herself, to which the rough staff was made to keep time. What was she thinking of? everything, nothing; thought indeed was not necessary to the fresh soul in that subdued

elation and speechless gladness. There was a vague sense in the mind of the brisk air, the sunshine, the blue sky, the floating clouds, all in one; but had the clouds been low upon the trees, and the air all damp instead of all exhilaration, it would have made little difference to Liliás. Her spring of unconscious blessedness was within herself. Her song was not music nor her movements harmony in any way that could be accounted for by rule; and indeed the low succession of sounds which came from her lips unawares, and to which her little steps, and the stroke of the rough stick kept time, was more inartificial than even the twittering of the birds. A small, passive, embodied happiness went roaming along the rough, woodland path, with soft-glowing abstracted eyes that saw everything, yet nothing; with a little abstracted soul, all freshness and gladness that took note of everything, yet nothing; a little pilgrim among life's mysteries and wonders, herself the greatest wonder of all, throbbing with a soft consciousness, yet knowing nothing. Thus she went pacing on under the bare trees, and murmured her inarticulate chant, and kept time to it, a poet in being, though not in thought. Not far off the lake splashed softly upon the stones of the beach, and that north country air, which is vocal as the winds of the south, sounded a whole mystery of tones and semi-tones, deep through the fir-trees, shrill through the beeches, low and soft over the copse; and the brook, half hidden in the overgreenness of the grass, added its tinkle; all surrounding the little figure which gave the central point of conscious intelligence to the landscape; but were all quite unnecessary to Liliás marching along in her dream to her own music, a something higher than they, a thing full of other and deeper suggestions, the wonder of the world.

Liliás woke up, however, out of this other world, all in a moment, into the conscious existence of a lively, brave,

fancifully-timid child, when she found herself suddenly confronted by a stranger, who did not pass on as strangers usually did, making a mere momentary jar and pause in the visionary atmosphere, but who made a decided pause, and stopped her. A little thrill of fear sprang up in the child's breast, and she would have hurried on, or even run away, but for the pride of honour and courage in her little venturesome spirit which made it impossible to fly. It was an old woman who stood in her path, tall but stooping, dressed in a large gray cloak, the hood of which covered her white, thick muslin cap. She was a woman about sixty (very old to the child), with handsome features and brilliant dark eyes, and, notwithstanding her stooping figure, full of vigour and power. She carried a basket on her arm under her cloak, and had a stick in her hand, and at her neck a red handkerchief just showed, which would have replaced the hood on her cap had it been less cold. Just so the fairy in the fairy-tales appears to the little maiden in the wood, the Cinderella by the kitchen-fire. Liliás was not at all sure that it was not that poetical old woman who looked at her with those shining eyes. She made a brief, instantaneous resolution to draw water for her, or pick up sticks, or do anything she might require.

"Little Miss, you belong to the Castle, don't you now? and where may you come from?" was what the problematical fairy said, with a something wet and gleaming in her eyes such as never obscures the sight of fairies. Liliás was overawed by the tone of eager meaning, though she did not understand it, in the questioning voice, yet might not have answered but for that feeling that it was unsafe, as much experience had proved, to be less than obsequiously civil to old women with wands in their hands who could make (if you were so naughty as to give a rude answer) toads and frogs drop from your mouth.

"Yes," she said, with a little tremble

in her clear, childish voice. "We come a very, very long way—over the mountains, and then over the sea."

"Do you know the name of the place you came from, little miss?"

"Oh yes, I know it very well, we were so often there. It was Bagni di Lucca. It was a very, very long way. Nello——"

But the child paused. Why introduce Nello, who was not visible, to the knowledge of this uncertain person? who, if she was a fairy, might be a wicked one, or, if she was a woman, might be unkind, for anything Liliass knew. She stopped short nervously, and it was evident that the old woman had not taken any notice of the name.

"Little Miss, your mamma would be sorry to send you away?"

"It was papa," said the little girl, with wondering eyes. "Poor mamma;—I was quite little when—it was when Nello was a little, little small baby. Now we have nobody but papa."

The old woman staggered and almost fell, but supported herself by her stick for a moment, while Liliass uttered a scream of terror; then sat down with a groan upon a fallen tree. "It's nothing new, nothing new," she said to herself. "I felt it long ago," and covered her face with her hands, with once more a heavy groan. Little Liliass did not know what to do. She had screamed when the old woman staggered, not knowing what was going to happen; but what was she to do now, alone with this strange companion, seated there on the fallen trunk and rocking herself to and fro, with her face hidden in her hands? It did not occur to the child to associate this sudden trouble with the information she had herself given. What could this stranger have to do with her? And poor mamma had receded far into the background of Liliass's memory, not even now an occasion of tears. She did not, however, need to go into this reasoning, but simply supposed that the poor old fairy was ill, or that something had happened to her, and never at all connected effect and cause.

She stood for a little time irresolute, then, overcoming her own fears, went up to the sufferer and stroked her compassionately on the shoulder. "Are you ill, old woman?" she said.

"Oh, call me Granny, call me Granny, my pretty dear!"

Liliass was more puzzled than ever; but she had made up her mind that she would do whatever was asked of her by this disguised personage, who might turn into—anything, in a moment. "Yes, Granny," she said, trembling, and still stroking the old woman's shoulder. "I hope you are not ill."

The answer she made to this was suddenly to clasp her arms round Liliass, who could scarcely suppress a cry of horror. What a strange—what a very strange old woman! Fortunately Liliass, brought up in a country where servants are friends, had no feeling of repulsion from this embrace. She was a little frightened, and did not understand it—that was all. The old woman's breast heaved with great sobs; there could be no doubt that she was very deeply, strongly, moved. She was "very sorry about something," according to Liliass's simple explanation. She clasped the child close, and kissed her with a tearful face, which left traces of its weeping upon the fresh cheeks. The little girl wiped them off, wondering.\* How could she tell why this was? Perhaps it was only to try her if she was the kind of little girl who was uncivil, or not; but she did not indeed try to account for it. It was not very pleasant, but she put up with it, partly in fear, partly in sympathy, partly because, as we have said, she had no horror of the too near approach of a poor old woman, as an English-bred child might have had. Poor old creature, how sorry she was about something! though Liliass could not imagine what it was.

"God bless you, honeysweet," said the old woman. "You've got her dear face, my jewel. It isn't that I didn't know it years and years ago. I was told it in my sleep; I read it in the clouds and on the water. Oh, if you



think I wasn't warned! But you've got her bonnie face. You'll be a beauty, a darling beauty, like the rest of us. And look you here, little Miss, my jewel. If you see me when the gentry's with you you'll take no notice; but if you see me by myself you'll give me a kiss and call me Granny. That's fixed between us, honey, and you won't forget? Call me Granny again, to give me a little comfort, my pretty dear."

"Yes, Granny," said the child, trembling. The old woman kissed her again, drying her tears.

"God bless you, and God bless you!" she said. "You can't be none the worse of your old Granny's blessing. And mind, if you're with the gentle-folks you'll take no notice. Oh, my honeysweet, my darling child!"

Lilias looked after her with wondering, disturbed eyes. What a strange old woman she was! How strange that she should behave so! and yet Lilias did not attempt to inquire why. Grown-up people in her experience did a great many strange things. It was of no use trying to fathom what they

meant, and this strange old person was only a little more strange than the rest, and startling to the calm little being who had grown in the midst of family troubles and mysteries without divining any of them. Strangely enough, the old woman felt equally independent of any necessity for explanation. It seemed so clear in her mind that everybody must know the past and understand her claims, whatever they were. She had no more idea of the tranquillity of innocent ignorance in Lilias's mind than the little girl had of the mysteries of her experience. Lilias watched her going away through the high columns of the trees with great wonder yet respect, and it was not till she had disappeared that the little girl went on after Nello. Nello would have been frightened by that curious apparition. He would have cried perhaps, and struggled, and would not have said Granny. Perhaps he would have angered her. What a good thing that Nello had not been here!

*To be continued.*

## GIOTTO'S GOSPEL OF LABOUR.<sup>1</sup>

I AM going to ask you to study with me a series of old sculptures in Florence.<sup>1</sup> The series consists of twenty-six subjects carved in relief round the base of the great bell-tower of the city. They were begun almost four hundred and fifty years ago, and their workmanship is very simple; at first sight, perhaps, you will think it very rough. But I hope to show you what power and purpose there is in that simplicity, and how completely, in these few manful strokes of the old Tuscan chisel, the genius of a great people is expressed.

When I say that these sculptures express the whole genius of a people, I only say what is true, in a greater or less degree, of every work of art. Every work of art contains the record, if we know how to read it, not only of the skill and fancy of the workman who produced it, but of the thoughts and the civilisation of those among whom he lived. It is because of this concentrated human and historical significance which belongs to them that the study of the works of art is so especially fruitful. You are all familiar with the division of educational studies into two great classes, the class of real or nature-studies, which make up what is called a scientific education, and the class of literary or humane studies, which make up what is called a classical education. Between the partisans of science and the parti-

sans of literature there has at times been hot debate, each claiming pre-eminence if not exclusive excellence for their own range of studies. The study of the works of fine art has found, by comparison, little place in our discussion of educational systems. Nevertheless it constitutes, in a manner, a third order of studies lying half way between the other two and combining some of the characteristic excellences of both. For the study of the works of fine art is akin to the physical sciences on the one hand, in that it is a study not of words but of objects, and investigates the properties of things that can be seen and handled; and it is akin to literature and the classics on the other hand, in that, in objects, the properties it discriminates are properties which have been impressed by the agency not of nature but of man. It is a study of the utterance, in things which can be seen and handled, of the thoughts, the imagination, and the sentiments of our fellow-creatures. Just as a geologist will take up a mineral, and read in its substance and structure the history of a thousand cosmic forces—histories of frost—of fire—of drifting down the channel of some vanished glacier, or rolling in the waves of some ocean that has ceased to flow—so we may take up the first fragment of carving or painting, and read in its lineaments a record more moving yet, for the forces that have moulded or tinted it are the forces of the unsearchable spirit—the furnace at which it has been forged is the furnace of the heart of man. And as I suppose the fairest agate is not always that about which geology finds most to tell, so it is not always the most finished work of the mature periods of art that contains the most of imaginative, of human, of civic interest. Among the beautiful and

<sup>1</sup> The two lectures of which the substance is here abridged were illustrated for a popular audience, by help of the oxy-hydrogen light, with slides reduced from a set of photographs taken at the instance of Mr. Ruskin in 1874, and published by Mr. Goodban of Florence. To Mr. Ruskin I feel that I owe not only thanks for the materials I have thus been enabled to use, but also apologies for attempting to work out a subject upon portions of which his genius has already set its mark.—S.C.

accomplished products of mature Italian are in the sixteenth century, I know of none which expresses the collective mind and history of a community as pregnantly as these simple carvings, at the beginning of the fourteenth, expressed the mind and history of Florence.

## I.

The previous century, the thirteenth, had witnessed two great revolutions in Italy. The first of these was a spiritual and religious revolution, the second a social and political revolution. By the spiritual revolution, all the labouring and suffering populations in Europe, and most of all in Italy, had been brought into hearty and loyal allegiance to the Church at a moment when they had seemed most to threaten disaffection. Schism and heresy had been rife in every town and in many remote districts of the country, when the influence of two men went suddenly abroad and recalled to the fold the flocks that were about to wander. These two great and efficacious missionaries were Saint Dominic and Saint Francis of Assisi. In Italy it was above all the passionate, practical humanity of St. Francis that won the hearts of the people, and filled all men with a new enthusiasm for the faith of which he was the inspired preacher. Hence it came about that the life of the Italian people, in the age following the ministrations of St. Francis, was a life of convinced and solemn piety in all private thoughts and public acts—that it was an age of fervent and renovated Christian devotion. This Catholic revival, this religious revolution, was completed before the middle of the century. The political and social revolution in Italy effected itself afterwards, between 1250 and 1300. It consisted in the emancipation of the cities from feudal government, the assertion of their republican independence, and the organisation of their civic authority in the hands of the trading and industrial classes. In both these great movements Florence was fore-

most. Florence was the most pious of Italian cities; Florence was the most free and democratic. She won her liberties, and settled—so far as she ever really settled—her government after many struggles, and at the cost of much bloodshed and much anarchy. But no bloodshed and no anarchy availed to abate the love of every Florentine for Florence, the pride of every citizen in his city. The sense of great destinies was upon the people; there was a greatness—so, with a grave consciousness, says a chronicler of the time—in their thoughts, their enterprises, their words, their bearing.

Of all enterprises into which an Italian people could throw its heart, the raising of great public monuments to the honour at once of their city and their God was the enterprise into which they threw it with most unanimity. It was at the close of the thirteenth century that the people of Florence determined to make the Church of Sta. Reparata, the mother-church of their city, worthy of their new greatness. The work was begun by Arnolfo, in the style of building which is peculiar to Tuscany in this age. Two centuries before there had been a great outbreak of building activity in Tuscany. The builders worked in that style which is called Romanesque, having been developed in the early Middle Age from the Roman style proper. Its main characteristics are a love of clear, well-lighted internal spaces without complication or mystery, the use of the round of arch, of roofs nearly flat, and the horizontal division of height by strong bands and cornices. For external enrichment, this style employed one of two different systems, or sometimes a mixture of the two; viz., the system of inlay or incrustation, with white, black, and coloured marbles, and the system of arcading with horizontal tiers, one above another, of little columns and arches in projection. This mode of building prevailed in Italy for a long while after the Gothic, the pointed style, had spread



from France to all the countries north of the Alps. Presently, the taste for the pointed style was brought across the Alps to Italy, chiefly, it seems, by the influence of the Dominican and Franciscan brothers. But the Italians never really adopted the principles of the Northern architecture. They did but adapt the Gothic patterns and Gothic piercings to the decoration of buildings raised according to their traditional principles. In this mixed manner they produced, for a period of about a hundred and fifty years, monuments of surpassing beauty, richness and delicacy. In this manner Arnolfo designed the great Church of Florence, called no longer in popular speech the Church of Sta. Reparata, but the Church of the Virgin of Florence, our Lady of the Flower, or of the Lily. Some time after the death of Arnolfo, in 1334, the famous painter Giotto was summoned to continue and complete his work. At this time Giotto was nearly sixty years old. He had spent his life travelling from one city of Italy to another, and wherever he went had won fame and friendship. He was a painter far greater than any that had gone before, and greater than any who came after him for many years. But we do not hear of his having been employed, till now, on sculpture or architecture. However, he must have thrown all his energy and all his genius into the work. He died within two years of his appointment; but in the meantime he had designed not only a rich new front for the Cathedral, but a new bell-tower, down, as we are told, to the last detail of its decorations, which was to stand at the south-west angle of the Church. This bell-tower is the famous Campanile, the most beautiful of all buildings in the inlaid and incrustated Tuscan Gothic, and one of the most beautiful, certainly, in the world.

It is interesting to notice, in some of Giotto's early paintings, the designs of architecture which he puts into his backgrounds. He was engaged, almost as a boy, in helping to paint a great

series of frescoes, in which the miracles of St. Francis are commemorated in his native town of Assisi. In these he had occasion to paint plenty of tabernacles and pavilions designed in the new Tuscan Gothic manner. And now in his old age the occasion comes for him to raise in actual marble a building fairer than any of those dreams of his boyhood. We all dream dreams, I suppose, and make up in our imaginations things we should like to do in reality. But it is only the very lucky who ever live to see their dreams come true. Generally our imagination is but the safety-valve of our discontent, the means by which we make up to ourselves for the disappointments of fact. The weakness of our powers, or the constraint of our life, or the spirit of the age, one thing or another, shuts out our energies from their desired scope; every one seems to be tending different ways and following different aims; our experience is all failure and distraction, and we try to console ourselves by fancying the sympathy and the achievement, which we know in our hearts will never be ours. But there are ages of the world, ages when the efforts of many tend in one direction, and when a man may dream never such great things, and his dreams, or something better than his dreams, shall come true; for his imagination, at its wildest, only bodies forth something which a thousand willing hands are ready to make real, and at its hottest, is only on fire with the unuttered needs of a myriad kindred hearts. The thirteenth century was such an age in Italy, for some at least of her children. With all its dissensions, with all its banishments, with all its spite of bitterness, it was an age not of prose but of poetry, not of failure but of achievement. At the dawn of the age St. Francis lay and dreamed his dream of nameless enterprise, high and holy, and knew not yet what call was upon him. But within a score of years he had found out his quest, and dared it, and

won; through him the poor and needy had learned the meaning of the words of Christ, through him, for good or ill, the hearts of men were attuned, for three hundred fruitful years, to the authority of the heirs of Peter. He had gone forth in reproach and nakedness, and had chanted alone, in his mother tongue, upon his mother hills, his hymn in praise of the Lord his God for his brother the sun and his sister the moon, and for the wind, and for fair weather, and all weathers; a few years more, and a thousand passionate tongues had caught up his accents, and all Italy pealed with canticles that taught the people to see in their God the most gracious of cottage children, and in His mother, blessed among women, the sweetest and most patient of peasant mothers. And at the close of this age, Giotto, helping as a boy among older hands to set forth the miracles of St. Francis in that "visible speaking," as Dante calls it, which was a new thing among the people—Giotto too, as a boy, had dreams beyond his present performance. Arnolfo and other famous architects were building churches and cemeteries and council-halls in the new manner which had come in with the congregations of the preaching and begging friars. And the young Giotto, in the backgrounds of his paintings, had to invent the stateliest pavilions and canopies and churches in that manner that he could, before ever he had had the chance of building one in real marble. Then at last, after those busy years in which, with colour spread over many a chapel and chamber wall, he had given an expression the most just, grave, and simple to the great thoughts of which the time was full, he was called back with honour to his native city, and appointed over a work in which he could realise, and more than realise, all those building dreams of his youth. He enters upon the inheritance of Arnolfo; he takes up Arnolfo's art of rich surface incrustation or inlay, and perfects it with a hundred new and lovelier delicacies of

design; he builds this mighty tower at whose summoning clang the people shall flock for evermore to worship and to festival; he builds it four-square, plumb from plinth to cornice, and flanked at the four angles with four airy piers; he divides it into bands of subtlest proportion; he pierces each division with exquisite variety of tracery; he panels the snow-white marble with fair geometries of colour and dark; he incrusts this tower of his building with living stars and flowers and diamonds of stone; he outdoes all dreaming, for the hearts of a mighty people are in his heart, and in his hands are the strength and cunning of all theirs together.

Of this tower, it is a particular part of the sculptured decorations which we are now to examine in detail. That the stamp of Giotto's invention is upon the scheme there is no doubt, but whether he himself turned sculptor in his old age, and actually wrought upon the marble, we cannot tell. The time between his appointment to the cathedral works and his death was only two years, and must have been too multifariously filled, one would say, to leave him time for such exertion. Tradition is uncertain on the point. Vasari says, in one place: "If that is true which Lorenzo Ghiberti left written—and I for one hold it to be most true—Giotto not only made the design for this bell-tower, but also sculptured part of those stories in marble in which are represented the beginnings of all the arts." In another place, the same Vasari says of Andrea Pisano: "What is more, he made, after the design of Giotto, those little figures of marble which stand for a finish to the doorway of the campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore; and round about the said campanile, in certain lozenges, the seven planets, the seven virtues, the seven works of mercy" (and six, Vasari should have added, out of the seven sacraments)—"small figures in half relief, which were greatly praised in their day." The probability is that Giotto before his death gave the



general plan of these decorations, and that Andrea Pisano was the sculptor charged to superintend their execution. Andrea da Pontedera, called Andrea Pisano, was the greatest and most complete master of the earlier school of Tuscan sculpture. That school has its rise in the middle of the thirteenth century with Nicholas of Pisa, who, from a study of the sculptures on ancient sarcophagi, and perhaps from other sources of discipline of which we cannot recover the history, revived much of the technical excellence of the old Roman school. Only he did not revive the old classic gift of grouping the figures of a composition so that they should fill the given space agreeably, and stand in clear, distinct, natural relations with one another. The figures in his reliefs, taken singly, are often well proportioned and skilfully wrought, but crowded and jumbled together with rude awkwardness and confusion. John of Pisa, the son of Nicholas, was a still greater sculptor than his father, and great especially in his power of dramatic expression, and in the thoughtful invention of allegorical symbols and personifications. The same expressive power and hold upon the facts of life, the same justness and force of imagination, also formed part of the greatness of the painter Giotto, who was younger than John of Pisa by some thirty years. But Giotto had another greatness of his own; in his paintings he revived perfectly that ancient art of clear and noble distribution, of placing his figures at right intervals and in right and expressive relations with one another. And this art he seems to have imparted to his contemporary Andrea, called Andrea the Pisan because he was at first the pupil of John of Pisa. Andrea the Pisan is the first Tuscan sculptor who reaches central excellence in his art. To more than the technical skill of Nicholas he unites all the dramatic and all the imaginative power of John, and all Giotto's noble arrangement and simple directness in telling a story. The most famous work of Andrea, and

that which cost him most labour, was the bronze gate which he wrought for the Baptistery of Florence; on it were represented allegorical figures, and scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist. This is the earliest of the three celebrated bronze gates of the Baptistery. The other two, done by Ghiberti a hundred years later, have been far more praised, but the truth is that Ghiberti tried to go beyond the necessary limitations of sculpture, and that, in spite of the extreme grace and accomplishment of his work, that of Andrea is the better conceived, the purer and more really classical, of the two. When people talk of classical art, they are too apt to think only of the consummate accomplishment of the Greek artists, of their profound sense of the beauty of the human body, and their unexampled power of representing all the aspects of that beauty in bronze or marble. That, indeed, is one of the great distinctions of Greek art; but an equally essential distinction of the Greek artist lies in simplicity, in manly justness and directness of imagination, in his habit of expressing, without a shadow either of affectation or superfluity, exactly that which he desires to express and no more. And in all these qualities the early school of Tuscan sculpture in the fourteenth century is much nearer the Greek than the more accomplished school of a century later. Andrea Pisano had as staunch a sense of fact and as high a sense of dignity as any artist in the whole history of art. Andrea Pisano knew a great deal, too, about limbs and draperies. He could design and place them, we shall see, as well as any one, though he certainly could not render the subtlety and richness of their living surfaces as well as either the Greeks before or the Renaissance sculptors after him. And what accomplishment he has, in this or any other part of his craft, he does not force upon our notice. He leaves his backgrounds coarsely roughened with the chisel, his accessories sometimes blocked out barely



enough for recognition; and even in the main subject he does not push his work very far, but is content as soon as ever he has got the spirit and essence of his subject well expressed. And in the expression of that essence he shows—or he and Giotto show together—a justness and dignity of thought, a grave and sure imaginative penetration, which raise the work to the level of the highest which has been done by man.

I call the series Giotto's *Gospel of Labour* because it is conceived in the spirit of a citizen who, in an industrial community, deliberately applies himself to commemorate the growth of industries. With the sculptured decorations of the upper courses of the tower, as they are mentioned in Vasari, and may be seen to this day, we have nothing to do. Those symbolical figures of the planets and the virtues, with the other figures of the Apostles in niches (many of them executed by later hands) would be a study of the utmost interest; but they are too high up to be clearly seen, and to photograph them would be a considerable undertaking. Let us only take note of them as a part of the general scheme, and go on to the examination of those panels in relief—each being of hexagonal shape and inclosed within a moulded border—which are well within sight and which especially concern us. "Those stories in marble in which are represented the beginnings of all the arts"—here we must remember that it was a new thing in those days for an artist to range at large among subjects of his own choice. It is hard for us to realise how firmly, in the Middle Age, art was bound to the service of the Church alone, and to a fixed range of stock representations. John of Pisa was the first sculptor of the revival who invented free symbols and allegories of his own, or who, in works like the public fountain of Perugia, associated with figures of saints and apostles subjects of secular and practical life. In the decorations of the Florentine bell-tower this spirit

of freedom has advanced a great stride farther. Florence was an industrial, a commercial, a manufacturing community, and the Florentine sculptor will adorn the lowest course of the great tower, the symbol of Florentine pride and unity, with a plain and practical history of the sources of his city's prosperity.

## II.

The chronicle begins, like all mediæval chronicles, with the beginning of the world. Throughout the Middle Age, the Creation and the Fall of Man formed the indispensable first scenes in every record of general or of local history, whether figured in colour upon the pages of written books or in sculpture within the enriched recesses of cathedral fronts. Neither the sentiment of piety nor the desire of completeness could be satisfied without thus going back in every case to the sacred origin of things as revealed in the book of Genesis. Accordingly the first two of our Florentine series, beginning at the west side of the tower, are the familiar subjects of the birth of Adam and the birth of Eve. Paradise is suggested by a tree or two roughly carved in the background; the draped and dignified figure of God the Father stands, in the first scene, over the first-born man, and, in the second, helps into existence the first-born woman, who springs from the side of the man while he lies collapsed in sleep. Thus far there is no departure from traditional treatment; only a dignity, a simple grace and expressiveness in the grouping, which assert the new-born genius of Italian art. Beautiful as these two groups are, however, it happens that we can see the same subjects carved, more beautifully and more expressively still, by another Italian hand at nearly the same time. On the front of the famous cathedral of Orvieto, the spaces on either side of the three great doors are richly wrought with carvings in relief, said to be the work of John of Pisa and his scholars—into

the question who really did them, I cannot enter. They are among the most masterly inventions in the whole range of sculpture; some of them very grim and terrible, but beside the terror and grimness those lovely subjects of the creation of Adam and Eve, each birth being represented in two separate scenes, appeal to us with all the purer charm.

To return to the Campanile, it is in the third subject that our sculptor begins to assert his originality and his special purpose. In ordinary course, we should now expect the sequence of the Temptation—the Fall, and the Expulsion. We find, instead, Adam and Eve at labour after the Fall, and their labour conceived not as a curse, but rather as the type and source of all necessary and beneficent industries. It is a charming natural picture of the days when Adam delved and Eve span—the man working patiently with his spade, the woman standing beside him with her loaded distaff, both clad in suits of skins. Next, we go on to the origin of pastoral industry. In this, and in two or three more subjects of the series, the artist has continued to think of the book of Genesis and to seek his types among the patriarchs of the Old Testament. The quaint aged figure sitting cross-legged at the entrance of his tent is Jabal, the father of such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattle. With a few simple strokes, not without humour, the sculptor has expressed the whole root and essence of the matter. The form of the tent fits conveniently into the top of the hexagon; the cross-legged patriarch lifts the tent-flap to look out upon his wealth in flocks and herds, which is symbolised by three grazing sheep and a shepherd-pup too young for responsible service—the squatted bluntnuzzled puppy whom Mr. Ruskin has made famous, and in whose lineaments all the pertness of his kind seems concentrated. After the first shepherd follows the first musician—after Jabal his brother Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.

This patriarch's tent, again fitted naturally into the two upper and two perpendicular sides of the hexagon, is looped up so as to be almost quite open; we see him seated in profile at his work-table, the end of which is fitted with a tool-rack, and carved with mouldings in the taste of the Tuscan Gothic of the time. He leans forward in the eagerness of invention, his long hair falling back upon his shoulders, and blows hard through the first formless instrument, a great uncouth tube, which he has fashioned. Next to the sons of Adah comes the son of Zillah, Tubal Cain, the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron; and in him we have a somewhat less noble countenance, not quite so grand a flow of hair and beard, but rendered with the same rough unerring strokes, the same long drapery, with its folds, and its expression of the body beneath, not a whit less rightly understood than in the most accomplished later art. This third patriarch sits at his forge, his stool a little tilted in the intentness of his work, and holds the iron upon the anvil with the pincers in the left hand; the right, which managed the hammer, being lost. The bellows are in their place behind him; tools upon the ground in front; and a spade and axe-head nailed up indicate the wares of his fashioning.

The invention of wine comes in the seventh place, and is symbolised in the usual way, with the subject of the drunkenness of Noah. After this the chain of Old Testament subjects is broken. Man has learned to toil and spin, to keep flocks and herds, to labour at the forge, to solace himself with music and with wine; it is one of his speculative and not his practical ingenuities that comes next. The eighth sculpture, the first on the south face of the tower, and perhaps the noblest of them all, shows us a holy seer seated with upturned countenance at a table, carved more delicately than the table of Jubal, upon which stands the figure of an armillary sphere; with his left hand he directs a primitive quadrant work-



ing on an upright pivot set likewise on the table. Some of the signs of the zodiac are indicated in low relief on a belt across the background; over his head the sculptor has turned the arc of a great circle in strong projection, to indicate the pole of heaven, and has filled the narrow strip above this with a quire of little human or angels' heads roughly carved, to indicate the quires of the stars. This is Astronomy; but the subject seems scarcely in the place and order among the rest where we should expect to find it. Astronomy or Astrology, according to the conception of those times, was one of a fixed group of seven arts or studies called liberal. The Middle Age loved to number everything by groups or families of seven—the seven virtues, the seven sins, the seven planets, the seven sacraments, and the like. So there were also seven arts or sciences supposed to include the whole circle of liberal culture. These seven were in their turn composed of a group of three, called the Trivium, and a group of four, called the Quadrivium. Grammar, logic, and rhetoric made up the Trivium; arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music the Quadrivium. From the thirteenth down to the sixteenth century, symbolical figures of these seven liberal studies are among the most frequent representations of art. Sometimes each study is typified by the personage of a particular master famous for having excelled in it, as grammar by Priscian or Donatus, geometry by Euclid. This is the mode of representation used in the main by our sculptor of the Campanile; but not in any strict traditional way. Rather, though in a figure like this searcher of the stars he has no doubt had in his mind some ancient astronomer of renown, Thales or Meton or Ptolemy or Hipparchus, yet it is not the person but the idea, the soul and essence of star-searching and star-worshipping, which he has been really bent on thinking out and exhibiting. Nor could that idea be possibly shadowed forth in loftier or more speak-

ing lineaments. Sometimes we find the seven studies treated in a different way from this, and each personified in the figure of a woman, whose guise and attributes tell us what she stands for. Of this treatment much the most beautiful example is in a famous set of Florentine engravings of the fifteenth century, the playing-cards of Mantegna as they used in error to be called. Astronomy is there represented, not by an old man seated, but by the standing figure of a lovely and inspired woman who gazes into a globe set with stars. Sometimes the two kinds of type are combined; the chief instance of this is in a fresco by one of the followers of Giotto, where the sages of the several sciences sit in the lowest tier of the composition, and women-figures representing the sciences themselves are enthroned above them.<sup>1</sup> But however represented, we are accustomed to find these liberal arts in a group by themselves; and in a scheme like the present, we should expect them to follow and form the climax of the series of the manual and practical arts. Whereas we have already had one type of Music in the person of Jubal; presently we shall find two others of the same art; and now we have Astronomy coming immediately after the drunkenness of Noah. The reason for this irregular order most likely is that the series, though it may have been systematically conceived at the outset, was put up by those who carried on Giotto's work after his death, not systematically but at haphazard, according as each subject chanced to come finished from the studio.

The next sculpture shows us the operations of building. Course after course is being added to a great square tower, and from within the tower the figure of the master-builder half emerges at the top, his assistants on either hand laying stone upon stone at his bidding. This is perhaps the rudest

<sup>1</sup> This fresco in the *Spanish Chapel* of the Church of Santa Maria Novella has been minutely described by Mr. Ruskin in the fifth of his *Mornings in Florence*.



of the whole series; at least it is the only instance here in which, as in primitive Italian painting, the figures are drawn of disproportionate dimensions, the master-builder being much bigger than his companions. For the rest, the scaffold and ladders are of perfectly practical construction, and the essential facts of the art in question, as in all the subjects of the series, are expressed with absolute and simple pertinence. Here, again, the artist had probably in his mind some builder out of the Bible—how Enoch builded him a city, or else the presumptuous builders of the Tower of Babel. This last is what the subject looks most like; and we shall presently see another case in which the artist has certainly made his choice for warning and not for example, and has represented the enterprise of man pushed to overweening pitch. Next to building comes pottery; and this is treated as the business of womankind. A superintendent, or mistress of the works, sits on a raised seat at one end, testing, apparently, each vessel as it is brought her, and ranging on a shelf those that are truly wrought; before her stand other women carrying cakes of clay strung ready to be fashioned. In this group, unfortunately, the marble is in parts much bruised and blackened, and especially in the faces of the women, so that we can hardly realise its original aspect.

At the point we have now reached, the artist seems to have had the idea of alternating with the industries of woman in furnishing and plenishing the house within, the industries of man in subduing the world without to his service. Next after the first potters comes the first adventurer on horseback; and assuredly, out of the Elgin marbles, there does not exist a figure in which the freedom and eagerness of riding are more nobly expressed. The gallop of the horse is a little stiff and misunderstood, the two hind legs being set to the ground and the two fore legs lifted together, as usual in early art; yet even in the horse there

is more life than we are accustomed to find in the design of horses until we come to quite modern times. And nothing can be truer than the grip of the youthful horseman with his thighs as he rides bare-backed, nothing more expressive of movement and the delight in movement than the backward drift of his hair and short cloak, and the urging gesture of his raised right arm. The twelfth sculpture takes us within doors again, and shows us two women at the loom, one seated and the other standing. Here is the type of an industry which meant more to Florentines than to any other people. The weaving of fine cloths was one of the earliest and chief sources of the prosperity of the city. Not only the flocks of Tuscany and the Apennines sent their fleeces to be made up in the looms of Florence, but woollen fabrics were sent thither from all parts of Europe to have the last finish put upon them, and to be either re-exported or retailed by Florentine traders. Of the seven trade guilds or arts, which were called the seven greater in the city, two, and those among the wealthiest and most powerful, were concerned in this industry. One of these was the guild called *Calimala*, otherwise the guild of *mercantanti* (merchants) the word merchant being used for dealers in cloth from France and Flanders. The second weaving guild was called specifically the guild *della Lana*, of wool; and it was to the piety of this body that Florence owed the existence of her Campanile herself. The guild had come forward at a time when the cathedral works had languished for some years, and had offered to defray the costs of its completion; and it was in pursuance of that offer that Giotto had been appointed to the task.

Next after the type of this great Florentine industry comes a subject not quite so plainly to be interpreted. An enthroned figure sits aloft in the midst; beneath his throne, on his left side, kneel two bare-headed patriarchs or elders, to whom he delivers

what look like tables of the law; on the other side two more elders, wearing caps upon their heads, gaze up at him from within two several compartments of a kind of tabernacle; over these he holds up his right hand in benediction. In this noble group it is not hard to appreciate the expressive dignity of the personages, and the grace as well as power of the sculptor in the draperies that fall, with a perfect natural flow, over the knees of the enthroned and about the ankles of the front kneeling figure. But it is harder to recognise the precise signification of the subject. It is evidently some type of divine law and law-giving; the enthroned figure within the almond-shaped canopy is evidently God the Father; and we may suppose that with his left hand it is the tables of the ten commandments that he is delivering. The Mosaic law being symbolised on this side, the robed and flat-capped personages within the canopies on his other hand would be doctors standing for the two branches, civil and canonical, of Christian law. This great twofold division of civil and church law is constantly brought before us by mediæval art; for instance, in the scheme of the great fresco which we have already mentioned, each branch is separately symbolised in the figure of a woman, and for the historical representative of canon law stands Pope Clement the Sixth, for that of civil law Justinian.

The hero of the next subject is again the usual patriarchal type of the human race, but disguised this time in a strange vesture, and bent upon a hazardous enterprise. He wears a close-fitting suit of feathers, and has fitted to his shoulders an immense pair of wings, which he manages by means of straps on the inside of each wing, through which he passes his hands—in this practical, this working way is everything thought out. He gazes, with his head thrown back, confidently skywards as he leans forward to begin his flight; under his feet we see an adze and other discarded

tools of his labour. Here, it seems, the designer has gone to Pagan legend to find for the builders of Babel a companion in presumption. The rash artisan can be no other than Daedalus. This subject is the last on the south face of the building. First on the east face follows an enterprise only one degree less daring. The first navigators put to sea in the first boat; and what a sense of peril and awe, what solemn tempting of the unknown and the mysterious, the sculptor has expressed in the looks and action of these mariners; two of them rowing, or rather pushing—for, as the carved ripple indicates, they face towards the boat's bow, and keep an anxious look-out ahead; while the third and eldest steers in the stern with a great oar for rudder. Next, now that man has learnt to search the stars and to obey laws, to weave and ride, to tempt the elements of air and water, he turns to a pursuit which we should have looked for long before—and in Florence of all places—the pursuit of war. Perhaps, however, there may be a reason in the present juxtaposition, and war may be purposely made the sequel of commerce, emigration, and colonisation. Here, at any rate, lies a murdered man on his back, his limbs stiff with death, his right hand clutching the soil, his head, with its hair flung abroad, fallen back in a hollow of the ground. Beside him stands his murderer, lifting sullen looks askance like one who would defy the remorse within him. One hand is set stubbornly on his hip; with the other he holds his club to the ground, and about his shoulders he wears a lion's hide. The club and lion's hide are attributes proper to Hercules; otherwise these looks are the looks of Cain; and naturally Cain and Abel are the types of slayer and slain that we should expect in a series like this. But here again we shall understand the sculptor best if we think of his work not as setting forth the history of any single strife, but rather an abstract and central type of human strife in general.



We now return to peaceful industries, to tilling and transport. The first ploughman has invented the first plough, and drives it, holding the ox in very primitive fashion by the tail, through a deep and broken soil. This is one of the noblest in expression and most spirited in movement of the whole series. Tamer, but distinguished by the usual practical sense of the conditions of primitive construction, is the subject of the first waggoner or charioteer. The horse is yoked to a square ear of roughly-bolted planks set on wheels, in the fore part of which stands the driver.

At this point the series is interrupted by a gable surmounting the entrance-door of the tower; so that on this, the third and east side, the number of subjects is five only, instead of seven as on the west, south, and north. After the break between the door and the corner comes one of the sciences of the Quadrivium—the science of Geometry, represented by an aged philosopher seated at a desk with a pair of compasses. The work is somewhat rude and ugly, and this philosopher of a less reverend countenance than his companions.

Turning the corner, we begin the series on the north side of the Campanile, the side which is next to the cathedral, with only a narrow space between the two. The first sculpture in this place shows us another bearded father, the father of painting. The guide-books call him Apelles, but he might at least as fairly be associated with Christian instead of Pagan tradition, and named St. Luke. Like some of the earlier artificers of the series, he, too, sits intently stooping at his work, his stool tilted under him; he is painting away devoutly at an altar-piece, and some of his finished work of the same kind—a large and a smaller triptych destined for the adornment of church altars—are indicated in low relief as being fastened to the wall of his studio. Next to him comes a companion workman, a father of sculpture (called in the guide-books Phidias),

bending forward with mallet and chisel over his half-hewn images of marble. These two subjects have a special interest, because in them, so far as I know, we have the first historical recognition of the place and dignity of painting and sculpture among the other arts. When we look back—when posterity looks back—upon mediæval Italy and upon Florence, it is of painting and sculpture that we think first; these are the arts in which Italy is, for us, pre-eminent, and by which, for us, her memory is chiefly ennobled. But the people of those days did not think as we do of their own painters and sculptors. Painting and sculpture grew but gradually into repute and eminence; in the origin they were but subordinate branches of industries themselves subordinate. They did not find a place among that family of the liberal seven into which the intellectual discipline of man was theoretically divided. Neither did they find a place in that other family of seven into which the practical industries of men were, in the administration of this particular city, as a matter of fact organized. We look in vain among the seven great guilds of Florence for a guild of painters or a guild of sculptors. Lower down among the five lesser guilds only, we find one of masons and carpenters, or *Masters in stone and wood*; and it is under this modest title that all painters and all sculptors were incorporated; being content to follow, in the order of trade precedence, after the tanners, after the retail clothiers, after the butchers, after the boot-makers. So slight being the practical inclination, on the part of those who have made for posterity the glory of Florence, to assert their own dignity in their own day, it gratifies our sense of justice to see these arts introduced here with due distinction among the rest.

With these figures of the fathers of painting and sculpture ends the sequence of the works done by the pupils of Giotto, and in days soon following



Giotto's own. The remainder of the series have been carved by other hands a full century later. We have no record why the work was thus interrupted; perhaps only because this north side of the tower next the cathedral is a place of comparative concealment, where it would matter less than on the other three sides whether the ornaments were finished or not. At any rate, the last five subjects belong to the Florentine school of the first half of the fifteenth, not of the fourteenth, century. The difference is manifest in a moment to an eye at all accustomed to these things, not only in the character and conception of the figures, but in the details of furniture and ornament, which are no longer Tuscan Gothic but early Tuscan Renaissance. Tradition assigns these concluding subjects to the hand of Luca della Robbia. Of the actual hand we cannot really make sure; but the conclusion is as good, in its manner, as the beginning. Only it is a different manner. We lose the sense of the primeval, the patriarchal, the broadly permanent and ideal; we gain a sense of vigorous animation and contemporary reality. The liberal science of grammar is the first of the new series; and in it we are invited to think neither of Donatus or Priscian, nor yet of any ideal father of grammar, but simply of any schoolmaster teaching little boys their elements in any Florentine grammar-school. Into the upper angle of the hexagon is fitted the top of a bookcase which serves as furniture in the background; on the left sits a stern-visaged shaven pedagogue at his desk, in close cap and long heavy gown; on the seat opposite him are two boys attentively learning, in the Florentine costume of the day. It is an admirable piece, but of a character essentially realistic, and makes us think instinctively of Villani's educational statistics—how in such and such a year of the fourteenth century, there were in the primary schools of the city from 8,000 to 10,000 little boys

and girls learning to read, and in six secondary schools about 1,200 learning arithmetic and algebra, and in four upper schools from 550 to 600 learning grammar and logic. In this case, again, it is very interesting to compare the parallel subject in the great fresco at Sta. Maria Novella, where a grammarian sits poring over a book, and over his head the allegorical representative of his science bears what seems a rod in one hand and a fruit in the other, and has a group of three kneeling children beside her. In the next compartment, a young man is passionately disputing with his teacher; both are in flowing robes, and the sculpture is admirably spirited and accomplished. The pupil holds an open text-book, and points eagerly with his finger to some passage in support of his argument; the teacher, having both hands raised with a still more eager gesture, confutes him, it seems, out of his own superior knowledge. This may represent a lesson either in logic or rhetoric; the eagerness of the contention is perhaps more appropriate to the latter. Whichever of the two sciences we decide for here, the other we have to regard as for some reason omitted from the scheme. For concerning the three remaining subjects there is no doubt. In the first of these (and it is one of the least happy of the series) Orpheus, having a bruised and somewhat ignoble visage, sits against a tree in the midst of a wood and plays upon his lute; on one side a congregation of birds, and on the other of beasts of the forest, comes drawn by the magic of his notes. Next, and the meaning of this subject is equally unmistakable, two Oriental sages in turbans and embroidered skirts stand facing one another in discussion; one holds up two fingers of his hand, the ordinary gesture of counting; the other is working with the abacus, the ordinary instrument of numerical calculation. This is Arithmetic, and as the sciences of number were supposed to come from the east, so these turbaned figures stand, no doubt, for sages of Babylon

or Chaldea. The next sculpture is the last of all, and commemorates once more the art of music. At first sight we may be puzzled by this ungainly bearded figure who sits facing us, listening with his head on one side, and tapping with two hammers of different sizes, one in either hand, on a small anvil. The anvil and hammers are not unlike those we find in representations of the goldsmith's trade; and for a father of goldsmiths we might perhaps have taken this personage, were it not for a parallel figure which gives us the right clue, in the fresco of the Spanish chapel. Under the personification of Music, in that composition, sits an old man bearded like this one, only without the cap, and striking on a similar anvil with two similar hammers. Tradition calls that figure, with very doubtful authority, Tubal-cain. In the present series, however, as we have already had an earlier Tubal-cain, tradition, again doubtfully, calls this concluding figure the monk-musician Guido of Arezzo. Without asserting names, the analogy of the Spanish chapel, and the attentive gesture of the head, make it certain that this last figure is a symbol of musical invention, and that the striker with the two hammers is listening to the difference of the two notes he strikes.

And so the series ends. We have seen how, in this scheme of sculptured ornament, there took shape, for every citizen to consider as he lounged or chaffered in the great square of his city, at the foot of the fretted and incrustated walls of his great bell-tower, the whole history of man's origin, his arts and ingenuities, his enterprise and culture, bodied forth in types taken indifferently from the Bible, from antiquity, and from invention. First, the familiar and ever lovely fable of the

first man and woman, in their innocence and then in their toil, wrought with a grace of which those days saw the dawn; then solemn patriarchs from the Old Testament, the first shepherd and the first smith and the first musician; then the discovery of wine; then the searching out of the secrets of the firmament and the courses of the stars; the framing of walls for shelter and of earthen vessels for use; then the courier, man, going abroad upon the horse that has become docile to him, while the weaver, woman, sits at home and makes cloth for raiment; and then the sanctions of heaven-dictated law. Then the mechanician's dream of flying, and floating from pinnacle to pinnacle with an art copied from the bird; and the mariner's courage in adventuring, no dream, upon the unrodden sea; followed by strife, and the slaughter of brother by brother. Then the yoking of oxen to the first plough for tillage, and of horses to the first car for transport. And so, earth and her produce having been turned to the service of man, he takes compasses and counting-board, and begins to ponder over the secrets of measure and number; he learns, in grammar and rhetoric, the laws of his own powers of utterance and persuasion. Finding out new things for his delight, he sits within his workshop and paints tablets in honour of his Maker; he takes marble and chisel, and hews out images in his own likeness; he awakes to hidden harmonies in the ring of hammer upon anvil. Surely it is no slight thing for the old Florentine sculptors to have carved out for all men to read for ever, in a language so clear and noble, the chapters of so memorable a history.

SIDNEY COLVIN.



THE OERA LINDA BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

THE *Oera Linda Book* is a book in Friesic, so called from the family name of the owner of the manuscript, C. Over de Linden (Oera Linda), Chief Superintendent of the Dockyard, from whose forefathers it has come down to him from time immemorial.

It treats in sundry writings, given as written by sundry writers, of the history, laws, institutions, mythology, religion, and folklore of our forefathers, the Frisians, in the times of their heathenhood; but while some scholars hold it as quite truthful, others take it to be a rank forgery, and a forgery of not more than two hundred, or even sixty, years standing, as if there were nothing between forgery and truth. A book put forth as history may either be quite true or a base forgery; or it may be true in matters within the scope of the writer's knowledge, but untrue in legends which he may have welded into it, in his own belief of their truth. Such a book is no forgery; since, to take into a history an already running legend is no more to forge it, than to take on to three newly-forged horse-shoes an already made one for a fourth, is to forge it.

Allowing, then, that the Book has legends which had become misgrown or mismoulded shapes of some simple truths, and so untruthful, yet it may show some points of historical matter and Friesic speech most worthy of our thought.

It gives the religion of the early Frisians as a simple belief in God, *Wr-alda* (the Infinitely Old); and, in a lower way, under him, they worshipped

*Freia* or *Frya*, from whose name comes *Friday*, and held her as a kind of goddess-mother, and called themselves *Fryasfolk*, and their land *Fryasland*, an etymology of Friesland than which none can be clearer or more likely; and it says that Fryasday (Friday) was kept as a kind of sabbath, and so gives a better-grounded reason than any that we have hitherto found why our sailors are unwilling to begin a voyage, and why others believe it to be unlucky to undertake a weighty work on Friday; since it says that a business begun on the day hallowed to Frya shall always end badly; and unless this passage is a forgery, it has brought down to us an article of faith of the Frisians of heathen times.

In each of the sundry communities or townships there was a castle (Burch or Beorh), and in it an ever-burning lamp, under the care of a body of Borough-maidens (Vestal virgins), headed by a Borough-mother.

Fryasfolk were not under a sworded king, but under the counsel of a Folks-mother, a kind of high priestess, and a judge like Deborah, the judge of Israel.

Such a use of the woman's mind is not left incredible by the words of Tacitus on the (Teutonic) Germans (*Germania*, c. 9, 8), that they believed that there was something holy and foreseeing (prophetic) in women, and that they did not scorn their counsels nor slight their answers.

It was, we believe, understood by the Romans that our Teutonic fore-elders had not, at home, any national king, such as we mark by the word, though the book speaks of sea-kings.

As to Frya, she is said to have been one of three sisters born of *Heat*, and it is pretty clear that she was *Light*; *Whiteness* and *Fairness*, and then *Mind-Light*.

<sup>1</sup> *The Oera Linda Book, from a Manuscript of the Thirteenth Century, with the permission of the proprietor, C. Over de Linden, of the Heider. From the Original Friesian Text, as verified by Dr. J. O. Ottema; accompanied by an English Version of Dr. Ottema's Dutch Translation. By William R. Sandbach. London: Trübner and Co., 1876.*



She was white as the snow at sunrise, with blue eyes, and with hair shining as the rays of the sun (which it was), and as fine as spiders' webs. Her food was honey, and her beverage dew from flower-cups (which Light with Heat dries up).

*Frya* was the *Venus* of the Romans and the *Gwener*, or *Wener*, of the British; and Friday is the *Dies Veneris* of the Latin; and *Dydd Gwener* of the Welsh; and *Gwen*, or *Gwyn* (Welsh), means White or Fair; and of course Light is the goddess of all Fairhood, as it gives form and colour to all that is fair; and of course, too, she is wife of *Vulcan* (Fire), since she is always found as belonging to it; and Whiteness (*Venus*) is born of sea-foam, or snow, or any very white body. And if *Frya* is Light, it is not at all unlikely that the old Freasfolk kept ever-burning lamps under the care of castle-maids like Vestal virgins.

*Frea*, or *Venus* (Light) may as well be taken as the wife of *Apollo* (the Sun), as of *Vulcan* (Fire), and in the prose Edda she is the wife of *Odwe*, who may be the sun, and he goes wayfaring round the world, and she follows him, weeping, as Daylight does, in mythic speech, weeping in the dewdrops at sunset.

It is true to say that flowers spring up under the feet of *Venus* as she glides in daylight over the ground, where she is attended by the Hours; and whereas by the Friesic myth *Frea* drinks dew from the cups of the flowers, she would drink of milk and wine if she found them open to her, and so, indeed, the Greek and Roman poets gave her, as *Venus*, milk and wine as well as honey; and to Light or Whiteness belong swans or white doves, and if you will say so, white lilies or may-bloom.

A very startling statement is that given as by a castle-maiden, *Adela*, who says that she went up above the Rhine among the mountains, and found the Pile-housers, or Lake-dwellers (*Märsäta*) alive and busy in their stilted houses. "The *Märsäta* are men that live on the lakes. Their houses are built on piles, against wild beasts and wicked men,

and they keep themselves by fishing and hunting. The hides are dressed by the women, and tanned with birch-bark;" and elsewhere it is written that *Adel*, the son of *Friso*, had found his way to the *Märsäta*.

Now, although *Herodotus* writes of lake-dwellers, the *Paeones* in Macedonia; (Book v. 16), and although there have been, and still are, stilt-housers on lakes in southern lands, as in the Philippine Islands, Borneo, and Siam, yet no soul had as much as dreamt of the pile-housers of Switzerland till within the last thirty years, when some wrecks of their houses and leavings of their home-life were brought to light. Those who cannot see any proof of truth in this case must account for the statement of the Book in a way of their own.

There are laws for the castles, for war, for seafarings, and trading, and they are strong for freedom. "All shall have equal rights," says a declaration much like the opening of the American Declaration of Independence; and a law is that if a Frisian has need and cannot help himself, the castle-maidens must bring his case before the Reeve, since a high-minded Frisian cannot do so himself.

The further the history reaches forth from the homeland, the more legendary it seems to be; but in matters of laws, institutions, landholdings, and morality, there is nothing unworthy, and much that is very worthy of a free and wise people, and that is most likely to have ripened into the institutions of the Saxons in England. Every village shall have a village-mark, or stretch of common-land (*Hêmrik*), under a *Grêva*, or Reeve, as we have called him in some of our villages of Saxon folkland, or later copyholdings. It was also to have a market, and all the other land was for tillage in land-shares to house-holders, and for wood under the *Wald-grêva* or Wood-reeve.

This tallies with the Anglo-Saxon institution of the folkland of grass-ground, and wood of the *Gau*, or Friesic *maint*; and the olden common fields and rights of our parishes. The "deals" of

land match, in some way, the "hides" of land holden by Anglo-Saxon households, while the common wood and grass-land tally with what Caesar says of the townships of the Teutonic Germans:—"It is the greatest praise to townships to have around them wilds as wide as may be, their borders being laid waste."

As an outsider, however, he seems to mistake the mind with which they kept the wilder folkland. He says: "They deem it a mark of manliness that their neighbours, being driven from the land, should withdraw, and that no one should dare to settle near them."<sup>1</sup> Whereas they only wanted a good stretch of folkland. It says that Fryasland had taken in a broad reach of land with that of the Angles, Saxons and Jutes, and other tribes of Roman and other writers, such as the Stjurar, Steerers, sailors; the *Sturii* of the old Latin writers, and the *Sékampar*, Sea-fighters, the *Sicambri*. Whence we see the source of the names given by the Roman writers, the *Sturii* and *Sicambri*. The men of the east of Denmark were called *Jutta* (*Yutta*), *Jutes*, and those of the island were *Leten*, *Lets*. Those who dwell in the higher marks, bounding on *Twisklanda* (Germans) were called *Saxmanna* (Saxmen), because they were always weaponed against wild beasts, and very savage. Britons (*Wrwildarda*, Britne, p. 69), a markworthy passage. The Britons!—where? In Britain, or in Friesland? It may mean either of the two, for it is clear that, to the early Frisians of the *Oera Linda Book*, and ere Hengist came hither, Britain (Westland) and the Britons were well known to Freasfolk. Of Britain it says:—"Over against us we had *Brittanya*, formerly *Westland*, with her tin-mines." This seems to have been written after the early Roman or Greek form of the British name, *Prydain*, or *Prytain*, had come to northern ears, since a Frisian would not have put on the ending *ya* to his

form of Britain. It calls Britain "the land of the Banlings" (Exiles), who were sent hither in penal servitude to the tin-mines, while others might have fled hither from the gripe of the law.

It is written in the life of the Saxon St. Guthlac, Hermit of Crowland, who had, in his earlier years, led a somewhat lawless life, that he once heard, in a vision, a great host of accursed spirits speaking in British, and he understood their talk, for that he erewhile had been in exile among them (the Britons), "mid him waes on wraec."

We find in two other sundry books a few words on the penal servitude of the British tin-mines; and they are written in so free a way, and each in a way that fully matches the other two, that if the book is a forgery, it affords a proof that some liars have wonderfully good memories.

One passage is, that there were in Scotland some men of Frya's blood, and some Britons, and banished men who, from time to time, had fled thither from the tin-mines, and we find in the Saxon writings enough of the Saxon outlawry and *aflymung* (banishment) and *wraec* (exile) to see that such cases are no proofs of forgery. "Sy he aflymed" (Let him be banished), says a law of Alfred of a man guilty of a given crime.

Whatever may be the truth, we can hardly believe that, to a seafaring man of Friesland, Britain could be unfound or less than well known.

The book speaks very strongly of some early bad time; a time of awful weather, skyforces, and earthquakes, and overflowing of the land, and even a sinking of a stretch of fine land which it calls *Atlands* or *Aldland*, under the sea; but since there have been, from time to time, many infloodings of the sea, it is not easy to tell the time of this great one of the Friesic tradition.

The Zuyder Zee was once a forest with a lake, and the lake broadened, and by the fourteenth year-hundred it became the Zuyder Zee.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Havard's *Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee*.

<sup>1</sup> XXIII. Civitatibus maxima laus est, quam latissimas circum se vastatis finibus solitudines habere. Hoc proprium virtutis existimant; expulsos agris finitimos cedere, neque quenquam prope se audere consistere.



There were also overfloodings, more or less overwhelming, in the years 1230, 1312, 1421, 1426, 1476, 1825.

The book speaks of Finns or Magyares as having, at some early time, swarmed in upon the northern lands, and lands of some of the Fryaslanders. It says they were driven forth by another race; and it is markworthy that it makes the Magyares, or Hungarians as we call them, to be what speechlore has now found them to be, Finns, or of the Finnish race, whether the Finns of the *Oera Linda Book* be the Magyares of the inroad under Attila in 447, or of an earlier one.

As to Woden, some writers take Woden to have been a man who was afterwards deified, and so deem the god and the man<sup>1</sup> to be one, against the clear statement and showing of the Saxon Chronicle that they were two; but to hold that they were the same would be to hold that the Teutonic race had no god Woden till within about 150 years before the time of Hengist.

Woden is given as the fourth father of Hengist: of Ida of Northumberland, and of Cerdic the ninth father, and the eleventh of Alla and Penda; but Woden's pedigree is given up to Geat, his sixth father; and, taking all these generations up to Woden, and allowing about twenty-five years to a generation, we should find that, on an average reckoning, they would point to about the middle of the fourth year-hundred. But the *Oera Linda Book* (p. 75) gives Woden as a Frieslander of East Fligland, who was an Ealdorman, and overcame a horde of Magyares in Denmark and became their king. As the Huns are said to have been driven from Tartary about A.D. 93, it is not unlikely that a horde of them came to the north before the time of Attila, A.D. 433.

It is told (p. 105) that Ulysses (Ulysus) came to Friesland; and, however unlikely may be the tale, it is not a proof of forgery, since a tradition that he had

landed in Caledonia had reached Solinus A.D. 150, and Tacitus had heard a tale of his coming to Germany itself; and if Ulysses was a true man and not a mythos, it is quite possible that in his many years of seafaring he might have reached some shores of the north; but it is odd and unlikely that, as a Greek, he should have called himself *Ulysses* instead of *Odysseys*, which was his true Greek name.

The so-called writing of Minno (Minos?), who was a seer, and gave laws to the Cretans and was a Friesic sea-king! shows no token of truth, though it is very likely that a Friesic sea-king might have sailed to the shores of Greece as well as Brennus marched to Rome, and the Friesic laws which follow the writing of Minno are worthy of Minos or any good lawgiver of the world.

That Athens was founded by Minerva Athenê, whereas it was only named after her, and that she was a Frisian castle-maiden, or Folksmother, who abode at Athens under her Latin and not her Greek name, while we have so much in mythology to show that Minerva was *Mind* or *Wisdom*, and like Frya a mythos—can be only a freak of a busy fancy.

Some of the etymologies of the names of men and places are almost childish, but not more so than some which have been given by other men of narrow speechlore, who were quite truthful in matters which they understood—as Lourdan from *Lord Dane*, or that of Isidorus Hispalensis, that the Britons (Britones) were so called in Latin, because they were *Bruti* (Brutes).

The writer, however, knew of the two long walls of the way from Athens down to the Peiræus—"two horns all down to the sea"—as he calls them, and so must have written after they were built, and after the Peloponnesian war of 431 B.C. The little history of the hiring of a Friesic sea-king by Alexander for India, and of his sailing with Nearchus, and of his abode with a body of Frisians in the Punjab, is not confirmed by his so-given Indian names of the tiger and alligator. "Cats as big

<sup>1</sup> As to the god *Woden*, he was, I believe, simply *Force* or *Might*, of matter or mind, and the Latin *Mars*, as under the expression "*proprio Marte*" with his own might.



as calves," he says, "are called *tigrum*; but the Hindi and Sanscrit name of the tiger (*tigris*, Greek) is *bagh*;" and whereas he says that the biggest of the lizard tribe are called *algatter* (alligator), the Hindi and Sanscrit have for the alligator the names *botch*, *kamheer*, *nagr*, and *gah*, and they afford no trace of alligator, which Heyse's *Fremdwörterbuch* imputes to the Spanish, as their name of the American alligator, *el lagarta*, the lizard. On many other things, however, it speaks of India with much of clear knowledge; but that the Frisians sailed into the Red Sea through a strait, and when they came home found "no strait" but land, which *Irtha* (the Earth) had heaved up out of the sea, is startling to me, if not to a geologist.

Of *Irtha*, mother-earth, it says elsewhere, in mythological wording, that she pours forth her gifts to men who scratch her skin, meaning plough or dig the ground.

Putting aside the legends of Tyre and Sidon, and some other early trade havens, we may believe it as likely that the Tyrians came to Friesland for iron and amber, as that they came to Britain for tin. One of the writings speaks of a mongrel race of Frieses with some Greek blood, who speak bad Friesic, saying, *ād* for *ald* (old), *sāt* for *salt*, and *mā* for *man*; but this is now, and has been for two hundred years, the common and allowed pronunciation of West Friesic, as we find it in the writings of Japix, the Friesic poet, who was born about 1603, and who writes *urād* for *wrald* (world), *hād* for *hald* (hold); and *ma* for *man* is now, as it was in the time of Japix, a token of a Friesic name, as *Hobbema*, *Hobbeman*, *Halbertsma*, *Dr. Ottema*—the verifier of the Friesic text of the *Oera Linda Book*—*Gabbema*, a man known to Japix; so that for a Frisian to write of this as bad Friesic is as if an Englishman should now write of a set of men who spoke English so badly as to leave out the *l* in the pronunciation of *chalk*, *stalk*, *walk*, *calf*, *half*.

It may be said that the forger so  
No. 210.—VOL. XXXV.

wrote that he might make his Friesic seem older than it was. Well, then, to what former fifty years did he shape his Friesic, and where found he the pattern of it?

In one passage a Frisian is made to say that he cannot alone cast up a *therp*; a *therp*, as *theorp*, our *thorp*, being a hand-heaped and broad mound cast up on the marshland for a village; and this would seem to be written when *therp*-casting was yet an often-seen work, though most likely it is now no longer so.

On the imputation of the forgery of a writing arises the question of *cui bono*? A forgery is meant to deceive men for the good, in some form, of the forger. But the writer of the Friesic manuscript never tried to deceive men by it, since he never put it forth to them, though two hundred years ago he might have printed it; but he shut it up within his house without any bidding to his children that it should ever be given to the world; and so we cannot see to what gain of good he looked in his unworthy work.

As to the Friesic, we seem to see in it too much of word-wear to believe it as old as the *Mæso-Gothic* of Ulphilas, of which the word-wear is less, though we must take it to be older than the Friesic of Japix, in which the *th* of the Anglo-Saxon had become *d*.

Looking to the Friesic of some of the old Friesic laws of the fourteenth century, and comparing it with that of the Book (though, we own, with a comparison less full and nice than the matter wants), it does not seem to be of a later shape than that of from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. It is, in some cases, more like true English than is the later Friesic, and may be very nearly of the form of the Friesic at the time (the eighth century) when Wilbrod and other Saxon missionaries went over to Friesland, and preached to Frya's folk in a common form of speech; and the matter of the laws and folklore may be some of that which was left dead behind the Gospel.

The pure Friesic and easy wording of the book must be most welcome to

students of English and Saxon, as a widening of the now too narrow ground of the early speech of our forefathers.

One token of truth in the Book is, that it clears to our minds, as it goes, some points of Friesic folklore, without any seeming aim to teach them otherwise than as they belong to other matter under hand. One of such points is that of the *jol*, pronounced *yöl*, our *yule*, the meaning of which was well known to the writer, though, as far as we can find, it has long been lost to our scholars, beyond all reach of mind-sight.

*Yule* has been thought to be an old word for Christmas, or for something of Christmas-tide; whereas in a table showing how the letters of the Friesic text were shapen from lines of the *yöl*, we see that the *yol*, Saxon *geol*, was a wheel or ring, the Friesic emblem of infinity or the world, or the year-gang of the sun, and that the true *yol-tid* (yule-tide) was the night of the year's end, or the end of one turning of the wheel of time, and that the wheel which in our book-prints of the Saxon gods we have seen in the hand of *Seater* (Time?) was simply the yule.

As one among many tokens of the genuineness of the Friesic of the book,

and of the worth of it in Teutonic speechlore, we will give a word, and to us a long-sought word, the verb of which our word *naked* (Saxon, *nacod*) is the participle.

I had jotted down in a note that *naked* had come from the root of *nigt* (neah) or *next*, and that a body was *naked* as being come to or come at with the sight or touch, or without anything between the touch or sight and itself; and in one of the writings we have the verb *näka*, to come nigh to or at.—“*Hya ne machton us therumbe naut näka*,” “They might not, therefore, at all get at us or nigh us”—with the wanted verb, which we have not found in Anglo-Saxon, though Outzen gives *Nake*, as the Friesic shape of the word.

A friend has now told me, ere the proof slips came to my hands, that he once heard in the north a mother call her child to be undressed in the words, “Come and let me *nake* thee.”

In the *Oera Linda Book*, *Adela* is made to say, “About the Rhine, the people dug out holes. The sand that came into them was poured, with water, over *woolfleeces* to get the gold.”

Had such gold-washing anything to do with the Tale of the Golden Fleece?

WM. BARNES.

## A NEW PROBLEM IN NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THERE is no need to add questions of mere speculative interest to those, already numerous enough, that call for a speedy solution in the domain of national education. Its new problems must have reached a definite and practical shape before we are called upon to discuss them. We can hardly say that the question of a direct subsidy, in any shape, to secondary education, has reached that stage in England. But if it can be shown to be of immediate and practical interest for one part of the country, its interest for the rest must soon follow; and in Scotland the relations between the state and secondary education have already been brought into the sphere of definite discussion. It may not be useless even for us to see how the discussion arises, and what are its main conclusions.

It may be taken for granted that a feeling of dissatisfaction at the state of secondary education in Scotland is widely spread; and although it has existed for forty years and more, and long prior to parliamentary grants, yet we may also admit the fact that it has greatly increased since the passing of the Education Act of 1872. It is just as impossible to assert that dissatisfaction so universal as this, however exaggerated, can be altogether without foundation.

We need waste no time, then, in establishing the fact. Nor, on the other hand, is our object to indulge in vague accusations, or to put forward still more vague proposals. Many of those who have recognised the fact of deterioration have not hesitated to do both. Blame has very readily been laid upon the framers of the Act; or, better still, as affording an ever-present *corpus delicti*, upon its administration, as shown in the code, for which the Education Department is more or less

responsible.<sup>1</sup> And schemes of a renewed and reinvigorated secondary education have been propounded, too many of which have had this common failing, that they regarded the question exclusively from one point of view, and dismissed as trivial matters the practical possibilities of administration and the probable opposition with which any scheme of subsidising secondary education will be met. Such advocacy only harms the cause. By the vague accusations an ill feeling has been generated, which might prevent machinery, ever so well planned, from working harmoniously, and which has only increased the necessary friction. The deterioration of secondary education has been accepted, not as an unforeseen result, but as a deliberate attack upon the professional interests of a class. The only hope of improvement suggested is that which may arise by reiteration of grievances, by change of functions, by the abrogation of existing agencies. And, on the other hand, the vague proposals, however completely they would realise the aim of their propounders, have been put forward with an utter recklessness as to opposite views; and they have alarmed and deterred from co-operation

<sup>1</sup> It may not be amiss to consider what foundation there is in facts for this accusation. In the year ended 31st August, 1874, 4,577 passes were made in the higher subjects recognised by the code; only 69 scholars passed in three subjects. In the year ended 31st August, 1875, 14,570 passes were made in these subjects; 327 scholars passed in three subjects; the passes in Latin alone were 2,703. The results for the year ended 31st August, 1876, are still more surprising. In that year, 21,505 passes were made in the higher subjects; 577 scholars passed in three subjects; in Latin alone 3,309 passes were made. The code is clearly doing its work beyond expectation; and the decline of secondary education must be otherwise accounted for.



many who would readily have helped to promote higher education, but who are not prepared to support the principle, without limitations, of directly subsidising it.

Our aim here is at once less ambitious and more definite. In place of vague accusations we shall endeavour to show, practically, how the present hitch in the educational machinery of Scotland may be accounted for without attributing to any one the deliberate object of lowering higher education there. If we are able to do this, we shall have cleared the way for some details of the course which any improvement will have to follow, and at the same time we shall be able to recognise more clearly the absolute need for some legislation both from the point of view of those who would and of those who would not support the principle of subsidising secondary education.

First then with regard to the objects of the framers of the Act of 1872, upon whom some of the blame is laid. They are not far to seek, nor are they expressed in any doubtful phraseology. Not in one, but in many, sections of the Act we can trace the interest bestowed on the subject, and the anxiety to provide not merely against the deterioration, but for the improvement of secondary education. It is not ignored as in the English Act. The qualifications of its teachers are specially provided for, and the utmost care is taken to inculcate specially both on the Education Department and on the School Boards the necessity of maintaining a high standard of education, of managing the higher class schools "with a view to promote the higher education of the country," and (as a means thereto) of "relieving such schools from the necessity of giving elementary instruction."

Unfortunately, whatever may be the intentions either of the Legislature or of those specially concerned in the framing of an Act, it is a mere truism to say that these can seldom be fully realised. The least important Bill runs a risk of being mangled in Com-

mittee, much more one which deals with interests so vital as those involved in the Act of 1872. New clauses are interjected; proposals are suddenly started; compromises, equally sudden, are arranged; words and clauses are slightly modified so as to meet a special difficulty; and the most consummate generalship cannot, in the heat and hurry of debate, foresee all the pitfalls into which such modifications may lead. A Bill which, as it left the draughtsman's hands, was a model of perspicuity and logical consistence, becomes, when it has passed its third reading, a confused and tangled congeries, to which the whims and crotchets of every individual member may have had some chance of contributing.

It is with no thought of laying blame on those who were chiefly responsible for the Act of 1872 that we assert the difficulty to have arisen immediately out of the working of that Act. It is not necessary to do more than discuss a few sections in order to prove this.

In section 62 (4) of the Act we find it enacted as follows:—"A School Board having the management of any such (higher) school, shall, so far as practicable and expedient, subject to the approval of the Board of Education, relieve the same of the necessity of giving elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic to young children, by otherwise providing sufficient public school accommodation for such elementary instruction, so that the funds and revenues of such higher class school, and the time of the teachers, may be more exclusively applied to giving instruction in the higher branches."

Taken by itself, there are few who will dispute the wisdom of this enactment. It is obviously intended to provide in every "notable town" a system of secondary education side by side with the elementary system, but entirely independent of it; each equipped in the way best suited to its own requirements; the elementary

subjects not jostled aside, or slurred over, in the interests of the advanced few; nor the higher education, on the other hand, pared down to a minimum in the crowd and hurry of an elementary school. Most will approve of the permissive clause, by which country parishes may be allowed to engraft on their elementary instruction a sufficiency of higher instruction to provide against the repression of ability that is above the average, without the necessity of maintaining a separate higher class school for some half-dozen scholars. Even the required sanction of the Board of Education in Edinburgh is perhaps expedient; although in practice such sanction has been most rarely asked for, and the desire for separation, always to be urged, has seldom or never had to be repressed. Reading it alone, we may pronounce the section admirable. But how has it worked along with other provisions of the enactment?

In section 64, we read as follows: "No part of the funds or revenues of a higher class public school . . . shall pass into the school fund, and no part of the expenses of any such school, except as herein otherwise specially provided (this is explained to refer to the expenses of examination, and of maintaining the fabric) shall be paid out of that fund."

At first sight there is nothing here to be found fault with. If the two systems are to be distinct, it is essential that their revenues shall be so too. The aid to be given, if given at all, to secondary education, must be matter of separate enactment, and must be allowed to it in its own character, not under the disguise of an elementary school. Those chiefly responsible for the Act directly repudiated the intention of asking for any such subsidy. The line of demarcation was drawn solely in the desire to do all possible for higher education short of subsidising it.

Unfortunately, however, this section, read with the one above, has had a directly opposite effect. Instead of encouraging a separate secondary system

the enactment has actually taken from it almost the only resources it possessed, and without giving anything in place of them. The effect of the section does not stop even here. While it professes to encourage separation, it leaves secondary education to starve unless it adopts the disguise of elementary; and the loop-hole of the permissive clause before quoted makes this disguise possible. Nominally encouraging one thing, the statute expressly creates an incentive to do the other. "Separate your higher schools," it seems to say, "and relieve them from the drudgery of elementary education: but if you do so, you shall not only lose any share in the parliamentary grant, but you shall not have the power to employ any part of the rates on such schools." The revenues, speciously enumerated under four heads in section 62 (3), which are to take the place of these resources, are little but "a beggarly account of empty boxes." "The funds and revenues of a higher class public school" which the first clause of the section quoted above so carefully preserves from mal-appropriation, are too often in Scotland simply non-existent; while the revenues which the second clause of the same section cuts off from these schools (and perhaps rightly cuts off from them) were their only real resources. To seek some sort of support, secondary education has been forced to step down from its rightful position, to curtail its scope, to restrict itself more or less to the limits of an elementary school. It has been forced to follow the very plan which the legislature specially discourages so far as words go, but which alone it permits so far as enactment goes. The alliance has enabled secondary education to gain a precarious subsistence of a kind which it was far from the intention of the legislature to grant, and on which such education can, by no possibility, thrive.

It is useless to disguise the fact that the working of these two clauses has created an immense amount of ill-feeling, and has done much to bring

about the deterioration complained of. It would be easy to adduce particular instances from almost every part of the country, but it would be sufficient to point out what the necessary and general effect of the enactment must be. Secondary education cannot, even in many towns that may well claim to be "notable," support itself solely on the fees paid by the few parents who are at once able to pay at a reasonable rate, who desire higher education for their children, and who happen to have children of sufficient ability to make it worth while to spend in a superior education three or four years, which might be spent in learning some trade for which only a minimum of education is required. It must seek for other resources. These it may gain by making the few high-paying pupils take their places side by side with the low-paying, but much more numerous, mass of elementary scholars. By doing so, not only can a fair aggregate of fees be obtained, but also a parliamentary grant may be earned. The payments for higher, or, as they are technically termed, specific subjects under the code are not sufficient to support a separate secondary school, and would not be paid to such a school; but they may very well be made a machine whereby the few secondary pupils in an elementary school may contribute their share of parliamentary grant to the general fund. The words of the Act no doubt discourage all this, but the provisions of the Act make it the one alternative to the absolute starvation of secondary education. Let us now see its effect.

In the first place, the claims of the different classes of pupils on the time of the teacher are really incompatible. The high-paying pupils must absorb the attention of the teacher; their education in the higher subjects is considered to enhance his professional position. The lower work may be in great measure neglected, or if this does not happen—and it is creditable to the teaching profession that it happens but seldom—yet necessarily any spare time must be spent, not in endeavouring to give to the

bulk of the pupils something beyond the modicum required by the code, but in giving to the few higher pupils the special instruction for which they pay.

So far the evil is caused by different rates of fees. But this is not all. The claim for annual parliamentary grants, and the consequent necessity for complying with the requirements of the code, work still more serious evils. One of the primary conditions of the code is that the general fee in any state-aided school should not exceed 9d. a week. This embodies one of the chief principles upon which the parliamentary grant is distributed—a principle which has repeatedly had the sanction of the legislature, and one for whose abrogation it is at present utterly impractical to agitate—viz. that only schools which cannot otherwise be remunerative are to be aided by the state. But in order to fulfil this condition, the secondary education engrafted on an elementary school must actually ask less than the fee which many parents are both able and willing to give, because otherwise that fee would swell the general average, and render the whole school ineligible for annual grants. In other words, a thoroughly sound and desirable source of revenue is thrown away, because by making use of it the much larger benefit of parliamentary grant would be lost. And not only is the healthy sense of parental responsibility destroyed, but the secondary education must circumscribe itself in proportion to the lower fee. Anything unnecessary and unremunerative must be stripped off. The nearest requirements of the code for a pass in the so-called specific or higher subjects need be fulfilled. The individual care often expended under the old system upon a promising pupil is entirely gone. There can be no studying of special capabilities; none of that occasional extension of the teaching into the portals, at least, of higher science in scholarship, which constitutes the very life and soul of a healthy system of secondary education. This is the unforeseen effect of the



statute. The same effect has, no doubt, been largely produced by the increased temptations to lucrative employments for which higher education is not needed. Have we to go further to seek an explanation of the deterioration of higher education in Scotland?

The code would not have reflected the spirit and intention of the legislature in the enactment of 1872 had it not contained provisions which tended to limit the tendency above noted. The Education Department would not have performed its duties in the administration of the Act, and would least of all have obeyed the injunction as to the maintenance of a high standard of secondary education, had it not insisted upon the provisions of the code, in order to check a misdirection of the parliamentary grant, mischievous instead of beneficial in its effect. Those who blame the code in its administration must show that either has deviated in any degree from the provisions of the statute. The code is framed to meet elementary education only. Its "specific subjects" do not profess to provide a satisfactory scheme of secondary education, but only to give a little room for the expansion of the merest elements. Within this sphere, as we have shown, it has produced results beyond expectation. But had the code gone further, it would either, by offering grants for higher education, have exceeded the intentions of the legislature, or else, by interfering without giving pecuniary aid, it would have given good ground for irritation. The duty of the department, whether as regards the administration of the grant, or the maintenance, indirectly, of a high standard of secondary education, was perfectly clear. Parliament has not authorised the subsidising of distinctively secondary education, and without that authority the department could not act. On the other hand, no system tends so directly to injure secondary education as that which sinks its identity under the disguise of elementary education; in obedience to

the injunctions of the enactment; therefore, the department was bound to resist this lowering tendency. There was no choice in the matter, and no doubt as to what the statute meant.

It will not be without profit to recognise this, if it directs the efforts of those who wish for improvement, not to vague accusations, reconstruction of machinery, or redress of supposed maladministration, but to some amendment of the Act by which the administration is bound to guide itself. It is here that the strength of the case lies, and it is undoubtedly very considerable. The legislature does not approach the question of secondary education in Scotland as a new one. It has already broken ground. It would not, in establishing the principle of a subsidy, be offering a free gift. It would only be helping to undo some of the unexpected results of its own enactment. Secondary education in Scotland has a strong case against the legislature. By an oversight in legislation there has been thrown out to secondary education the worst sort of temptation. It has been invited to disguise itself as elementary education, to reject the payment which many parents are able and willing to give, and by this means, and this means only, to earn a subsistence from the state. Its claims, then, on the legislature, are such as cannot be ignored either by the advocates of a subsidising system, or by its opponents. To the former it comes with the grievance of lessened revenues, of a deteriorated standard, of unfair disadvantages thrown in its way. To the latter it can make good an equally strong claim on their attention, if only to prevent a virtual but still degrading system of subsidising under false colours, and without benefit either to the giver or the receiver. Under these false colours the subsidising will not only continue, but, in spite of what either code or department can achieve, will certainly increase; and in the end we will find ourselves burdened with taxation for

the purposes of a so-called secondary education, which has been only injured and degraded by what it has received.

And the legislature, in undoing the evil that it has actually done, will commit itself to no general policy. Already, Scotland may say, you have touched on secondary education in Scotland. You have pointed out its aims. You have claimed to regulate it, and with almost fatal results. Already you have allowed the proceeds of the rates to be spent upon the examination of higher-class schools, and the maintenance of the school fabric. What is called the "Common Good" in a Scotch burgh is really a form of rating. In applying it to secondary education, you have already recognised the principle of a local subsidy. If you add some form of imperial subsidy, you are committing yourselves to no principle, you are raising no general question of educational policy.

This brings us to the question, how may such subsidy be given, with the best guarantee that it shall meet only real necessity, and that it shall produce good results? We have tried to show where the machine works badly, and to what causes this is due. We have endeavoured to make out a special claim for consideration in the case of Scotland, if only to undo evil that has been done. It remains only to put forward some suggestions as to the course that any action of the state may follow.

In the first place some money grant, in whatever form, must be allowed. Endowments may ultimately help, but these, scanty and insufficient at the best, can only be brought to bear after long and tedious readjustment. The evil which here calls for remedy is instant and increasing. The very tradition of higher education in Scotland may speedily die out, strong as it has hitherto been; and once lost, it is not easy to recover. The readjustment of endowments, where necessary, may be expected; but the help of the state,

quite apart from this, must come quickly, and must, in some form or other, bring money.

In the first place, then, the Act must (in Section 62(3)) include within the revenues of higher class schools an item derived from imperial grant. The hard-and-fast principle will thereby be loosened.

Next, a distinct line of demarcation must be drawn between those places which must, and those which need not, provide a secondary school, relieved from the necessity of giving elementary instruction. That in country parishes a mere superstructure of higher subjects in the ordinary school will be sufficient for all practical purposes, may well be supposed. The higher fees received from the few whose parents can afford it, will not be numerous to swell the average fee above the limit prescribed by the code. Within a narrow area special merit will soon be detected, and is not likely to want encouragement, as it would amidst the crowd of a populous school district. It will rarely happen that because high fees are received from a few for special subjects, the meritorious child of poor parents will, in such a school and such a district, be overlooked. But, on the other hand, in a certain number of cases whether separately enumerated (as in Schedule A of the Act of 1872) or indicated by a certain minimum population, the banishment of elementary education from the school will be a matter of course. The Act must permit the parents to evade this prohibition, but not so long as the school is a special school. The due weight must be given to the higher education by the state, but not by the parents. The requirement of the Act must be the minimum.

The Act must also provide for the establishment of a central body to oversee the whole system, and to ensure that the state's aid is properly used.

in the school fund and to allow school boards to employ the produce of the rates on their maintenance.

Lastly (in Section 62(2)) some more definite standard of qualification for the teachers of such schools must be marked out. These qualifications must be fixed, not necessarily on the lines under which teachers are now certificated, but at least on some uniform principle. Probably it might be well to make a certain amount of attendance at a university not merely one, but an indispensable, qualification for higher posts; except in the case of elementary teachers of special merit, who may raise themselves from the lower to the higher ranks of their profession. But the test of the qualifications of burgh teachers, as now marked out by the Act, is one too arbitrary and variable to be consistent with any system stamped with state recognition and in receipt of its pecuniary aid.

It remains only to indicate, in a few words, the principles on which any aid given to secondary education may be based. Such principles must be essentially different from those on which we subsidise elementary schools. In the latter payments must depend upon results produced in accordance with the fixed standards of the code. All must have elementary instruction, but those alone who benefit by it can be paid for. But such a system is utterly inapplicable to secondary education. The standards of a code stereotype and fetter it, and prevent its free expansion. A system of higher standards graduated upwards from those now prescribed would only sacrifice real efficiency to apparent symmetry of plan. Besides this, secondary education rests on an entirely different footing from elementary. What we ask for here is that those only who prove fitness should be helped to gain higher education. In subsidising secondary education, then, we must test the fitness of those for whom the state is asked to provide it, and, along with that, we must test the general efficiency of the school in which it is to be

obtained. We cannot try with rule and line, as we do in the elementary schools.

But secondary education, though aided on a different principle, must have its roots planted in the elementary school. On no other system can it really be national, or claim the aid of the state.

These two points, then—clear lines of demarcation, combined with gradation between the two systems—will serve to guide us in tracing possible details of state aid. A certain process of selection must begin even in the elementary schools. In these the elementary subjects must have the primary share of attention, and a pass in each of the three Rs must be a necessary qualification for any pupil who is to gain the present grant for a specific or higher subject. This would limit the number of those earning the special grant, but it might constitute a fair claim for a certain increase in the rate of that grant. It would act as a motive to the teacher to give special care rather to the development of special ability than to the pupil who pays a higher fee. Such higher fee should, in the case of the elementary schools, be absolutely forbidden; and any varieties in rates charged should render the school ineligible for a grant. In order to prevent undue collision with the main aim of the school, in elementary instruction, it might be well to refuse a grant for specific subjects in such a school to any child over thirteen years of age.

But the element of selection for the specific subjects thus indicated would serve another purpose. The scholars so selected would be more or less picked pupils, and as they proceeded further the selection might be further sifted. This might be helped by a slight graduation in the payments for the specific subjects according to the standard of attainment achieved. By the time the highest class in the school was reached a certain number of picked scholars might have obtained such a place in the specific examina-



tion as would warrant the belief that they could benefit by a higher education, if the door thereto were open to them. The state subsidy might then be brought to bear in the form of paying the fees of such pupils, at a secondary school where the rate of fee all over was such as would produce a satisfactory revenue for the school, and such as well-to-do parents might fairly be expected to pay for themselves. A certain limit, say 4*l.* per annum, might fairly be fixed, and the payment thus made would constitute at once a bursary to the pupil and a form of state aid to the school. The payment might not be large—so much the more hope of receiving it from parliament—but at least it would go far to prevent the complete draining away of all resources from the secondary schools. There would be no object, as there now is, to give up one source of revenue, in the shape of fees from well-to-do parents, by reducing all fees to a minimum. And the state payment itself would not be contemptible. Say that a secondary school existed for every 15,000 of population. This would represent about 2,500 children at the elementary schools of the district; and suppose that only 2 per cent of these children annually passed the qualification test, this would give a total of 50 children (representing a state subsidy of 200*l.* per annum to the school) drafted into the secondary school each year. On the other hand, the expense to the state would be comparatively small. At the rate just calculated it would not probably exceed 50,000*l.* per annum for the whole of Scotland, if it even reached this sum. The deficiency, should there be any, must be made up from rates, where no endowment is available.

One other detail might be suggested, which would make the help to the poorer class of meritorious pupils more substantial, without increasing the expense of the state. Of those who

passed out of the elementary into the secondary schools with the qualifying test, a certain number might be allowed to continue their connection with the elementary school, by acting as pupil teachers there for half the day, their services being recognised by the department as a part of the school staff, and therefore worth so much money to the school. Such pupil-teachers would certainly stand a better chance of turning out well, and the work they did for the elementary school would probably be more elastic and vigorous than that of the ordinary pupil-teacher, thrust too young into the continuous drudgery of teaching when he should still be taught. He would of course have only half a day at the secondary school; but ambition and the sense of responsibility with which self-earned advantages would probably inspire him, might safely be trusted to press him on to make good the deficiency. After all, it is not so many hours a day, but the contact with the higher education, that would chiefly influence his career. School managers would probably be eager to secure such a pupil-teacher, and the salary which he received from them might cover the home expenses, which would be untouched, of course, by the state payment of his fees at school.

The above suggestions have no claim to be complete in all particulars. But at least we have endeavoured to point out certain definite details of possible improvement, by which the aims of the friends of secondary education may be to some extent realised, and that with the minimum of offence to those who are opposed to its subsidising by the state. Such a scheme would neither help those who could pay for, nor those who could not profit by, secondary education. It would grow naturally from the elementary system without unduly interfering with it. It is at least a possible shape, which the change, if it is to come, may take.

ROBERT HERRICK.<sup>1</sup>

BORN, 1591 ; DIED, 1674.

ROBERT HERRICK's personal fate is in one point like Shakespeare's. We know or seem to know them both, through their works, with singular intimacy. But with this our knowledge substantially ends. No private letter of Shakespeare, no record of his conversation, no account of the circumstances in which his writings were published, remains : hardly any statement how his greatest contemporaries ranked him. A group of Herrick's youthful letters on business has, indeed, been preserved ; of his life and studies, of his reputation during his own time, almost nothing. For whatever facts affectionate diligence could now gather, readers are referred to Mr. Grosart's "Introduction."<sup>2</sup> But if, to supplement the picture, inevitably imperfect, which this gives, we turn to Herrick's own book, we learn little, biographically, except the names of a few friends,—that his general sympathies were with the Royal cause,—and that he wearied in Devonshire for London. So far as is known, he published but this one volume, and that, when not far from his sixtieth year. Some pieces may be traced in earlier collections ; some few carry ascertainable dates ; the rest lie over a period of near forty years, during a great portion of which we

have no distinct account where Herrick lived, or what were his employments. We know that he shone with Ben Jonson and the wits at the nights and suppers of those gods of our glorious early literature : we may fancy him at Beaumanor, or Houghton, with his uncle and cousins, keeping a Leicestershire Christmas in the Manor-house : or, again, in some sweet southern county with Julia and Anthea, Corinna and Dianeme by his side (familiar then by other names now never to be remembered), sitting merry, but with just the sadness of one who hears sweet music, in some meadow among his favourite flowers of spring-time ;—there, or "where the rose lingers latest." . . . But "the dream, the fancy," is all that Time has spared us. And if it be curious that his contemporaries should have left so little record of this delightful poet and (as we should infer from the book) genial-hearted man, it is not less so that the single first edition should have satisfied the seventeenth century, and that, before the present, notices of Herrick should be of the rarest occurrence.

The artist's "claim to exist" is, however, always far less to be looked for in his life, than in his art, upon the secret of which the fullest biography can tell us little—as little, perhaps, as criticism can analyse its charm. But there are few of our poets who stand less in need than Herrick of commentaries of this description,—in which too often we find little more than a dull or florid prose version of what the author has given us admirably in verse. Apart from obsolete words or allusions, Herrick is the best commentator upon Herrick. A few lines only need therefore be

<sup>1</sup> Essay prefixed to a selection from Herrick's poems, edited, with notes, by F. T. Palgrave, and nearly ready for publication.

<sup>2</sup> See the Herrick edited by this gentleman, and lately published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. Looking to the care taken to collect all facts bearing on the poet's life and book, to the critical correctness of the text, and the fulness of annotation, it is not too high praise to say that these volumes for the first time give Herrick a place among books not printed only, but edited.

added, aiming rather to set forth his place in the sequence of English poets, and especially in regard to those near his own time, than to point out in detail beauties which he unveils in his own way, and so most durably and delightfully.

When our Muses, silent or sick for a century and more after Chaucer's death, during the years of war and revolution, reappeared, they brought with them foreign modes of art, ancient and contemporary, within the forms of which they began to set to music the new material which the age supplied. At the very outset, indeed, the moralising philosophy which has characterised the English from the beginning of our national history, appears in the writers of the troubled times lying between the last regnal years of Henry VIII. and the first of his great daughter. But with the happier hopes of Elizabeth's accession, poetry was once more distinctly followed, not only as a means of conveying thought, but as a Fine Art. And hence something constrained and artificial blends with the freshness of the Elizabethan literature. For its great underlying elements it necessarily reverts to those embodied in our own earlier poets, Chaucer above all, to whom, after barely one hundred and fifty years, men looked up as a father of song: but in points of style and treatment, the poets of the sixteenth century lie under a double external influence—that of the poets of Greece and Rome (known either in their own tongues or by translation), and that of the modern literatures which had themselves undergone the same classical impulse. Italy was the source most regarded during the more strictly Elizabethan period; whence its lyrical poetry, and the dramatic in a less degree, are coloured much less by pure and severe classicism with its closeness to reality, than by the allegorical and elaborate style, fancy, and fact curiously blended, which had been generated in Italy under the peculiar and local circumstances of her pilgrimage in literature

and art from the age of Dante onwards. Whilst that influence lasted, such brilliant pictures of actual life, such directness, movement, and simplicity in style, as Chaucer often shows, were not yet again attainable: and although satire, narrative, the poetry of reflection, were meanwhile not wholly unknown, yet they only appear in force at the close of this period. And then also the pressure of political and religious strife, veiled in poetry during the greater part of Elizabeth's actual reign under the forms of pastoral and allegory, again imperiously breaks in upon the gracious but somewhat slender and artificial fashions of England's Helicon: the

*Divom numen, sedesque quietae*

which, in some degree the Elizabethan poets offer, disappear; until filling the central years of the seventeenth century we reach an age as barren for inspiration of new song as the Wars of the Roses; although the great survivors from earlier years mask this sterility;—masking also the revolution in poetical manner and matter which we can see secretly preparing in the later “Cavalier” poets, but which was not clearly recognized before the time of Dryden's culmination.

In the period here briefly sketched, what is Herrick's portion? His verse is eminent for sweet and gracious fluency; this is a real note of the “Elizabethan” poets. His subjects are frequently pastoral, with a classical tinge, more or less slight, infused; his language, though not free from exaggeration, is generally free from intellectual conceits and distortion, and is eminent throughout for a youthful *naïveté*. Such, also, are qualities of the latter sixteenth century literature. But if these characteristics might lead us to call Herrick “the last of the Elizabethans,” born out of due time, the differences between him and them are not less marked. Herrick's directness of speech is accompanied by an equally clear and simple presentment of his thought; we have,



perhaps, no poet who writes more consistently and earnestly with his eye upon his subject. An allegorical or mystical treatment is alien from him: he handles awkwardly the few traditional fables which he introduces. He is also wholly free from Italianizing tendencies: his classicism even is that of an English student,—of a schoolboy, indeed, if he be compared with a Jonson or a Milton. Herrick's personal eulogies on his friends and others, further, witness to the extension of the field of poetry after Elizabeth's age;—in which his enthusiastic geniality, his quick and easy transitions of subject, have also little precedent.

If, again, we compare Herrick's book with those of his fellow-poets for a hundred years before, very few are the traces which he gives of imitation, or even of study. During the long interval between Herrick's entrance on his Cambridge and his clerical careers (an interval all but wholly obscure to us), it is natural to suppose that he read, at any rate, his Elizabethan predecessors: yet (beyond those general similarities already noticed) the Editor can find no positive proof of familiarity. Compare Herrick with Marlowe, Greene, Breton, Drayton, or other pretty pastoralists of the *Helicon*—his general and radical unlikeness is what strikes us; whilst he is even more remote from the passionate intensity of Sidney and Shakespeare, the Italian graces of Spenser, the pensive beauty of *Parthenophil*, of *Diella*, of *Fidessa*, of the *Ilecatompathia* and the *Tears of Fancy*.

Nor is Herrick's resemblance nearer to many of the contemporaries who have been often grouped with him. He has little in common with the courtly elegance, the learned polish, which too rarely redeem commonplace and conceits in Carew, Habington, Lovelace, Cowley, or Waller. Herrick has his *concelli* also; but they are in him generally true plays of fancy; he writes throughout far more naturally than these lyrists, who, on the other

hand, in their unfrequent successes reach a more complete and classical form of expression. Thus, when Carew speaks of an aged fair one

When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,

Love may return, but lovers never!

Cowley, of his mistress—

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,  
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair:

or take Lovelace, "To Lucasta," Waller, in his "Go, lovely rose,"—we have a finish and condensation which Herrick hardly attains; a literary quality alien from his "woodnotes wild," which may help us to understand the very small appreciation he met from his age. He had "a pretty pastoral gale of fancy," said Phillips, cursorily dismissing Herrick in his *Theatrum*: not suspecting how inevitably artifice and mannerism, if fashionable for a while, pass into forgetfulness, whilst the simple cry of Nature partakes in her permanence.

Donne and Marvell, stronger men, leave also no mark on our poet. The elaborate thought, the metrical harshness of the first, could find no counterpart in Herrick; whilst Marvell, beyond him in imaginative power, though twisting it too often into contortion and excess, appears to have been little known as a lyrist then:—as, indeed, his great merits have never reached anything like due popular recognition. Yet Marvell's natural description is nearer Herrick's in felicity and insight than any of the poets named above. Nor, again, do we trace anything of Herbert or Vaughan in Herrick's *Noble Numbers*, which, though unfairly judged if held insincere, are obviously far distant from the intense conviction, the depth and inner fervour of his high-toned contemporaries.

It is among the great dramatists of this age that we find the only English influences palpably operative on this singularly original writer. The greatest, in truth, is wholly absent: and it is remarkable that although

Herrick may have joined in the wit-contests and genialities of the literary clubs in London soon after Shakespeare's death, and certainly lived in friendship with some who had known him, yet his name is never mentioned in the poetical commemorations of the *Hesperides*. In Herrick, echoes from Fletcher's idyllic pieces in the *Faithful Shepherdess* are faintly traceable; from his songs, "Hear what love can do," and "The lusty Spring," more distinctly. But to Ben Jonson, whom Herrick addresses as his patron saint in song, and ranks on the highest list of his friends, his obligations are much more perceptible. In fact, Jonson's non-dramatic poetry,—the *Epigrams* and *Forest* of 1616, the *Underwoods* of 1641, (he died in 1637),—supply models, generally admirable in point of art, though of very unequal merit in their execution and contents, of the principal forms under which we may range Herrick's *Hesperides*. The graceful love-song, the celebration of feasts and wit, the encomia of friends, the epigram as then understood, are all here represented: even Herrick's vein in natural description is prefigured in the odes to Penshurst and Sir Robert Wroth, of 1616. And it is in the religious pieces of the *Noble Numbers*, for which Jonson afforded the least copious precedents, that, as a rule, Herrick is least successful.

Even if we had not the verses on his own book, in proof that Herrick was no careless singer, but a true artist, working with conscious knowledge of his art, we might have inferred the fact from the choice of Jonson as his model. That great poet, as Clarendon justly remarked, had "judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy: his productions being slow and upon deliberation." No writer could be better fitted for the guidance of one so fancy-free as Herrick: to whom the curb, in the old phrase, was more needful than the spur, and whose invention, more fertile and varied than Jonson's, was ready at once to fill up the moulds of form

provided. He does this with a lively facility, contrasting much with the evidence of labour in his master's work. Slowness and deliberation are the last qualities suggested by Herrick. Yet it may be doubted whether the volatile ease, the effortless grace, the wild bird-like fluency with which he

Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air are not, in truth, the results of exquisite art working in co-operation with the gifts of nature. The various readings which our few remaining manuscripts or printed versions have supplied to Mr. Grosart's "Introduction," attest the minute and curious care with which Herrick polished and strengthened his own work: his airy facility, his seemingly spontaneous melodies, as with Shelley—his counterpart in pure lyrical art within this century—were earned by conscious labour; perfect freedom was begotten of perfect art;—nor, indeed, have excellence and permanence any other parent.

With the error that regards Herrick as a careless singer is closely twined that which ranks him in the school of that master of elegant pettiness who has usurped and abused the name Anacreon; as a mere light-hearted writer of pastorals, a gay and frivolous Renaissance amourist. He has indeed those elements: but with them is joined the seriousness of an age which knew that the light mask of classicism and bucolic allegory could be worn only as an ornament, and that life held much deeper and further-reaching issues than were visible to the narrow horizons within which Horace or Martial circumscribed the range of their art. Between the most intensely poetical, and so, greatest, among the French poets of this century, and Herrick, are many points of likeness. He too, with Alfred de Musset, might have said

Quoi que nous puissions faire,  
Je souffre; il est trop tard; le monde s'est  
fait vieux.  
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;  
Malgré nous vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux.

Indeed, Herrick's deepest debt to ancient literature lies not in the models which he directly imitated, nor in the Anacreontic tone which with singular felicity he has often taken. These are common to many writers with him:—nor will he who cannot learn more from the great ancient world ever rank among poets of high order, or enter the innermost sanctuary of art. But, the power to describe men and things as the poet sees them with simple sincerity, insight, and grace: to paint scenes and imaginations as perfect organic wholes;—carrying with it the gift to clothe each picture, as if by unerring instinct, in fit metrical form, giving to each its own music; beginning without affectation, and rounding off without effort;—the power, in a word, to leave simplicity, sanity, and beauty as the last impressions lingering on our minds, these gifts are at once the true bequest of classicalism, and the reason why (until modern effort equals them) the study of that Hellenic and Latin poetry in which these gifts are eminent above all other literatures yet created, must be essential. And it is success in precisely these excellences which is here claimed for Herrick. He is classical in the great and eternal sense of the phrase: and much more so, probably, than he was himself aware of. No poet in fact is so far from dwelling in a past or foreign world; it is the England, if not of 1648, at least of his youth, in which he lives and moves and loves: his *Bucolics* shows no trace of Sicily; his *Anthea* and *Julia* were no "buckles of the purest gold," nor have anything about them foreign to Middlesex or Devon. Herrick's imagination has no far horizons; like Burns and Crabbe fifty years since, or Barnes (that exquisite and neglected pastoralist of fair Dorset, perfect within his narrower range as Herrick) to-day it is his own native land only which he sees and paints: even the fairy world in which, at whatever inevitable interval, he is second to Shakespeare, is pure English; or rather, his elves live in an

elfin county of their own, and are all but severed from humanity. Within that greater circle of Shakespeare, where Oberon and Ariel and their fellows move, aiding or injuring mankind, and reflecting human life in a kind of unconscious parody, Herrick cannot walk: and it may have been due to his good sense and true feeling for art, that here, where resemblance might have seemed probable, he borrows nothing from *Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *Tempest*. If we are moved by the wider range of Byron's or Shelley's sympathies, there is a charm, also, in this sweet insularity of Herrick; a narrowness perhaps, yet carrying with it a healthful reality absent from the vapid and artificial "cosmopolitanism" that did such wrong on Goethe's genius. If he has not the exotic blooms and strange odours which poets who derive from literature show in their conservatories, Herrick has the fresh breeze and thyme-bed fragrance of open moorland, the grace and greenery of English meadows; with Homer and Dante, he too shares the strength and inspiration which come from touch of man's native soil.

What has been here sketched is not planned so much as a criticism in form on Herrick's poetry as an attempt to seize his relations to his predecessors and contemporaries. If we now tentatively inquire what place may be assigned to him in our literature at large, Herrick has no single lyric to show equal in pomp of music, brilliancy of diction, or elevation of sentiment to some which Spenser before, Milton in his own time, Dryden and Gray, Wordsworth and Shelley, since have given us. Nor has he, as already noticed, the peculiar finish and reserve (if the phrase may be allowed) traceable, though rarely, in Ben Jonson and others of the seventeenth century. He does not want passion; yet his passion wants concentration: it is too ready, also, to dwell on externals: imagination with him generally appears clothed in forms of fancy. Among his contemporaries, take



Crashaw's "Wishes:" Sir J. Beaumont's elegy on his child Gervase: take Bishop King's "Surrender":

My once-dear Love! Hapless, that I no  
more  
Must call thee so. . . . The rich affection's  
store  
That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and  
spent,  
Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent:—  
We that did nothing study but the way  
To love each other, with which thoughts the  
day  
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,  
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget!  
—Fold back our arms, take home our fruit-  
less loves,  
That must new fortunes try, like turtle  
doves  
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in  
tears  
Unwind a love knit up in many years.  
In this one kiss I here surrender thee  
Back to thyself: so thou again art free:—

take eight lines by some old unknown  
Northern singer:

When I think on the happy days  
I spent wi' you, my dearie,  
And now what lands between us lie,  
How can I be but eerie!  
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
As ye were wae and weary!  
It was na sae ye glinted by  
When I was wi' my dearie:—

—O! there is an intensity here, a note of passion beyond the deepest of Herrick's. This tone (whether from temperament or circumstance or scheme of art) is wanting to the *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*: nor does Herrick's lyre, sweet and varied as it is, own that purple chord, that more inwoven harmony, possessed by poets of greater depth and splendour,—by Shakespeare and Milton often, by Spenser more rarely. But if we put aside these "greater gods" of song, with Sidney,—in the Editor's judgment Herrick's mastery (to use a brief expression), both over Nature and over Art, clearly assigns to him the first place as lyrical poet, in the strict and pure sense of the phrase, among all who flourished during the interval between Henry V. and a hundred years since. Single pieces of equal or higher quality we have,

indeed, meanwhile received, not only from the master-singers who did not confine themselves to the lyric, but from many poets—some the unknown contributors to our early anthologies, then Jonson, Marvell, Waller, Collins, and others, with whom we reach the beginning of the wider sweep which lyrical poetry has since taken. Yet, looking at the whole work, not at the selected jewels, of this great and noble multitude, Herrick, as lyrical poet strictly, offers us by far the most homogeneous, attractive, and varied treasury. No one else among lyrists, within the period defined, has such unflinching freshness: so much variety within the sphere prescribed to himself; such closeness to nature, whether in description or in feeling; such easy fitness in language: melody so unforced and delightful. His dull pages are much less frequent: he has more lines, in his own phrase, "born of the royal blood": the

*Infata rore non Achaico verba*

are rarer with him: although superficially mannered, nature is so much nearer to him, that far fewer of his pieces have lost vitality and interest through adherence to forms of feeling or fashions of thought now obsolete. A Roman contemporary is described by the younger Pliny in words very appropriate to Herrick: who in fact, if Greek in respect of his method and style, in the contents of his poetry displays the "frankness of nature and vivid sense of life" which criticism assigns as marks of the great Roman poets. *Facit versus, quales Catullus aut Calvus. Quantum illis leporis, dulcedinis, amaritudinis, amoris! Inserit sane, sed data opera, mollibus lenibusque duriusculos quosdam: et hoc, quasi Catullus aut Calvus.* Many pieces have been refused admittance, whether from coarseness of phrase or inferior value: yet these are rarely defective in the lyrical art, which, throughout the writer's work, is so simple and easy as almost to escape

notice through its very excellence. In one word, Herrick, in a rare and special sense, is unique.

To these qualities we may, perhaps, ascribe the singular neglect which, so far as we may infer, he met with in his own age, and certainly in the century following. For the men of the Restoration period he was too natural, too purely poetical: he had not the learned polish, the political allusion, the tone of the city, the didactic turn, which were then and onwards demanded from poetry. In the next age, no tradition consecrated his name; whilst writers of a hundred years before were then too remote for familiarity, and not remote enough for reverence. Moving on to our own time, when some justice has at length been conceded to him, Herrick has to meet the great rivalry of the poets who, from Burns and Cowper to Tennyson, have widened and deepened the lyrical sphere, making it at once on the one hand more intensely personal, on the other, more free and picturesque in the range of problems dealt with: whilst at the same time new and richer lyrical forms, harmonies more intricate and seven-fold, have been created by them, as in Hellas during her golden age of song, to embody ideas and emotions unknown or unexpressed under Tudors and Stuarts. To this latter superiority Herrick would, doubtless, have bowed, as he bowed before Ben Jonson's genius. "Rural ditties," and "oaten flute" cannot bear the competition of the full modern orchestra. Yet this author need not fear! That exquisite and lofty pleasure which it is the first and the last aim of all true art to give, must, by its own nature, be lasting also. As the eyesight fluctuates, and gives the advantage to different colours in turn, so to the varying moods of the mind the same beauty does not always seem equally beautiful. Thus from the "purple light" of our later poetry

there are hours in which we may look to the daffodil and rose-tints of Herrick's old Arcadia, for refreshment and delight. And the pleasure which he gives is as eminently wholesome as pleasurable. Like the holy river of Virgil, to the souls who drink of him, Herrick offers "*securus latices*." He is conspicuously free from many of the maladies incident to his art. Here is no overstrain, no spasmodic cry, no wire-drawn analysis or sensational rhetoric, no music without sense, no mere second-hand literary inspiration, no mannered archaism:—above all, no sickly sweetness, no subtle, unhealthy affectation. Throughout his work, whether when it is strong, or in the less worthy portions, sanity, sincerity, simplicity, lucidity, are everywhere the characteristics of Herrick: in these, not in his pretty Pagan masquerade, he shows the note,—the only genuine note,—of Hellenic descent. Hence, through whatever changes and fashions poetry may pass, her true lovers he is likely to "please now, and please for long." His verse, in the words of a poet greater than himself, is of that quality which "adds sunlight to daylight"; which is able to "make the happy happier." He will, it may be hoped, carry to the many Englands across the seas, east and west, pictures of English life exquisite in truth and grace:—to the more fortunate inhabitants (as they must perforce hold themselves!) of the old country, her image, as she was two centuries since, will live in the "golden apples" of the West, offered to us by this sweet singer of Devonshire. We have greater poets, not a few; none more faithful to nature as he saw her, none more perfect in his art:—none, more companionable:—

Σὺν μοι πῖνε, συνῆβα, συνέρα, συστεφανη-  
φόρει  
σὺν μοι μαινομένη μαίνεο, σὺν σέφρονι  
σωφρόνεί.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

## DRAMATIC ART: THE MEININGEN THEATRE.

ENGLISHMEN, who possess, without controversy, enshrined in their literature the noblest examples of dramatic writing, are greatly interested in the question whether the art of Dramatic Interpretation is indeed, as many tell us, a *lost art*.

This paper proposes to show that it neither is nor need be.

We all acknowledge the transcendent *acting* capabilities of our Shakespeare; we accept this as an article of literary faith; even though managers cram down our throats, coupled with his honoured name, the terrible dissyllable "ruin;" we are supported in our fidelity when, as our experience enlarges, we find, that for the higher flights of dramatic venture the dramatists and translators of every modern capital are driven to the pages of the English magician to satisfy the cravings which the *chefs d'œuvre* of their own language can only partially allay. Only on the stage of England are his plays unplayable. If given, he appears before us as an unclothed and lifeless skeleton, the shape there, the colour and the *vis* fled!

Is it then that the nation is sated with theatrical performances? A popular writer, whose lines had for many years been cast in foreign lands, assures us that nothing astonished her more on her return than the avidity with which audiences in London were thronging night after night to witness threadbare pieces of mediocre comedy and farce, of which inordinate "runs" had extracted the *verve* and marred the rendering.

Nay, the religious world, who, from scruples which cannot be gainsaid, stand aloof from the playhouse proper—the worthy provincial, the hardworked parson, will rush to the Crystal Palace to see London actors in London pieces

from which a different association has withdrawn the scandal for the nonce. Rather, I should say that the present generation is, no less than our forefathers of the sixteenth century, "exceptionally fond of dramatic entertainments."

Unfortunately, however, the accidents of modern society and theatres, late hours, crowds, heat, costliness, "long runs," these and other concurrent circumstances have banished from the playhouse its true critics, the *littérati* and the *habitués*.

The vulgar ever prefer extravagance to nature: her mirror is removed; the legitimate instructor of the actor is "abroad" on a sadly long tour; the critical faculty is a lost sense; the true school of acting is closed!

Meanwhile, it has never been recognised in our country by men of acknowledged social power that the condition of the national stage is a subject of national importance, and perhaps as worthy a subject for State interference (if need be) as the planting of parks or the flushing of sewers.

It would seem then that we must not look for a hopeful solution of our problem within the "borders of our sea-girt isle."

But shall we merely pass cheerfully the narrow streak of its "watery bastion," as certain to find in the country of Molière, and within the circle of the traditions and associations of the "*Français*," the criticism, the protection and the purity which our art demands? Alas! within the strongholds of the French Drama the corruptions of the Empire, the dissipations of Fashion, the restlessness of sight-seers have been at work, and the same influences which are active *here* are active *there*, lowering the Stage from national to individual importance.



It is not to France that I shall take for your glimpse of dramatic art, nor is it to Italy itself, home of most transcendent *acting* inspiration, ancient or modern. Italy is not artistic in the true sense, either in music, or painting, or sculpture, or the drama. Italians pour forth tunes as they feel the sunshine—hourly—but their music is natural, not artistic. The sculptor and the painter becomes a child of Italy for the hour, and learns his craft by finding his models in her galleries and streets; but the born child of Italy is not to-day enrolled amongst the elect sculptors or painters!

The foremost nation in Europe, in art as it is in science and in war, is Germany; not in literature (Heaven praised!); in literature England is first, as she has been for centuries; but to Germany you must go for art—art that is cultivated, recognised, taught universally everywhere—so, for dramatic art as all over.

For some daily portion of art-gleanings, whether of music or the stage, is a necessity; for it the hours and duties of his life are arranged; that these things should be ready to his hand and adapted to his purse, his income or his state provides! In the large centres we should think it natural enough that besides the concert and beer halls (at which quite a rate music may be heard for a few pence), there should be the theatre; the same phenomenon (for it will seem so to us) is to be seen in the smaller towns, which in England might be favoured with a chance visit in the great Vance, or Mrs. Howard Hall; but a regular permanent theatre!—impossible! In Germany, however, the inhabitant of the smallest moderate means will own his subscription seat for two or three nights more in the week according to the terms of *abonnement*, and will be seen there as certainly as in his place of business; he will come at half-past six, he will leave at half-

past nine; he will have his supper, be in bed by ten, and at his work next morning by seven.

There is no smack of dissipation in the programme; to an English pleasure-seeker it would perhaps seem to want that faint suggestion of naughtiness which young bloods enjoy; it is part of the life of the German nation, that is all.

We all know that the great theatres of the capitals are subsidised, or that in a free town such as Frankfort the wealthier citizens supply this want by holding shares from which they expect no dividend; but perhaps we do not all know that the companies thus rendered more or less independent of fortune are therefore bound to play the masterpieces of the stage for at least a certain number of nights in the year, and that on these nights the prices are not raised (as they would be with us), but lowered so as to be within the reach of the most attenuated purse. It is a good sight to note at a state theatre, when *Fidelio*, or *Hamlet*, or *William Tell* is played, the crowd of patient standers in the *steh-plätze*, who will enjoy their play in the upright attitude for the modest expenditure of three or four pence. Under these conditions we should of course expect to find a good repertory, and a good level of artistic acting prevailing throughout all the larger cities of Germany behind the curtain; a cultivated audience and a high critical faculty before it; and such is undoubtedly the case; and yet, strange to say, the excellence of the company and the frequency of classical plays is, to a certain extent, in inverse proportion to the size of the town. I wish to speak under correction, as my experience is barely sufficient to be taken as proof, yet such is my experience. Nevertheless it would be impossible to stop a week at Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, or Frankfort, without having the opportunity of seeing at least one first-class drama, and, unless the traveller were very exigent, with gratification; every

performer would be clearly educated both generally and dramatically, and the leading parts would be at times admirably, in all cases well, performed.

It is surely a notable fact, and worth a passing word, that at the Hof-Theater, at Vienna, the whole series of Shakspeare's historical plays was produced in a single year, and that at Berlin, in the course of the present winter, all his great tragedies were given; that at Leipsic, those involving music are constantly repeated; and that at Dresden the Roman plays are perhaps better done than in any town *with one only exception*. And yet it will not be to Vienna, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Leipsic that I shall invite you in our quest for the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic art. Over the Viennese court theatres is stealing an irresistible fondness for scenic display; in their latest Shaksperian revival, for example, the *Tempest*, the ship appeared to be deemed of far more importance than Prospero or Caliban. At Berlin the star-system, which I shall venture to consider the one engine absolutely destructive of art, is gaining ground apace. At Dresden there is a kind of apathy and listlessness which may be caused by the unmanageable character of the "Interims" Theatre, but which I fear to be the Saxon diagnosis of a mortal disease. At Leipsic the higher form of the drama is maintained chiefly as a vehicle for music, and a single errant celebrity. Rather, at the small town of Weimar, instinct still with memories of Goethe, his life and his work, will you find, if you must needs pause in the highways, more of the real enthusiasm and devotion which alone can make any artist, and most of all the actor, forget himself in his craft. But I do not counsel you to stop there.

Pass beyond, from the threshold of the mountains into the inner valleys, from the borders of the forest to where the trees cluster, black, purple, blue, green, around the very habitations of men. In the temple of nature, amid

the silent circle of the hills, seems ever to rise the truest temple of art. It was where the sentinels of the Riesebirge paint their lengthened shadows on the open valley of Bayreuth, that a wayward priest of the goddess of music celebrated one of the costliest of modern sacrifices at her shrine; it was where the unmelting snows of the highlands of Bavaria look down in mute and cold amazement on the rude theatre raised by peasant hands in Ammergau, that the most enthralling and terrible of divine stories was invested with a new and living interest by human players, whose art was only less sincere than their piety.

You must be prepared in pilgrimage in the cause of art to travel by those slow apologies for trains, which, by a pleasant irony, are termed "Personenzüge," and to spend the best hours of the short winter day in panting progress up the Werra valley, from its entrance at Eisenach, to the middle of the trench formed between the Thuringian forest and the highland of the Gleichberge. But the journey will not be without its interest; the openings of the lateral valleys will show you many a fair vista of wood, and turf, and distant snow; and the names of the little stations in your itinerary will recall faint echoes of Luther and the Minnesinger—of the sword, the lyre, and the gown; and so when the air blows fresher and freer, for that you are some thousand feet nearer heaven than when you started, the low sentinel hills, with their ever-green mantles will open out, leaving but one or two stragglers from the ranks, castle-crowned, to make you a sketch; and you will be landed in a quaint mixture of new and old, of venerable *schloss* and spic-and-span garden; and the goal of your pilgrimage will be reached, the present stronghold of legitimate drama—*Meiningen*.

It is a very small town, of ten thousand inhabitants, and is blessed with no less than three ducal estab-



ishments, to which the inhabitants owe immunity from poverty, such prosperity as they possess, and the existence of the now most famous of theatrical establishments in Germany; for the reigning duke and his accomplished wife are enthusiasts, and it is due to their knowledge, encouragement, and training that the Meiningen troupe are at present the real exponents of the loftiest dramatic literature. It may be confidently stated that without their *imprimatur*, no actor attempts a part, and that the minutest arrangements of costume, grouping, scenery, and treatment of character are subject to their criticism, and corrected by their taste.

We find here at last the desideratum of a controlling providence, independent of personal jealousy, disinterested, adequate—and it is in this fact above others that we find the solution of the unparalleled excellence of the Meiningen performances. Unparalleled I am bold to say that they are—almost they reach that impossible point (for like the point of mathematicians, it is an idea rather than a reality), PERFECTION. I propose to justify this statement by describing some salient features of plays which I have seen represented in that little town, nestling down on the edge of what was once the vast Thuringian Forest, and is now the prettiest clustering of woodlands and uplands in Central Germany.

The personal discomforts of the traveller are of no interest to the readers of his experiences; let this method of lengthening out a paper be reserved for the pages of Alpine journals; yet it will be to warrant the unprejudiced character of your chronicler's first experience of the Meiningen theatre to tell you that he came to it within half-an-hour of an uninterrupted transit of fifty-four hours.

The play was the *Merchant of Venice*, and from the very moment that the curtain drew up on the Piazza de S. Marco, disclosing a group of children and elders, as though fresh from the

pencil of Veronese, and lighted by the moons of Canaletto, the *motif* of the whole drama was Venetian, and the imagination was never suffered to stray from the canals and the palaces of the Queen of the Adriatic. There were no moments of *ennui*—there was no wood upon the boards. Whether it were the page torch-bearers who lighted Lorenzo to his love-fitting with Jessica; or the maidens who looked on and sympathised with Portia, as gold and silver wooed the eyes of her wooers from the simple subtlety; whether it were Antonio the merchant, portly of person, phlegmatic of temperament, or Salanio, flippant and brainless; whether, in fact, the actors had nothing, or much to say for themselves—they *acted* nevertheless, and to my mind the less they had to say, the more notable was their acting from that very cause. Surely on the English stage we have found the casket scene dull; but when the Prince of Morocco came on at Meiningen, dull, stolid, and immobile, with dull, stolid, and immobile suit, and when in contrast the Prince of Arragon tripped presently forward with Spanish plume and Spanish eyeglass, attended by squires animated, gesticulating, aping the postures of their lord, and feigning amazement at the possibility of rejection:—the careful and subtle detail supplied the slowness of the action, and taught the student by the eye why the one chose the gold and the other the silver, and both rejected the lead.

Young Gobbo, a quite juvenile actor, who never appeared prominently again, but grinned and shouted merely in attendant mobs, was as voluble, and as lively as any one could wish. The spectators of the trial scene, kept off by a barrier from the body of the Doge's court, were a miracle of *personee muta*—they verily tried to break down the barriers and get at the Jew. There was one woman amongst them whom I noted, and who I hope has a good part in some play. She acted as a mother of children might act to-day,



when a deadly wrong is done under semblance of justice, which the quick sense of woman contemns, and against which no logic can prevail.

But what was the weak point of the performance? Will you believe me when I say that the play was scarcely marred by the fact that Shylock and Portia were not of remarkable but only average excellence? Shylock acted up to his conception always, was painstaking and true to it; but the conception, read by an English student's lights, was false. Portia was no comedian; there was no  *finesse*  and archness, no appreciation of the delicacy of the fifth act; and no one knows these facts better than the presiding geniuses at Meiningen: the one is for the present a necessity, the other was an experiment, which did not succeed. Yet the performance was one which I shall remember as a whole when the brilliancy of a single representative of Portia or Shylock has been forgotten.

The truth is that a play by Shakspeare cannot be interpreted by the greatness, however great, of a single enactor: from a fine upland of moderate height is gendered a more bracing air than from a single mountain towering above a level plain. Harmony, completeness, varied elements moulded into a consistent whole, characterised the first play which I saw at Meiningen as the last.

The next on which I shall comment has already formed the theme of an appreciative English notice, but it is worthy of a second—*Julius Cæsar*—*Julius Cæsar* banished for upwards of twenty years from the London boards, yet from splendid truth and picturesqueness of treatment, undying interest of subject, rapidity of action, and variety of character, as grand an example of the historic tragedy as we possess. I could scarcely convey on paper the emotion which I felt at its performance.

Reversing the order of criticism, I will first "nothing extenuate" its faults. Once more it is to be noted

that the grandest of the persons of the play was the least ably represented. The impersonator of Brutus, though he played with thoroughness and truth from first to last, fell short in the greatest scenes of that touch of actual genius which suspends criticism at critical moments. It was not *Brutus*, philosophic, calm, almost sceptical, who saw on the mimic eve of Philippi the ghost of Cæsar prophesying his doom; it was not *Brutus*, never otherwise represented *with*, than as contrasted to Cassius, who was prevailed upon by force of tradition, of circumstance, of craft to head the "faction" which struck down the Empire in the name of Freedom.

And, again, the last act, curiously and cunningly arranged so as to be played in a single scene, was from its very cunning and curiousness ineffective. The scenic battle-field represented at the same time many points of view, but the tableaux on it unfortunately presented men some half mile off of the same stature as those in the immediate foreground, though bridge and hill were in properly diminished perspective. On an English audience the effect would have been most unhappy. Again a failure of means rather than of intention. You will say that if these are the only points to be criticised, the critic had perhaps better refrain. I shall be glad to lead you to this conclusion . . . . For in *Julius Cæsar*, as given at Meiningen, there was a *vis* and a *verre* and a "go" that were simply beyond praise: the characters not merely came and went, but *lived* before you: the grouping, the action, and the *ensemble* were consummate: it was a study for a painter to notice the curves and the attitude of the groups of conspirators as they watched the effect of Cassius's pleading in the "lightning of the night" in the garden of Portia.

The whirl of the action at the opening of the play, as the rumour of the "new honours heaped on Cæsar" sounds the knell of death-necessity to

the ear of Brutus; the terror of the night; the conflict of the elements; are all before you as you watch. And the majesty of realism culminated, as it should, in the third act. I do not imagine that more effective scenes have ever yet been given on the stage than when, after the murder of Cæsar, and on the reading of the will in the Forum, the populace knelt, and shouted, and cheered and groaned, and finally wept aloud as Antony led them step by step through the narrative which "should rouse the very stones to mutiny and rage;" and the mimic Antony *was* indeed Antony living and himself, singularly handsome, scented and curled—the dainty lover of plays and pomps: he lashed himself slowly, designedly, into a fervour of oratory which nearly moved me from my place in the audience to make one in the howling and passionate crowd. But, indeed, every part was well and harmoniously played; and finally, the make-up of the characters, one and all—a matter of no mean moment where the design is to represent personages whose figures and faces are as familiar to the eye of the cultivated as the members of their own homes—the faces and the garb were as nearly what we see in the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol as it is possible for the dresser and the archæologist to contrive.

Perhaps one of the most striking of living pictures of history was presented us when—the first poison of Cassius's impetuosity now seething in the soul of Brutus—shout after shout heralding the approach of the crowned head whose doom was maturing—the long procession, headed by Lictor and white-robed Flamen, concentrates finally on the stage, and the cold eagle glance of Cæsar meets the fire of the eye of Cassius, the scorn of the eye of Brutus, and turns from the "lean and hungry look" of the conspirator to the "sleek head" and "smiling" sympathy of Antony. What would this have been if marred by the offensive inefficiency of the

inferior members or supers of a London company?

I will now invite you to the contemplation of a Meiningen rendering of a *chef d'œuvre* of the German national stage. I had heard much at Dresden of the enthusiasm with which *Wilhelm Tell* had been received, and of the excellence of the performance, and had carefully prepared myself by a study of the text to follow it as readily as possible. I cannot profess to be able to enter into the unreserved admiration of Schiller as a writer for the stage; every fresh play of his which I see confirms me in the impression that he is essentially a dramatist for the student rather than the spectator: no one acquainted with the practical working of a theatre could make a scene dependent for its force on the pulling down of a castle before the eyes of an audience. The completeness of the historical vividness of his plays is doubtless secured by the unmerciful prolixity of the dialogue; but the scenic action is slow, jerky, and monotonous; and is seldom redeemed by any microscopic analysis of character. To the student, doubtless, innumerable beauties disclose themselves, but the highest seem always to fall short of that highest point of all—where a single instant of Titanic power purges away all concentration of *ennui*.

These thoughts were, I grieve to say, present to my mind during what I cannot but consider an almost perfect presentation of *Wilhelm Tell*. The first scene, so very graphic and dramatic in the contrast between the kindness and the cruelty in nature, the kindness and the cruelty in men—was an admirable introduction, only marred by a severe version and crude rendering of the fisher-lad's exquisite song:

"Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,"

which for the English reader may thus feebly be paraphrased—

The mere wots the boy to a bath in her smiles,  
The greensward his limbs into slumber beguiles,

The shimmer of bells his lulled senses  
 salute  
 Soft as whisper of angel, as breath of the  
 flute;  
 Then he wakes; with a fresh glow of happi-  
 ness blest—  
 Cool drops from the lakelet distil on his  
 breast.  
 A voice from the depths calls "Dear Lad,  
 thou art mine,  
 To cradle thy sleep on my waters I pine—"

As, a rule, however, in the anxiety to avoid any unsuitability in the incidental music, an error is made at Meiningen by excluding all modern setting of the songs which occur. The poetry of the situation was twice marred in the play which I am now noticing, and afterwards in *Twelfth Night*, from this cause.

Nothing could be better, again, than the second "set" which follows on the storm and the escape of Baumgarten. outside the house of Stauffacher at Schwyz. The scene itself was a charming exterior of a Swiss *châlet*; and the acting and posturing of Gertrude and Stauffacher was poetic. The grandest effects were of course obtained, first in the midnight meeting of the confederates, where the action and enthusiasm was steadily maintained, and evidently the result of the most careful study and contrivance; even the cold provincial audience were roused to enthusiasm when the sun rises (exactly in accordance with Schiller's idea) over the ice mountains in the distance, and after one grand united invocation, the patriots separately disperse; and, secondly, of course, in the actual shooting of the apple off the head of Tell's son. What was chiefly notable in this was the skill with which the ludicrous was avoided. The small bolt only is used by Tell, as later, when he kills Gesler at the corner of the Pass, and thus no visible arrow is seen in either case—in fact the whole of this part of the action is so rapidly disposed of, that a spectator might almost fail to know that it has taken place till the shouts and abandon on the stage make it graphically certain. I was much im-

pressed with the quiet dignity and *hauteur* of Gesler, played by the same man who had shown the utmost fire and vivacity in the rôle of Cassius. Personally, however, it was with the quiet scenes of home life in Tell's cottage and in Werner's Castle that I was most thoroughly satisfied, both with the poetical treatment of the situations themselves, and the mode in which every detail was carried out by the most insignificant of the characters, as carefully as though the success of the piece depended entirely on each individual effort. Tell's two children were charmingly and freshly personated, and the little actors had not been "overtaught."

It would be quite invidious to mention special characters, as, without exception, all were thoroughly and justly played. I was glad, however, to see the Shylock of a previous evening successful in the part of the old Baron of Attinghaus, and that Antony could make an almost thoroughly satisfactory Tell; he was perhaps a thought too dainty a man, though his fine figure and bearing were quite in keeping with the part. I almost wonder that at Meiningen the peasant did not forbear to wear a finger-ring.

*Wilhelm Tell* could not have been seen to greater advantage. That it was at the end wearisome is due to the fact that not a line was omitted, and that no play of Schiller's will bear such praiseworthy fidelity on the stage.

No, I am not ashamed to confess that it was a relief to find myself two days afterwards in the presence of "the Master" *par excellence* again. As a final specimen of Meiningen performance, I will give a short account of that most notable evening's entertainment, where the fare was the most varied and piquant of Shaksperian comedies, *Twelfth Night*, and the serving, as I conceive, the *ne plus ultra* of the Meiningen art.

I have no hesitation in saying that I have never seen such a performance, nor had supposed it to be possible, least of all where the interpreters



were not of the nationality, nor speaking in the tongue of the poet. Whether it was the cunning appreciation of the contrast between the comic and poetical elements, or the truth with which all the varied characters were individualised and united; or the charming picturesqueness of grouping, colouring, costume, and *ensemble*, or the admirable adroitness of the stage management: each and all were simply astonishing.

Viola was played with an utterly naïve exterior of girl-boyishness, and a deep inner intention, which were worthy of a great and acknowledged artist. The immortal trio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown, carried you away on the wings of merriment, and never flagged for an instant. Maria might have walked out of a Greuze picture, and was freshness and vivacity itself; yet she had trod the boards but *three* times previously. Good teaching and good traditions go for much. The amateur is well aware of the crucial difficulty which besets the representation of romantic drama—the frequent change of scene. I have often thought that with Shakspeare it was a thing of purpose; he appealed to the imagination; he did so in words occasionally; he was positively glad to stir it to activity by a constant demand in the way of fanciful surroundings; but in these days of canvas and paint it is a sad difficulty in the manager's way. Most adroitly was this evaded in *Twelfth Night*; without altering a word or doing violence to any idea, the changes of scene throughout the entire play were reduced to three; indeed significance was given to many passages by the very continuity of place. Thus, when Viola appears first in a prettily disarranged woman's dress, many of her questions as to the surroundings gain in significance by her presence in the garden of Olivia. Anyhow, at Meiningen, where there is no such thing as a carpenter's scene, simplicity is a necessity. An interior curtain is dropped between each set, and instead of a few lengthy, there are several short, waits.

Each of the three scenes were, I need scarcely say, perfect in every detail of plan and upholstery, whilst the dresses were excellent in taste and accuracy. From the rise to the fall of the curtain the play was an increasing delight for ear, eye, and intelligence; it was given *con amore*, and received by an audience, conversant with its minutest detail, in the same spirit. Indeed, the flow of mirth and fancy were irresistible. I wish for never two merrier moments than when first, after the "unmitigated squeaking of coziest catches" by the mad trio at midnight, Malvolio appears alone with shaded candle, and barely presentable person, and is received with an uproarious outpour of chaff and apples. Or when, again, he becomes the open dupe of Maria's ingenuity, in the full view of three grinning faces neatly framed in the foliage of a bush, with well-sustained characteristic expressions, as true to life as provocative of laughter.

It is instructive to notice how on the stage all the improbability and oddity of the dual plot drop off; you receive them as of the essence of romance and the freshness of Arcadia, "what you will"—no more; when Valentine appears and is captivated at first sight by Olivia, it seems natural and real enough, when really and naturally acted—"what you would" perchance too, if you could! The humour of Malvolio's imprisonment and the clown's dissembling is irresistible on the stage, though incomprehensible to the reader; and the rapid wind-up of fun and fancy at the close is not even suggestive of a smile of surprise: indeed it was at once poetical and sad when as the clown comes forward at the end to recite (I wish that he could sing) that strange song, at once a riddle and an elucidation, the group of characters (whom you had learned to love so well) melts slowly away, as pair after pair pass up the stairs into the house of Olivia to receive there all the solution of the problem of the play "when golden

time should serve." With us the problem is left unsolved!

You will understand me when I say that I do not propose to criticise the acting of the parts, inasmuch as I have literally no criticism to offer; they were all excellent, they were all *equal*, as far as the author himself permits them to be. I may add that I was struck by the peculiarly coherent and likely rendering of the difficult character of Malvolio. The others were precisely as I had conceived them to myself.

I imagine now that some curiosity with reference to the *personnelle* and training of this remarkable troupe ought to be present to the reader as to the writer of this chronicle.

Let it be borne in mind that during the winter months of home-life and training their audience is confined ordinarily to the *habitués* of their own town, with the addition on *fête* days of the sightseers of the neighbouring Coburg, Gotha, and Eisenach. Accustomed to high-class drama highly rendered, the criticism of their fellow-townsmen must be somewhat crucial, whilst every failing is noted in the royal box, commented on and corrected. The labour of rehearsal is unremitting, and the production of untried plays, so necessary to support the freshness of the troupe and the enthusiasm of the audience, untiring. In a single season from sixty to eighty different dramas will be represented. In playing Shakspeare, Schiller, Molière, the utmost faithfulness to the text is preserved, with only an occasional omission or inversion; rendered almost necessary in performance—where early hours are a desideratum. From *Julius Cæsar* but one scene is omitted, and yet the whole play is given in three hours; from *Twelfth Night* nothing, and for it two hours and a half suffice.

The company all told numbers about sixty; and the leading characters of to-night's drama will be seen in the citizen crowd on the day after to-morrow: a real enthusiasm for art is

to be found in almost every actor, and is maintained by the fact that on three days in the week at least there is no performance at all; and on at least one of the *working* days the programme is light and comparatively trivial. It is further found by experience that after a certain number of repetitions of a drama, however exacting and previously well-prepared, fresh rehearsals must be entered upon before it is reproduced. The scenic arrangements are accurate, and even adventurous, but are kept quite within due bounds; and, from the necessity of rapid playing, are never very much varied in a single play; the dresses are bright, strictly in keeping with the time and scene, but not merely gorgeous. The very best translations of exotic plays only are permitted. Schlegel and Tieck's version of Shakspeare is *de rigueur*.

It is in some of the conditions which are enumerated above that the secret of success lies—notably, in the variety of the representations, in the absence of single stars, and in the frequent rehearsal of the pieces in the established *répertoire*.

But neither one nor all together could insure it, were there not *control* and a *critical intelligence* independent of and above the petty influences of the green-room, to whose single idea all the units of representation submit, and to whose taste, good or bad, but at least *consistent*, the various details are conformed.

It is said with truth that in England a reviving taste for something higher in purpose and detail is developing; and in the drawing-room comedy and *petite* drama of incident the demand has doubtless created a supply; but how is it with the noblest form of poetic tragedy and comedy proper? All honour to those who, under adverse circumstances and with such material as a decadent stage supplies, have endeavoured to rear up a Torso of the ancient heroic form, suggestive, perhaps, but not satisfying. But no individual can create a school, or an art; much less when

there is a suspicion of want of true art and discipline in the master, can there be much hope of disciples who will rise to a higher level.

The truth is that a perished growth requires something of forcing to be re-naturalized.

Englishmen may well despair of the State supplying the deficiency, although many may consider it worthy of its attention; but it is possible that the fostering care of the wealthy, artistic few, might do for this country what *governments* do for Dresden, and Vienna, and Meiningen. No Italian opera would flourish, costly exotic as it is, but for the lavish encouragement of the fashionable world. Subscriptions on a far less extravagant scale would soon make a classical theatre a fact in London; unsatisfactory at first, improving as criticism and genius developed, in a few years by becoming "an institution," its success would be assured. Only it would be necessary to recognise, from the first, that over its destinies must preside an *artist* par excellence, an *amateur*, not a professional actor; by whom the whole company, great and small, would be trained, from whose taste there should be no appeal except to the public and the "guarantors;" and the influence of such a power on the general character of our playhouses would be incalculable; good and bad, in a free country such as ours, would grow together still, but who doubts

to which the real support would be given?

We are not doing well to ignore the importance of amusement, or to be careless of its tendencies. A bishop has spoken: let the press and the artistic world be heard in speech and in action also. The present writer is not ashamed to declare his intense interest, nor to affix his name and profession to this plea.

To return to our Meiningers, if they came next year to see us would they be welcome? Would it be an intolerable thing that German players should give English masterpieces in master-style in the German tongue?

However, I counsel the few to whom this paper appeals to see them first in their own quiet home. It is true that an intermediate course is open, that in the summer months they travel, "with scrip and scrippage," and may be found starrng after the fashion of the year 1877 in Cologne or Dresden. This will suit the summer tourist, and may add a new interest to his holiday trip. But I trust that no increase of flattery or fame may entice them for many errant months from their quiet, provincial art-home amongst the forest and the hills. Thither let the student of literature rather repair—he will be repaid, if only by the spectacle of a stage uncorrupted by rudeness and vice, and of an artistic aspiration, whose art is its own reward.

C. HALFORD HAWKINS.



## THE DOVE OF HOLY SATURDAY.

SATURDAY in Holy Week is a great holiday for the Florentines, and still more for the *contadini* or peasants, of all the country round. They come trooping into the city, all dressed in their holiday clothes, from miles and miles away. The streets are crowded with the easy-going, good-natured, laughter-loving people, who have jokes and proverbs on the tips of their tongues and know full well how to apply them. In old days spring and summer clothes were always bought on this day and the shops were decked out displaying their most tempting wares. This custom is a thing of the past, but the *colomba* or dove, still speeds her fiery course down the centre of the old cathedral, and sets fire to the wonderful erection outside the great front door, of squibs, crackers, and catherine wheels which are piled up on an old triumphal chariot, with four clumsy wheels, on the body of which traces of painting may yet be discerned. The dove will fly at midday, but by ten o'clock the environs of the beautiful old marble Duomo are crowded, and from every quarter a never-ceasing stream of people pours in that direction. Many are the conjectures and the hopes that the dove may fly straight and well, as that indicates a good harvest, an abundant vintage, and a fine crop of olives. There is a tradition though that in the days of Napoleon I. the Archbishop of Florence and his clergy were threatened with heavy pains and penalties if the dove did not fly well, and that she sped like lightning down the cord in the church, and yet the crops failed. "*Ma chi sa,*" said my informant, "*se e vero?*

*forse no.*" (But who knows if this be true? perhaps not.)

By dint of patience and good humour we at last got into the Duomo, which bore quite a changed aspect; every corner being crowded with people, save a narrow line down the centre, from the front door to the high altar, up which the archbishop, attended by all his clergy, was to pass, carrying the sacred fire. To get a chair was a labour of extreme difficulty, and involved an amount of diplomacy impossible to any but a Florentine. The possessor of the chairs was captured, promised many things, and disappeared in an unaccountable manner round the huge pillars. He then reappeared, bearing a pile of chairs, but the crowd separated him from us, and his chairs were seized upon by other applicants. After nine or ten frantic efforts we got our chairs, much to the amusement of an old *contadino* and his wife, who, with various small grandchildren, had come to see the *colomba*. The old man had a wrinkled, expressive face, with very bright, acute eyes and iron-grey hair, much such a face as Massacio loved to paint. He looked at us well, and then said in vernacular Tuscan, "*Chi ha pazienza ha i tordi grassi a un quattrin l'uno.*" (He who has patience gets the fat thrushes at a farthing apiece.)

We were so amused at his apt quotation of an old proverb that we made great friends, and took up his grandchildren on one of our chairs to see the show. The old woman was full of compliments and fears lest the children should be troublesome, but old Carnesecchi, as he told us his name was, had quite the old republican Florentine

manners, respectful and civil, but perfectly self-possessed and valuing his own personality. He invited us to come up to his *podere*, or farm, near Settignano, close to Michel Angelo's house, where, he said, laughing, the air is so *sottile*, so refined, that all the people are geniuses, only the world in general is not disposed to think so.

A stir in the crowd now showed that the Archbishop was coming out of the baptistery of San Giovanni, opposite the cathedral, and all heads turned towards the main door, where we soon saw the great white flag with the red cross, the flag of the people of Florence, come waving in, followed by a long line of white-robed choristers singing. Other flags followed, then the canons of the cathedral in their picturesque long robes of dark purple, with white fur hoods, and lastly the stately and handsome Archbishop, with a jewelled mitre sparkling on his head and a pastoral in his hand, all chiselled and set with precious stones, made by one of the famous old artificers of the fourteenth century. The Archbishop Limberti, who died of apoplexy soon after this, at the early age of forty-three, was the son of a peasant near Prato; he was handsome and exceedingly dignified in manner, a good scholar, and spoke elegant Italian; beloved and respected by all parties, he filled a difficult post with great ability. Tall, spare, and erect, he came slowly up the centre of the church, blessing the people to the right and the left as they bowed low before him. When he had passed they talked with pride of *our* Archbishop, and many stories of his charity and kindness were told in the crowd.

Mass was now said at the high altar, but every one's attention seemed to be concentrated on an unsightly high white post close to the marble balustrade which surrounds the altar. To this post was fixed a cord, which, suspended in mid-air far above the heads of the people, disappeared out of the

great front door, and was fastened to the chariot outside the Duomo. A small white speck was seen on the cord fastened to the pillar, which we were informed was the famous dove. When the *Gloria* had been sung a man went up a ladder with a lighted taper, which he applied to the dove. There was a great spitting and hissing, and all at once she shot forward down the cord, a streak of fire and sparks. There was a stir and hum in the crowd, and a few little screams from some of the women; the dove vanished out of the door, and then there was a series of explosions from outside, while the dove returned as fast as she had gone, and went back to the pillar of wood, where she remained still fizzing for a few seconds.

Then all the bells of Florence, which had been silent since twelve o'clock on Thursday, began to ring merry chimes, and the great organ pealed out a triumphal melody. We made our way out of the Duomo as fast as we could, and were in time to see the last of the fireworks on the chariot; they made a tremendous noise, but as the sun shone brightly, there was not much to see. The fireworks were piled up some twenty feet high, and arranged in such a manner that only half of them go off in front of the Duomo, the other half being reserved for the corner of Borgo degli Albizzi, where the house of the Pazzi family is situated, in whose honour this custom was originally instituted. When all the squibs and crackers were finished, four magnificent white oxen gaily decked with ribbons, were harnessed to the car, which moved off slowly with many creaks and groans round the south side of the cathedral towards the Via del Proconsolo. The crowd was immense, so we took some short cuts down the tortuous narrow streets in this old part of Florence, each of which has some passionate love story or some dark tale of blood attached to it, and took up a favourable position opposite the entrance to the street of Borgo degli

Albizzi, which is too narrow to admit the car.

The four white oxen were unharnessed and taken away, and a cord being put from the door of the Pazzi Palace to the car, another dove again flew to the fireworks, and the popping and fizzing was renewed, to the intense delight of the crowd.

The dove had flown swiftly and well this year, so the *contadini* returned home joyfully, spreading the glad tidings as they went—"La colomba è andato bene." (The dove has flown well.)

This ceremony is connected with the old and noble family of Pazzi, whose ancestor, Pazzino de' Pazzi, so says the tradition, was the first to scale the walls of Jerusalem and plant the Christian flag. Godfrey de Bouillon, to recompense such prowess, crowned him with a mural crown, gave him his own armorial bearings, five crosses and two dolphins, and bestowed on him three stones, supposed to have come from the Holy Sepulchre. Gamurrini mentions that Pazzo de' Pazzi made a triumphant entry into Florence like a conqueror, in a magnificent chariot, and with a gallant company of youths around to do him honour.

The three stones were deposited in the church of St. Biagio, whence they were removed to Santi Apostoli. On the morning of Holy Saturday the Archbishop, attended by all his clergy goes to the church of Santi Apostoli and strikes fire from these stones. He then lights a taper, which is carried in procession to the Baptistry, and then to the Duomo, where the fire is blessed, and the devout light candles at it.

Old records contain no mention of a triumphal entry of any Pazzi, or of a mural crown, and R. Malespina and Monsignor Borghini both agree that the Count of Bari gave the above-mentioned armorial bearings to the Pazzi in 1265. Travellers, too, say that the three stones are of quite a different nature from that of the Holy Sepulchre.

They were probably collected on the Mount of Olives by some devout pilgrim of the Pazzi family, who brought them home as relics, and in process of time they have gained the reputation of being portions of the Holy Sepulchre.

The triumphal entry of Pazzino de' Pazzi into Florence, and his supposed progress from the sea-coast to his native city were favourite subjects with the old painters, chiefly for *cassone* or wedding chests. I have seen several, good, bad, and indifferent. One of the finest is by Benozzo Gozzoli; Pazzino de' Pazzi is seated in a magnificent gold chariot, with a golden canopy over his head, drawn by two horses, whose trappings sweep the ground. He is dressed in armour, and a tabard of cloth of gold trimmed with fur; on his head is a kind of turban, surmounted by a crown. Round his chariot are crowds of splendidly-dressed youths on horseback, and behind come a troop of men in armour, and another magnificent car with ladies in it; their dresses are of gold brocade and embroidered stuffs, and long veils hang down from their curious head-dresses. One has a turban made of peacock feathers.

In front of the chariot of Pazzino de' Pazzi is another car bearing a gilt globe, and on the globe stands a winged golden figure fiddling; round this chariot are trumpeters, from whose long golden trumpet hangs square dark blue flags, on which are emblazoned flames. The procession is opened by a square chariot bearing an enormous two-handled jar, with two large wings; out of the mouth of the jar issue flames—the sacred fire which Pazzi brought from Jerusalem. This is surrounded by pages on splendidly-caparisoned horses, and groups of men in Eastern dress. The background is a walled city with many towers, and a lovely landscape with a river winding through. People are hawking and hunting in the far distance.

Giovanni Villani, mentioning the



claims of the Pazzi to be connected with this festivity, says:—"The blessed fire of Holy Saturday is distributed throughout the city; an inmate from each house goes to light a taper at the cathedral, and from this solemnity arose great honour to the noble house of Pazzi through one of their ancestors, named Pazzo, who was tall and strong, and could carry a larger fascine of tapers than any one else; he was therefore the first to take the holy

fire, and then he distributed it to others."

The use of the car is also explained by the Pazzi family only taking a few tapers at first, in time these were increased in number, and a car was made to carry them. The real origin of the car being forgotten, it was transformed into a trophy, and the tapers into fireworks.

"Tantum ævi longinqua valet mutare  
vetustas!"

JANET ROSS.

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#### BEYOND REACH.

DEAR love, thou art so far above my song,  
It is small wonder that it fears to rise,  
Knowing it cannot reach my Paradise;  
Yet ever to dwell here my thoughts among,  
Nor try its upward flight, would do thee wrong.  
What time the lark soars singing to the skies  
We know he falters, know the sweet song dies  
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained and strong;  
But angels, bending from the shining brink,  
Catch the faint note and know the poor song fails,  
Having no strength to reach their heavenly height.  
So listen thou, beloved, and so think.  
More for the earth than heaven his song avails,  
Yet sweetest heard when nearest to God's light.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ARMY REFORM.<sup>1</sup>

AN army is an instrument for purposes of war. It is the duty of the minister charged with the responsibility of having it always fit and ready for use, to see—First, that its fighting line is complete in every respect, thoroughly organized upon the best principles; that its administration is in the best working order, that all ranks are thoroughly instructed in the most modern tactics, and that its superior officers are masters of the higher science of war. This fighting line should be like the highest-tempered Toledo blade in the hand of a perfect master of fence.

Secondly, he should take care, above all things, that behind it there are well-organized supports, ready to supplement it when necessary, and to fill up all gaps occasioned by losses in war. This can only be effected by means of a well-conceived and previously carefully-arranged system of military organization, based upon a well understood plan, sound in every respect, and in consonance with the feelings and sentiment of the nation.

To maintain the military force of a great nation always on a war footing would be destructive to its finances; and to keep a large proportion of its men employed in non-productive occupations, withdrawn from trade and peaceful industry, would sap into the life-blood and prosperity of its people. No nation could do so and hope to exist permanently. It is therefore essential, that, having carefully considered what should be our military establishments during war, the war minister, working back from these fixed numbers, should determine the

strength of the military establishments to be maintained during peace to enable us at any moment, and upon the shortest notice, to expand them easily to the war strength considered necessary. The mechanical process for effecting this should be clearly defined, and our officers should thoroughly understand it. The simpler that process, the more effectual and efficient it will be.

To devote attention exclusively to perfecting a small standing army, which has been our practice hitherto, is not only unsound in principle, but it is an unnatural effort to give life to a sham. It cannot be expected that the bulk of a nation should understand the true principles upon which alone a sound military system can be built up: so when those in power delude the people—even though it be through ignorance, as is the case in England—by showing them a small number of weak battalions on parade, which have no reserves behind them, and for the expansion of which to war strength no proper arrangements have been made, those authorities are in our opinion guilty of the greatest treason any rulers can be capable of. It is no excuse that they have erred through ignorance: ignorance is an aggravation of their crime, for in the army of every educated nation there are always to be found men who, having devoted themselves to the scientific study of their profession, are well capable of telling ministers what are the real military requirements of the age in which they live.

If these views are true, let us examine our own position, and see how far those views have been realised in England, and how far they have been acted upon.

For thirty-five years after the battle

<sup>1</sup> As recommended by the Committee presided over by the Hon. F. Stanley, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office, Report submitted to Parliament, 1877.

of Waterloo the theory that we should never again have a great war possessed the minds of our people. Some able men amongst us preached the doctrine that war between civilised nations was a thing of the past, and that in fact the only necessity for maintaining an army at all arose from our having so many distant possessions exposed to the attack of savage enemies. It will be seen from the Duke of Wellington's recorded opinions that he fully recognized the existence of these views in England, and that in order to prevent the almost total disbandment of our army, he adopted the policy of hiding away our regiments in distant country quarters, never allowing any concentration of troops at home. With the public mind imbued with this halcyon belief in the durability of peace in Europe, it would have been impossible even for the great Duke, with all his prestige, to induce the nation to prepare for the possibility of war by the establishment of a military system based upon the principle of having a small army in peace, with the machinery in working order for expanding it, at the shortest notice, to war strength, and for maintaining it at that strength whilst the war lasted. He therefore devoted himself to the only course open to him, that of rendering as efficient as possible the small number of men for which the country could be induced to pay. The result was that the requirements of war were forgotten or ignored during the long peace. Not only was this the case with politicians, and the bulk of the reading and thinking public, but it was also true as regarded our officers. Those who during that period entered the army and received their military education—if we are justified in applying such a serious word as education to the instruction in drill and regulations which then formed the officers' curriculum—never had their attention turned to the science of their profession; they were barrack-yard soldiers, admirable serjeants-major, but no more.

All their thoughts were turned to the fighting line; their only object was to make their men well-set-up and well-drilled soldiers. Military science was then not only unknown, but almost unheard of, and military system we had none. We have no wish to find fault with those men for want of ability or zeal, for of the former they had their fair share, and they had plenty of the latter, but both those qualities were misdirected.

These men are now the rulers and administrators of our army. All the high places in our military hierarchy are filled by them, and they do not see the necessity for altering the system under which they have been brought up, and regard those who do see it, and who advocate reforms, as radicals who wish to destroy our army because it is an old-established institution. They allow their sentimental feelings to run away with them in this matter to such an extent, that having in their minds pronounced this verdict against military innovators, they go a step further, and rank them as political radicals desirous of overturning our most cherished institutions in Church and State; they seem to think it is impossible for an army reformer to be loyal to the army's constituted leaders, and that, if disloyal to them, he must consequently be disloyal to his Sovereign. This we believe to be the current of their thoughts, and whilst incapable themselves, through faults in their military education, of taking broad and scientifically professional views as to the proper organization of our land forces, they deprecate in no measured terms the presumption of younger men who dare to make known their enlightened opinions. They have lived in an atmosphere of that severe discipline which peace and minute attention to dress, routine, and trifles engender, and they cannot reconcile to their ideas of what discipline should be, the presumption of any one serving under their orders daring to express an opinion at variance with theirs; it



is little less than open mutiny. As long as the direction of army matters is in their hands, the young officers of the army can only hope for any effective reorganization of our military system by means of the civil War Minister, worked upon by the pressure of public opinion. It is no easy matter, however, to bring such pressure upon the Secretary of State for War. The civilian cannot do so, for he does not know the subject sufficiently well, and it is so contrary to our army traditions for the officer to agitate, that when a soldier takes up his pen to make known his views through the medium of the press, he feels in his heart he is running counter to our military traditions, he hesitates, and so fails to give his arguments their proper strength.

Is this never to cease! When Lord Cardwell was in office he listened to what thinking soldiers had to tell him on army administration; and having brought his able mind to bear upon it—having well thought out the question for himself, and then made up his mind on it—he set to work to rectify the evil by laying the foundation of a military system that should be at once in accordance with modern ideas on such matters, and in consonance with the genius, spirit, and political institutions of England. In face of the great opposition of those at the head of our army he was obliged to work slowly, but still he was decried on all sides as a revolutionist. Belonging to a political party that was generally disliked by the class from which our officers are drawn, those who knew nothing of military matters joined our generals and military rulers with eagerness in their abuse of the reforms he instituted, whilst the voice of the young educated officers was silenced by the respect for authority and reverence for military discipline. The outside public, finding that all those who were regarded as the natural leaders of the army were in deadly opposition to Lord Cardwell's reforms, were naturally inclined to accept what is generally called

the "Horse Guards' views" in the matter. No British minister has ever carried out great and important changes in the army in the face of such opposition as that which Lord Cardwell encountered. He laid the foundations for a great structure; but not only has it never been built, but the foundations which he laid in some instances have been used for purposes altogether different from those for which the master mason intended them. It appears from the evidence given before Mr. Stanley's committee that the regulations which had been carefully devised to give effect to the reforms approved of by Parliament, although published in General Orders by the Commander-in-Chief, have never been carried out; and it would seem that a passive resistance, the most fatal of all opposition, has been offered to the progress and even maintenance of the new system of localization.

In order to initiate that system which had been recommended by a committee of officers serving on the head-quarters staff of the army, and based upon a minute drawn up by H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, Lord Cardwell found it necessary to ask Parliament for £5,000,000 to build barracks. On the understanding that this sum was necessary to effect a thorough reorganization of the army, and to carry out the system of localization which, having been discussed in Parliament, met with almost universal approval, this sum was granted without a murmur. Mr. Gladstone's government went out of office soon after, and although the work of building barracks was continued, no steps were taken to develop the new military system. The military authorities hated, and in every way endeavoured to discredit it, only too glad to find occasionally little difficulties cropping up here and there in the working of those parts of it that had been previously set in motion, and sparing no pains to pronounce it a failure, instead of honestly endeavour-

ing to smooth those difficulties away, and to give a fair trial to a system that had received in such a unanimous way the approval of Parliament, and which all sections of the press had praised so highly. In 1876 it would appear to have been felt that this state of affairs could not be allowed to go on any longer, and consequently a committee was assembled to inquire and report whether the experience gained during the two previous years did or did not bear out the judgment passed upon Lord Cardwell's localization scheme by our highest military authorities. If it did, then the country had been induced to squander three and a half millions of money. The committee met in the summer of 1876, having for its president the present able financial secretary to the War Office.

Its members were four colonels of militia regiments, viz., the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Limerick, Colonel Corbett, M.P.; three general officers all now employed, Majors-General Taylor, Herbert, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, and three Colonels, Bulwer, Greaves, and Sir Henry Havelock, M.P., the two former being now employed at army head-quarters. With one exception, a more Conservative number of gentlemen it would be difficult to name.

They examined a great number of witnesses, and collected a mass of valuable evidence. Their report has been presented to Parliament, having been apparently signed unanimously.

The following extracts from it will give the reader an outline of the most important conclusions they arrived at:—

"6. The leading principles of the Military Forces Localization Committee's Report, and also the Memorandum of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief (which precedes it), appear to be—

"(a.) The linking of two battalions of the line, where a double-battalion regiment did not exist.

"(b.) The closer connection between the militia and the line.

"(c.) The creation of a *depôt* common to both line and militia.

"8. The expenditure for these purposes, up to the 30th June, 1876, amounted to about 1,210,000*l.*, and the liabilities incurred at that date amounted to a sum of between two and a-half and three millions; and, recognising the fact that this expenditure has been deliberately sanctioned by the country after prolonged discussion in Parliament, we conceive it to be our duty to frame the recommendations, which we shall hereafter make, with a view to developing to the greatest possible extent the principles upon which the scheme was accepted by the Legislature, and thereby obtaining the best return for so large an outlay.

"10. It is impossible fully to enter into consideration of the details connected with the Brigade *Depôt* and with the Militia respectively, until a definition is obtained, with some approach to accuracy, of the mode in which the so-called "brigade" is to be regarded. Are its battalions to be looked upon as being united merely for administrative purposes, or are they to be viewed as constituent parts of one body? We have no hesitation in replying that they should be constituent parts of one body; and although we are not insensible to the very grave considerations which are involved, we are constrained to record our opinion that full advantage cannot be obtained for the money spent by the country until the connection be more closely drawn than at present between the Line battalions of each Brigade, and between them and the Militia battalions of the sub-district.

"11. We consider that this is best to be effected by their being treated as one regiment, such regiment bearing a Territorial designation; the Line battalions being the 1st and 2nd; the Militia battalions the 3rd and 4th, &c., of such Territorial regiment; the *Depôt* being common to all, and being the last battalion of the series."

With reference to the proposed change of titles for our infantry regiments, the committee says:—

"15. No doubt, it is difficult to overrate the importance which is attached by His Royal Highness to that *esprit de corps* of which the British service is so justly proud; but it has been repeatedly stated to us in evidence that regiments (with a very few exceptions) cling rather to their nominal titles and special distinctions than to the actual number of the regiment. It is a matter of history that the numerical titles of regiments have been repeatedly altered. The numbers of six regiments were changed in 1748; eleven regiments were renumbered in 1757; fifteen 2nd battalions were converted into

new regiments in 1758; in 1798, owing to the disbandment of certain regiments, the 98th became the 91st, and the 100th was numbered the 92nd Regiment; the Rifle Brigade was formerly the 95th Regiment; and the title of 100th Regiment has been allotted to many different regiments in succession. The present 92nd Regiment commenced its career as the 100th, and the formation of the present 100th Regiment is of comparatively recent date, to say nothing of regiments of higher numbers which have been taken upon the British Establishment since the Indian Mutiny. Moreover, in the Brigade of Guards, two out of the three regiments are no longer distinguished as formerly by numerical titles.

"16. We consider, therefore, that the number assigned to a regiment signifies comparatively little, and there is reason to believe that if battalions were allowed to retain their own distinctions, *esprit de corps* would be preserved even when they formed part of one "Territorial" regiment; and we think it might confidently be expected that, if the Territorial designation were judiciously chosen, so that, as far as possible, the several nominal distinctions should be comprised within it, after a short time, an enlarged *esprit de corps* would grow up, and that the men of the "Territorial" regiment would look back to the traditions of former campaigns with no less pride than their predecessors. We believe that this feeling of unity might prove of incalculable value in time of war in inducing the men of the Militia battalions of a "Territorial" regiment to volunteer to the active battalions of their regiment which were in the field; and having regard to the great stress which the late Secretary of State, when recommending to Parliament the outlay which was sanctioned, laid upon local connections, we regard as material the considerations to which we have above referred. We are fully aware of the practical difficulties which will arise, and while we think that the Executive must be left to weigh the importance of objections which may be raised, we feel not the less bound to insist very strongly on our conclusions. Unless, therefore, it is determined to adopt a retrograde course by rescinding General Order 32 of 1873, we think that those portions of it which refer to the linking of regiments, should be carried into effect in the same manner as the provisions of any other General Order."

The recommendations contained in these paragraphs are now before the public, and it is most desirable that a decision should be arrived at forthwith as to whether they are to be adopted or not. If not concurred in, if they are not to be carried out, then all

further expenditure upon the construction of brigade dépôt barracks should be stopped at once, and the army and the nation should be told that the principles laid down by the Localization Committee of 1872, then cordially approved of by Parliament, are not to be given effect to.

Those who will take the trouble to study the reports of that committee will easily understand that Mr. Stanley's committee could, in fact, have come to no other conclusions than those contained in the above-quoted extracts; they are the logical outcome, *the full development of the system of organisation, which upon the recommendation of the highest military authorities, has been so recently adopted, and approved by Parliament, and by the country.*<sup>1</sup>

It must not be forgotten that the system of organization referred to was entirely based upon the principles set forth by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in his minute which accompanied the Localization Committee's report of 1872.

It is not uncommon to hear those principles condemned on sentimental grounds, the commonest attack being upon the proposal to substitute historical or territorial titles for regiments in place of the numbers now attached to them in the army list. That this should be the chief objection to the new organization, is the strongest proof of how really weak all the objections are, seeing how very few corps pride themselves upon their numerical designations. Regiments that possess titles, whether historic or recently acquired, such as the "Duke of Wellington's Own," the "Argyllshire Highlanders," &c., &c., prefer to be known by such titles, instead of by their numbers. Let the reader test this for himself by a visit to the nearest barrack, and he will find that commanding officers in addressing their regiments on parade invariably call them "The Royal

<sup>1</sup> See paragraph 106 of Mr. Stanley's Militia Committee.



Scots," "The Queen's," "The Buffs," "The King's," and so on, instead of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or 4th Regiments, as would certainly be the case if they preferred their numbers to their historic or territorial titles. With reference to what is said in paragraphs 15 and 16 on this subject, who will be stout enough to say that the regiments of Guards or the Rifle Brigade have suffered either in efficiency or prestige by having had their numerical designations taken from them of recent years? Is it not well known that they would now resent being addressed by the numbers they were formerly known by?

Attached to the report is given a table of titles by which it is suggested our infantry regiments should be known in future. It will there be seen that it is not proposed to deprive any corps of a title that it is proud of; all the old historic designations are, as far as possible, preserved; indeed the proposal is to legalize them, for the non-military reader should be told that no regiment, having a number, is ever addressed in the Horse Guards correspondence, except by that number, which in some instances is offensive to the regiment in question, no matter how long it may have been known in the army by some historic or territorial title. Where two regiments are linked together, both of which have distinctive names, it is proposed that henceforth both together shall be known by one name, embracing both those titles.

It is proposed now to take away from the historic regiments—as has been already done in the case of the Guards and Rifle Brigade—their numbers in which they take no pride, and to allow them to be known henceforward by the titles by which they have long loved to style themselves, and to confer historic or territorial designations upon the regiments hitherto without any.

"The cry" on this particular point has been apparently put forward to

catch the sympathies of those to whom the idiosyncrasies of our regiments are unknown, and who, having been accustomed to see them styled in the army lists and official documents by their numbers, are not aware that, with a very few exceptions, the regiments concerned have no affection for those numbers.

If this is true, does it not dispose of the difficulties supposed to cling round the proposal on this part of the subject?

At present we have 110 infantry regiments of the line; if the Localization Scheme is carried out as proposed by Mr. Stanley's committee, we shall henceforward have only sixty-seven regiments instead, two having four battalions, and all the others two battalions each.

The other great objection raised to the proposed reorganization, is the linking of battalions, that is, the union of two regiments into one. This is a point that affects 83 of the 110 regiments of the army. The idea of regimental individuality has been so fostered with us, that no corps likes to unite with another. The officers and men of every regiment think, and very properly think, theirs the best in the army. It is a fine feeling, worthy of encouragement. Strange to say, when an officer exchanges from one regiment to another for his own convenience—a common practice, especially so under the purchase system—he almost invariably transfers his feelings of affection from his old to his new corps. Regiments take the greatest pride in little peculiarities, and regard them with an almost fetish reverence. Light infantry and fusilier regiments affect to think little of corps not so styled. Royal regiments thought themselves superior to those not entitled to blue facings, and so on. It was only to be expected, therefore, that the marriage between regiments, already carried out under the linking system of the Localization Scheme, and which it is now proposed to com-

summate by complete union, should be distasteful to the regiments concerned. It will be remarked, however, that in uniting a fusilier to an ordinary regiment, it is not proposed to deprive the former of its title. This has been carefully guarded against in the table of proposed new titles attached to the report. It is not proposed to bring down the fusilier or light infantry regiments to the level of the ordinary regiment with which it is linked, but to raise the latter to the position of the former. One loses nothing, whilst the other obtains a highly-prized distinction. The titles of light infantry and fusiliers have always been highly prized in our army; for instance, the 32nd Regiment was converted into the 32nd Light Infantry, as a reward for its gallant defence of the Residency in Lucknow. Whilst it would appear to have been an important aim of the committee to deprive no corps of any distinction or peculiarity in which it took pride, it proposes to elevate the tone of those possessing no titles, by raising them to what may be termed most appropriately the peerage in our regimental hierarchy in uniting them in the closest bonds of regimental union to already titled regiments.

Sentimentally considered, however, the proposals of Mr. Stanley's committee are of so important a nature that no soldier would recommend them were he not fully convinced of their necessity. That the committee were fully alive to this is evident from their report, and we contend in the most emphatic manner that until its recommendations are carried out our army never can be worth the money that is annually spent upon it. It is only by adopting them that a complete double battalion system can be practically applied, at without an enormously increased army expenditure, and without that system our army abroad, even during peace, can never be effectively maintained at its established strength, nor even that expensiveness which all services require for war purposes.

We frankly acknowledge that this union between regiments is distasteful to them, but feeling it to be absolutely necessary for the good of England, we hope and trust it may be carried out; and having the most unbounded confidence in the patriotism, good feeling, and intelligence of all ranks in our service, we know that if told so by those at the head of our army, the position would be accepted without a murmur. Let the public once and for all banish from their mind any apprehension of difficulties arising from opposition on the part of our regimental officers to this proposed organization if it be accepted in good faith by our military rulers. They are our fuglemen, to them we look for guidance, and such is the peculiar constitution of our army at this moment, that if it be allowed to get abroad amongst us that these or any other changes that the nation may have set its heart upon have been forced upon our military authorities against their will, no effective reform can or need be looked for. Every officer, from the colonel to the sub-lieutenant, knows full well that were the Commander-in-Chief to inform the army to-morrow, by means of a general order, that these or any other still more sweeping changes were necessary in the interests of the nation, they would be cordially concurred in by all ranks, and all would at once put their shoulders to the wheel to aid in giving effect to them. We have too high an opinion of our officers, and we know them too well to think otherwise for a moment.

In an army like ours it is simply impossible to carry out great important reforms, no matter how necessary they may be in the interest of the State, unless our recognised military rulers cordially assist. It is very easy in an army for its chiefs, in dealing with proposals to reform its organization, to

"Dance with faint praise, assent with willing  
tongue."

And without meaning teach the rest to  
sing."

It is not sufficient that our military chiefs should merely accept proposed reforms as part of the inevitable, the result of having a civilian for our war minister; they must cordially accept them in all loyalty, determined to carry them out: if they do not do so all useful reform is impossible. When they cannot so act by whatever reforms the nation through Parliament has resolved upon, there is but one course honestly open to them, namely, to resign their places to others who, believing in the necessity for those reforms, can and will see them properly and promptly effected.

Herein lies the great difficulty in all army reform with us; our young generation of professionally educated and thinking officers may be ever so much convinced of the necessity for reforms either in organization, administration, or tactics, but they cannot make their weight felt, nor can they even make their opinions known to the public; they must on all subjects address their immediate military superiors, who, from faults of education, can seldom understand arguments based upon modern opinions, or if they do, it is only to reject them as dangerous, and consign them to the waste-paper basket or some obscure pigeon-hole. In fine, no useful reform is possible if opposed by the crushing power at the disposal of our military rulers.

But it may be said, in the course of time, the would-be reformers of to-day must eventually rise to power, and then we may expect great things. We are not, however, of this hopeful temperament, for when, if ever, they are permitted to occupy high positions, they in their turn will be old men, and it is so much the tendency of old age to dislike change, that they will be found, we believe, as little desirous of reform then as those are who now hold office.

Strange to say, we are the only European nation which has regiments consisting of one single battalion, although to us more than to any others, is it essential they should con-

sist of two or more. In Continental armies the necessity for having more than one battalion in each regiment is only felt during war, for they have no military force such as we have in India, stationed thousands of miles distant from its base of supply. With us this necessity makes itself felt at all times, in peace as well as in war, for one half of our infantry is constantly abroad. Either 70 or 71 of our 141 line battalions are always at foreign stations, 50 alone being in India. To make good their losses from death, invaliding, and the discharges consequent on our present short term of enlistment in a satisfactory manner, and upon a well-defined and workable system, it is essential that each battalion abroad should have a sister battalion in England, from which the necessary drafts of men could be annually sent to make good their deficiency.

It was in the spirit of this self-evident principle of double battalion organization that the Duke of Cambridge's minute of 1872 was apparently conceived, and that the Localization Committee made its reports in that and the following year. This principle was then accepted, and in order to give effect to it, all our single battalion regiments were then linked together two and two, and all recruits were ordered to be enlisted for any two such linked battalions, to serve in either, according as the exigencies of the service might require. The evidence given by General MacDougall—who had been president of the Localization Committee—clearly indicates that he and the other members who sat with him contemplated the eventual necessity of so drawing together the ties uniting each pair of linked battalions that at last they should be in every respect but one regiment. In fact this was seen by all reflecting men to be the inevitable result of the changes carried out on the recommendation of General MacDougall's committee, for it was the only logical sequence to them.



Mr. Stanley's committee recommend that the great territorial regiments, whose constitution was sketched out by the Localization Scheme of 1872, should now be called into real existence. Each is to consist, with very few exceptions, of two battalions of the line and two of militia, all resting upon a depot permanently localized in a county. This will at last effectively unite the militia to the army, so that both shall be one military body. It will make the militia more military in feeling, and therefore more efficient.

The report of this committee well repays perusal, and we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our

readers as an evidence that even Tories, like those who drew it up, after a careful consideration of the subject, fully recognize the present necessity for army reform, and do not shrink from recommending changes so important, that had they been brought forward by any other political party in the country, would have been by many condemned as radical in the extreme.

Let us earnestly hope that those recommendations may be carried out forthwith, for until they are, our army cannot be given the expansiveness required to convert it into an effective instrument for purposes of war.

END OF VOLUME XXXV.

104.